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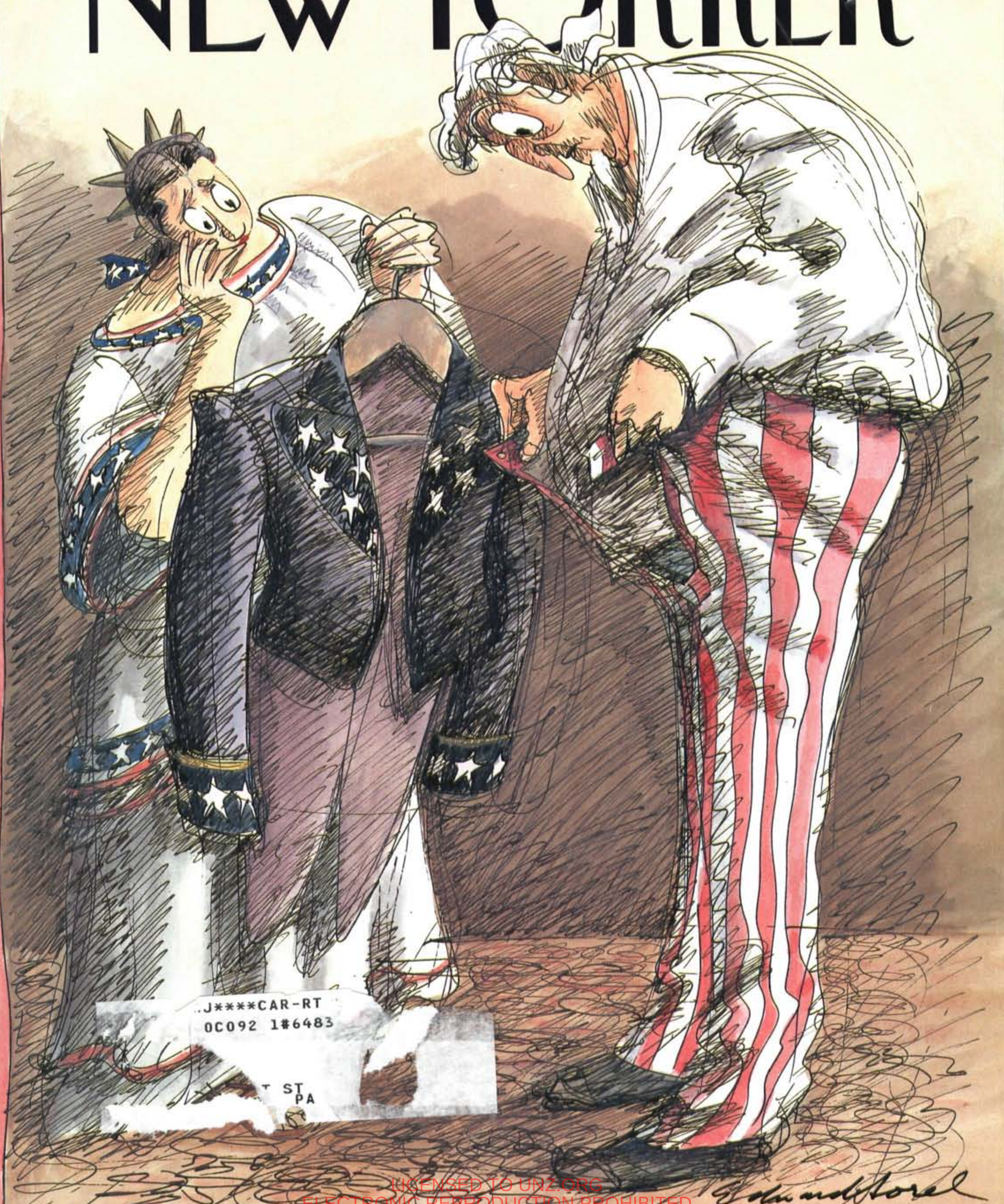
THE NEW YORKER

July 6, 1998



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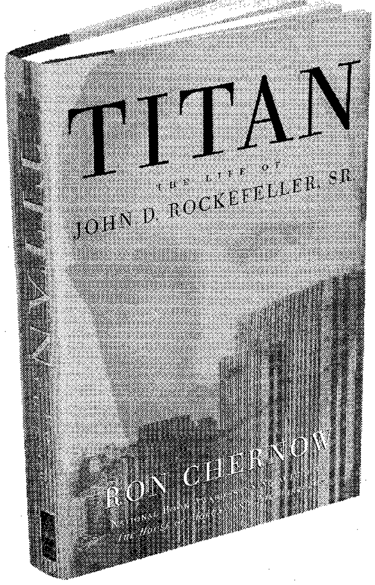

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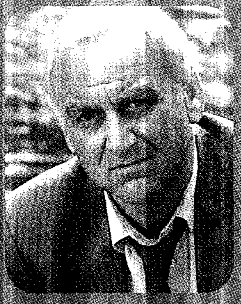

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COMMENT

CHECK IT OUT

Investigative journalism finds its perfect subject.

NOWADAYS, the "I" in V.I.P. seems to stand for "investigated," except when it stands for "investigative." You're nobody unless you're the subject of a major probe or the conductor of one, or, preferably, both. As is right and proper in a great democracy, the pacesetters are the holders of the two most powerful and exalted offices in the people's gift—the Presidency of the United States and the Independent Counselship of the United States. The rest of us, investigatees and investigators alike, must scramble hard to keep up with Messrs. Clinton and Starr, respectively. Only the richest of perps (such as Mr. Gates) or the most shameless of shamuses (such as Mr. Drudge) are in a position to play the game full-time.

Still, one tries. Representatives of the news media are, of course, very important people, and they have traditionally underlined their importance through their work as proud members of the investigatory community. But in the current inquisitorial atmosphere they are increasingly the targets of their own investigations. The collars have been mounting up, creating an alarming impression that the press is sinking to new depths of degradation. Among the recently busted are Stephen Glass, a prolific young *New Republic* writer, who, a *New Republic* investigation disclosed a couple of weeks ago, wholly or partly fabricated no fewer than twenty-seven *New Republic* pieces over a period of a little more than a year; Patricia Smith, a star metro columnist for the Boston *Globe*, who, a *Globe* investigation revealed last week, peopled her *Globe* columns with colorful but imaginary characters; and *Time*, which announced the launching last week of an inquiry into the accuracy of a report published in *Time* and broadcast on a new cable show, called "NewsStand: CNN & *Time*," that in 1970 American military forces dropped nerve gas on American military defectors collaborating with the Communist enemy in Laos. (Maybe the *Time* SWAT team should consider using nerve gas on the Time Warner corporate geniuses who decided that it would be "synergistic" for *Time* to collaborate with the television enemy in Atlanta.)

The most capacious paddy wagon is the one driven by the veteran journalist and entrepreneur Steven Brill, whose latest venture is a thick, handsome monthly called *Brill's Content*. The centerpiece of its début issue is Mr. Brill's own twenty-five-thousand-word account of the press's behavior through the first three weeks of the Monica Lewinsky uproar. *Brill's Content* is an attempt

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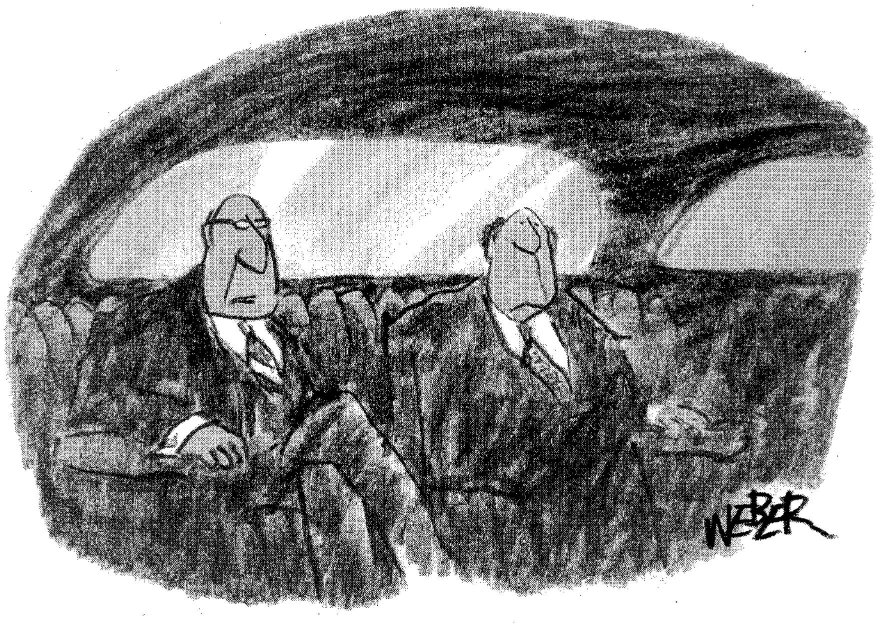
to bring media criticism to a mass audience. In that, its founder seems to have already succeeded, thanks largely to his targets, who have devoted hectares of newsprint and eons of airtime to summarizing, analyzing, and attacking his article. Some of the reviews have been downright unkind ("Complete and total hogwash!"—Bloom, NBC. "Garbage! Slimy! Fundamentally dishonest!"—Isikoff, *Newsweek*. "Misleading! Gross! Nothing good!"—Schmidt, Washington *Post*), which, perhaps, is to be expected when the actors, having been panned, are in a position to pan the panner. Yet Mr. Brill's main thesis—that much of the press acted as a transmission belt for salacious, nasty, and anonymous rumors (some still unproved, a few afterward discredited) against the President—has managed to reach an audience far larger than his magazine ever will. It's enough to cast doubt on the old adage about the unwisdom of picking fights with people who buy ink by the barrel.

The heavy bombardment has left Mr. Brill's dreadnought of an article dented but still seaworthy. Some of his judgments (for example, calling the media's Lewinsky scoopathon "a true instance of an institution being corrupted to its core") are overwrought, and he is not a felicitous enough stylist to avoid a hectoring tone. But the specific offenses he has been accused of—making a not very consequential mistake in a complicated time sequence, mangling or slanting the odd quote or its context, using an unnamed interlocutor ("one *Times* reporter") to snipe at a named colleague ("'This was no Sue Schmidt jam job'")—are mostly just venial sins of deadline journalism. So, for that matter, are some of the offenses he chronicles. The first draft of history is bound to be imperfect. It follows that the first draft of historiography will be imperfect, too.

The *Globe* and *New Republic* cases, of course, involve something less ambiguous. All other things being equal, making it up is a lot worse than getting it wrong. But sometimes all other things aren't equal. Ms. Smith's deception was less awful than Mr. Glass's, and not just because Mr. Glass went to pathological lengths—including the creation of counterfeit notes, press releases, and voice mail, and even a bogus corporate Web site—to put fact checkers off the scent. The columns that got Ms. Smith into trouble were slice-of-life tearjerkers: a (fictitious) cancer patient hopes against hope; a (nonexistent) mother watches her little girl get her hair pressed for the first time—that sort of thing. No one was really harmed by this stuff, except possibly readers suffering from sucrose intolerance. But Mr. Glass's inventions had more "edge." The young conservatives who used drugs and sexually harassed women in Mr. Glass's hilarious description of the Conservative Political Action Conference were imaginary, but the Conference is real, and so, presumably, is the damage to its reputation.

Mr. Glass got away with so much for so long partly because he knew how to be entertaining, a quality that comes through even in *The New Republic's* solemn catalogue of his crimes. ("In 'Peddling Poppy,' Glass's account of a Hofstra University conference on the Bush presidency, 'The First Church of George Herbert Walker Christ,' 'Mary Ung' of the 'Committee for the Former President's Integrity,' and 'a small skydiving industry newsletter' called *Jump Now* are invented.") The morphing of news into entertainment has prompted considerable hand-wringing. But, as we consider Mr. Brill's contention that journalism isn't what it used to be ("What ever happened to accuracy and fairness?" his direct-mail solicitation demands), it's worth remembering that news-as-entertainment is not exactly new. The Hearst papers in their turn-of-the-century heyday were more fun (and scarcely more "factual") than Nick at Nite; Bernarr McFadden's old New York *Evening Graphic* makes today's New York *Post* look like *L'Osservatore Romano;* and if Damon Runyon's columns provided better value than "Hard Copy" it wasn't because they were backed by superior research. Mr. Glass and Ms. Smith aren't evidence of journalism sinking into the gutter so much as they are a throwback to journalism's ostensible golden age, which was an age of flimflammery. What is new and noteworthy here is not that a columnist made up quotes or a reporter made up anecdotes; it's that they got caught. Matthew Storin, the *Globe's* editor, has said that what aroused his suspicions was that some of Ms. Smith's quotes "seemed too articulate or too polished." For better or for worse, it's hard to imagine Damon Runyon's editor (or, to bring it closer to home, A. J. Liebling's or Joseph Mitchell's) raising that objection. Good writing may be on the decline, but the press today probably gets it closer to right somewhat more reliably than it used to in the good old days. Reporters and editors, on the whole, are better educated, more professional, and less likely to be addled by drink than they once were. C-SPAN, tape recorders, searchable databases, and random spot checks (Ms. Smith's undoing) have made dishonesty riskier. And then there are all those media watchdogs, whose bark is their bite. Welcome, Mr. Brill. And you have a nice day, O.K.?

—HENDRIK HERTZBERG



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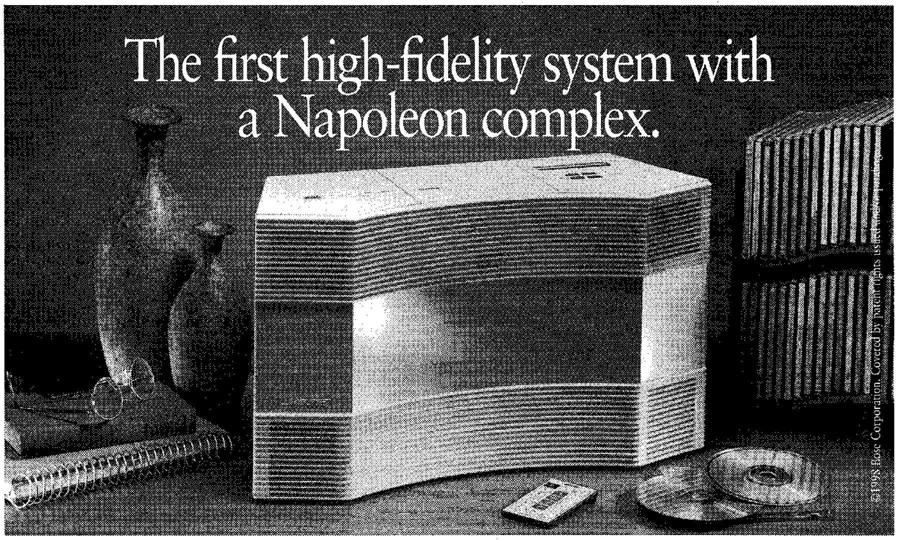
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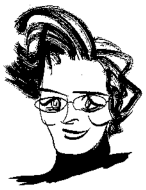

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THE MAIL

TECHNICAL FOUL

Henry Louis Gates, Jr.,'s recent article about Michael Jordan ("Net Worth," June 1st) was well done, except in one respect: Gates's attempt to defend Jordan's social conscience by noting his belief that the predominance of blacks in sports is troubling can't be taken seriously. Can someone please explain why a star like Kathie Lee Gifford has taken such heat for her involvement with a company that engaged in shady labor practices but Michael Jordan and other sports figures have been completely let off the hook for what goes on in Nike's Indonesian factories? Gates somewhat facetiously compares Jordan to Jesus but raises a valid question: Do we really consider sports heroes more godlike than other celebrities?

Leon Zitzer
New York City

LOVING COURTNEY

If Nick Broomfield never found anyone with affection for Courtney Love, as Daphne Merkin suggests (A Critic at Large, June 8th), it's only because he conspicuously avoided the countless friends, colleagues, and fans who appreciate her talent and admire her as a person. But then, why would Broomfield have opened up his film to those of us who work with Courtney and are close to her when there were so many bitter left-behinds and desperate attention-seekers eager to validate his attack on her character? His tactics aren't particularly new: inquisitors in every age, scared of forceful women, have used all kinds of half-baked testimony to whip up chants of "Burn the witch!" One expects nothing more from a career slash artist like Broomfield. It's enormously depressing, though, to watch Merkin and other self-styled intellectuals, critics, and feminists follow him so lazily into the muck. Fancy words and pretension don't hide the fact that Merkin is simply capitalizing on the prurience of Broomfield's tabloid trash by repeating it. Her only original contribution is her conclusion that Courtney was of more value as an icon of pain and self-destruction than she is as a complex, evolving, and healthy human being—a conclusion that is sexist, intellectually shallow, and spiritually bankrupt. In the end, Courtney's achievements will speak louder than any of her critics.

Edward Norton
New York City

Daphne Merkin calls the morphing of Courtney Love from slatternly "riot grrrl" to cover girl "a pity." But how much has Love really changed? Love has always conflated her own desire for fame with the kinds of desire that have propelled her to fame, whether as stripper, rocker, movie star, or glamour queen. It's simply impossible to mourn the loss of Love's integrity, because she herself wrote its obituary years ago: "I am the girl you know I lie and lie and lie."

Rachel Devlin
New Orleans, La.

FEEL-BAD POLITICS

In "Noise in the 'Hood" (June 8th), Joe Klein writes that Jerry Brown, the former California governor and current mayor of Oakland, "is one of the more creative American politicians, and also one of the more annoying." But Brown's annoying qualities are invaluable to American political discourse, if not to Brown's political future. Politicians like Bill Clinton sometimes remind us that there are unsolved problems in America but then have a way of moving on to other subjects. Brown, however, insists on telling the truth not only about our unsolved problems but also about our unwillingness to face them. That's when he becomes annoying. And that's exactly what I like about Jerry Brown.

Steve Arnaudo
Sonoma, Calif.

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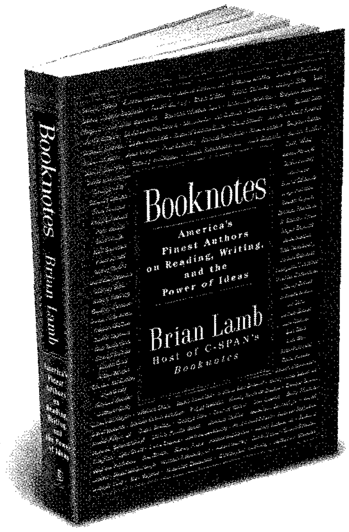
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THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Blueprint Series—The Ontological Theatre's annual festival for emerging directors opens July 1 at 8 and continues through July 12, with works staged by Ryan Bronz, Brian Cronin, Judson Kniffen, and Katherine Ryan. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

Jayson—A musical by Jeff Krell, based on his gay cartoon series. With music and lyrics by Ron Romanovsky and Paul Phillips. In previews. (45th Street Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. 279-4200.)

Twelfth Night—Philip Bosco, Helen Hunt, Brian Murray, Paul Rudd, Kyra Sedgwick, and Max Wright are in the cast of a Lincoln Center Theatre staging of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Nicholas Hytner. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Art—Yasmina Reza's farce is a splendid vehicle for three masterly actors, Victor Garber, Alan Alda, and Alfred Molina. They portray friends whose fifteen-year relationship is threatened when one of them buys a large white canvas for two hundred thousand francs. Directed by Matthew Warchus. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/23/98.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

As Thousands Cheer—The Drama Dept. is in a league of its own, and with this revival of Moss Hart and Irving Berlin's 1933 satirical revue, they've hit another home run. The troupe has a special knack for the nostalgic, and they apply it to these tabloid-inspired scenes of the era's rich and famous (Josephine Baker, the Rockefellers, Joan Crawford, Mahatma Gandhi, etc.) with such a sure touch that the show feels fresh even when it can't help being dated. In fact, it makes you yearn for days like these, when a joke was just a joke and songs were plain wonderful. The cast is a blast, and Allen Moyer's set design is fun, too. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 541-8441. Closes July 18.)

Avow—A pregnant woman falls for a priest, in a new comedy/drama by Bill C. Davis. (The Directors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. 501-3992. Closes July 3.)

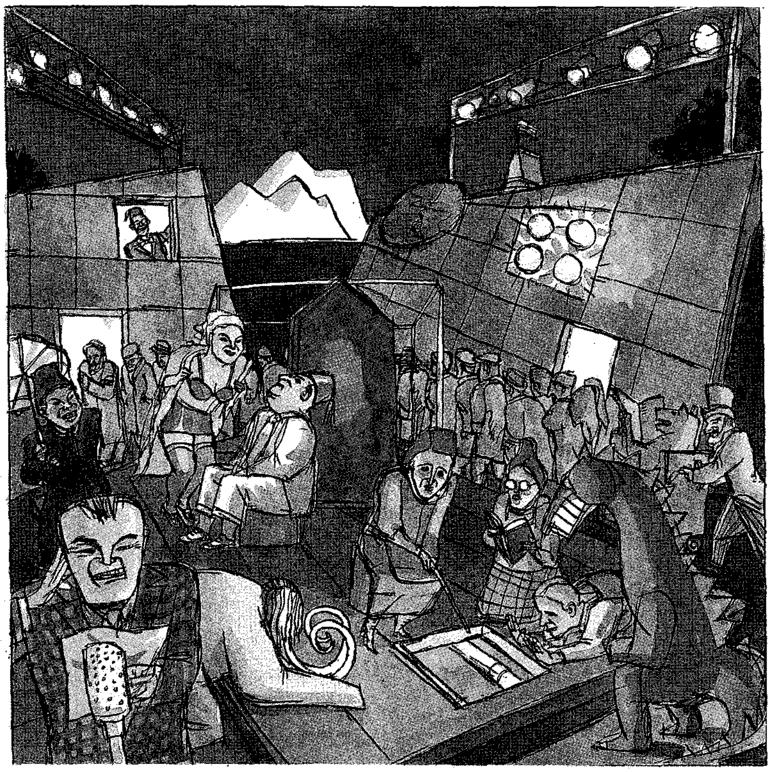
The Beauty Queen of Leenane—The precocious Anglo-Irish playwright Martin McDonagh's riveting winter's tale, set in a rural Irish cottage, about an aged mother and her virgin forty-year-old daughter, who is trapped in a punishing solitude. It's a simple, primitive story, yet it is filled with complex emotional surprises and reversals. (3/16/98) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Cabaret—A mesmerizing production of the Kander and Ebb musical. Here, the dancers at the Kit Kat Klub, the symbol of anything-goes Weimar Germany, look shell-shocked and stigmatized. As the Emcee, Alan Cumming is astonishing—with his bruised-looking body, his huge, knowing eyes, and his satanic energy, he's a spectacle of mixed messages. Natasha Richardson, as Sally Bowles, casts a spectral glow. Directed by Sam Mendes. (4/6/98) (Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. 719-1300.)

Charlatan—Tony Tanner portrays Sergey Diaghilev, in his one-man portrait of the Russian ballet impresario. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 362-3544. Closes July 5.)

Dinah Was—Oliver Goldstick's play about the late blues singer Dinah Washington, portrayed by the dynamic Yvette Freeman. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

Dress to Kill—The British comic Eddie Izzard returns to town with a new show. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes July 11.)



"The Skin of Our Teeth," at the Delacorte Theatre, in Central Park.

BEN KATCHOR

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—The writer and raconteur opens the Glines summer season with his 1978 show. (Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 330-7200. Closes July 5.)

Freak—In his "pseudo-autobiographical" one-man show about growing up in New York, John Leguizamo takes the audience on a very funny, breakneck jaunt down distorted-memory lane. He's a small guy, but his seemingly boneless body and boundless humor fill the large stage, and he absolutely charms, from start to finish. Directed by David Bar Katz. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes July 5.)

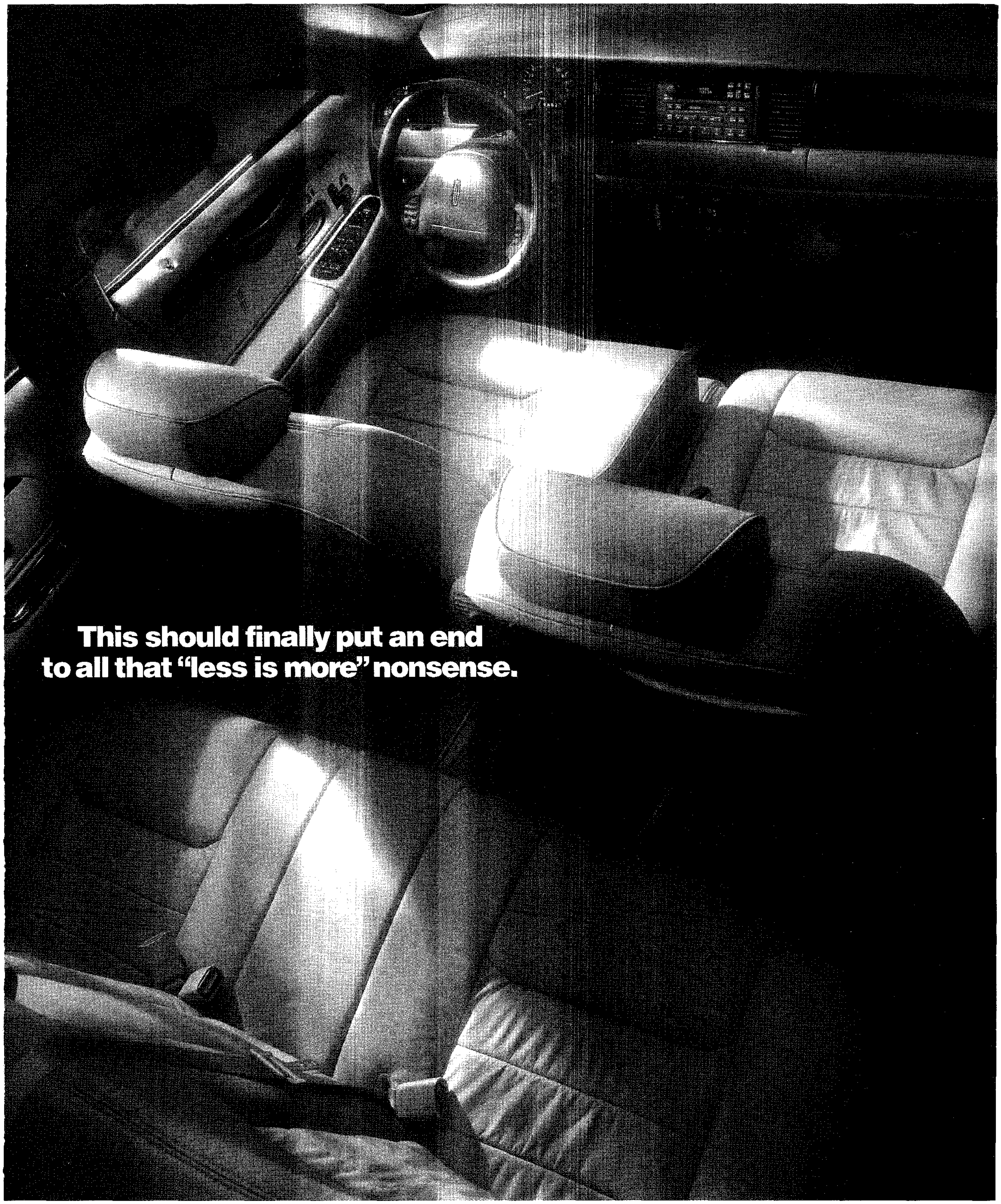
Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Hedwig, as created by John Cameron Mitchell, is a sweet transsexual singer from East Berlin, whose cabaret performance cum stadium act becomes a smart, funny, and very moving exploration of the redemptive, if perhaps fleeting, power of love. Beginning July 7, Michael Cerveris will step in for Mr. Mitchell, who will return to the role on Aug. 5. (Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

High Society—This musical, based on Philip Barry's play "The Philadelphia Story" and the subsequent movie "High Society," has all the kick of flat champagne. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way—This revue by Frank McCourt, author of the best-selling memoir "Angela's Ashes," is a generally good-natured if somewhat choppy amalgam of historical tidbits, quotations from letters and speeches, and Irish songs from the past two centuries, performed by a versatile and charming cast of six singers and musicians. Deftly directed by Charlotte Moore. (Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

The Judas Kiss—Liam Neeson and Tom Hollander star in David Hare's play about Oscar Wilde and his lover Sir Alfred (Bosie) Douglas. Wilde's libel suit against Douglas's father, the Marquess of Queensberry, has just failed, but Douglas talks Wilde out of fleeing England and, thus, out of escaping prosecution for homosexual acts. Hare uses irony to good effect—practically every character in the play except Wilde is having sex—but an emotional charge is missing. Neeson's Oscar doesn't seem needy enough for us to understand his devotion to Hollander's petulant, spoiled Bosie, and sparks don't exactly fly between the two actors. Richard Eyre directed this Almeida Theatre Company production. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Karen Finley—The performance artist, in "The Return of the Chocolate Smeared Woman," her latest work. (Flea Theatre, 41 White St.,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between Broadway and Church St. 226-0051. Closes July 11.)

Labor Day—A. R. Gurney has revived a character from "The Cocktail Hour" for this semiautobiographical comedy, about a playwright who tries to revise his latest work during a family holiday. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes July 22.)

Lillian—In his new solo show, David Cale portrays a middle-aged woman who leaves her husband for a younger man. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes July 5.)

Love's Fire—Seven short plays (by Eric Bogosian, William Finn, John Guare, Tony Kushner, Marsha Norman, Ntozake Shange, and Wendy Wasserstein) based on Shakespearean sonnets. Some of the works do a better job than others of translating the sonnets' allusive, metaphorical language into theatre. But, under the inventive yet sure hand of the director, Mark Lamos, the Acting Company gives a series of polished, powerful performances that span an impressive range, from broad comedy to intense, precise moments of betrayal. Overall, a series of rich insights into love and literature, delightfully held together by humor. With music by Finn, Chico Freeman, and Adam Guettel. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200. Closes July 5.)

Love's Fowl—The complete story of Chicken Little's life after the "sky is falling" incident—her fame onstage, her political career, her loves and losses. Susan J. Vitucci (libretto) and Henry Krieger (music), here performing as Il Teatro Repertorio Delle Mollette (The Clothespin Puppet Theatre), present the evening, appropriately, in a sung-through Italian-opera style, with English supertitles. How they manage to keep straight faces is a mystery, but that they do creates a splendidly funny evening for the audience. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes July 11.)

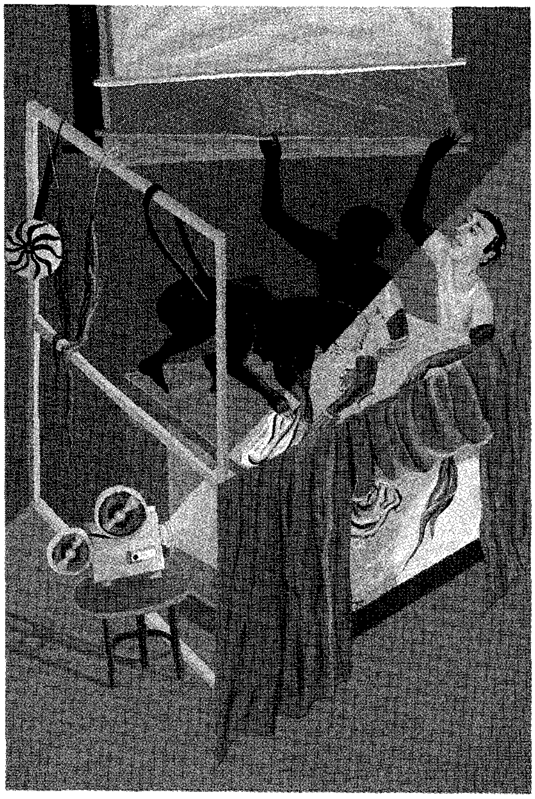
Miss Coco Peru's Liquid Universe—A heartfelt series of how-I-got-this-way vignettes written and performed by Miss Coco Peru, otherwise known as Clinton Leupp. The show is occasionally syrupy, and Miss Coco should have given herself more opportunities to show off her terrific singing voice, but her self-aware and self-lacerating humor and her engaging way with a story make this a winning evening. The well-paced direction is by Charles Randolph Wright. Sundays at 8. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

A New Brain—Malcolm Gets is a songwriter awaiting surgery, in a new musical by William Finn ("Falsettos") and James Lapine. Graciela Daniele is the director. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Nunsense A-Men—An all-male version of Dan Goggin's 1985 musical comedy, "Nunsense." (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

Pera Palas—The Turkish playwright Sinan Ünel's fascinating tale of twentieth-century Turkey, told through a few characters whose lives overlap, and set during the years 1918, 1952, and 1994. The scenes don't take place chronologically, but, thanks to seamless direction by Steven Williford, the evening is never confusing: it is a well-observed and rarely didactic cycle of loss and hope in a culture undergoing radical change. The play is overlong, there's some gratuitous (though funny) cross-casting, and the last scene suffers from information overload—but the solid cast establish their characters so sympathetically and intelligently that none of that matters. (McGinn/Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 246-8355. Closes July 19.)

Power Plays—Three short plays, two written by Elaine May and one by Alan Arkin, who perform them with Jeannie Berlin and Anthony Arkin, their respective offspring. May's writing and acting are, almost literally, insanely funny, and she and Arkin are a great match. (They're both long-ago Second City alums.) Like mother, like daughter: Mike Nichols and May once did a parody of "Brief Encounter," in which he was a dentist and she a patient, and in one of the plays here, Berlin is a dental patient whose neuroses know no bounds. All three of the plays are too long, but the comic brilliance of May and Arkin père (who also directed) is worth, at a rough estimate, ten million times the price of admission. Presented by Manhattan Theatre Club. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)



Puppeteer Basil Twist and company, performing "Symphonie Fantastique," at HERE.

JULIA KUHL

Quidam—The Montreal-based Cirque du Soleil's latest production unfolds like a richly textured, loopy dream, the kind one might slip into after a Fellini-film marathon. All is magical and good in this universe, and enormous fun. (The big top at Battery Park City. For more information, call 800-678-5440. Closes July 5.)

The Race of the Ark Tattoo—The Foundry Theatre and P.S. 122 present a theatre piece by W. David Hancock, set in a flea market, in which each night's story is evoked by relics randomly selected from the rummage. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Ragtime—E. L. Doctorow's epic novel is transformed into a historical pageant. It's a big, brave, passionate gamble, masterfully directed by Frank Galati. (2/2/98) (Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

R & J—A promising, if not exactly new, idea—schoolboys escape regimentation and discover their own passion by performing "Romeo and Juliet"—yields a few gripping moments surrounded by a lot of overheated panting, shouting, and foot-stomping. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 354-2220.)

Reno Finds Her Mind—The performance artist's latest solo show. (Sullivan Street Lounge, 189 Sullivan St. 420-1999. Closes July 5.)

Sakina's Restaurant—Aasif Mandvi portrays six characters in his one-man exploration of the South Asian community in New York. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes July 12.)

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—In this revue inspired by a Fodor's travel guide, the best songs are the ones that manage to be goofy and savvy at the same time. The show hits turbulence, though, when the humor trades on international stereotypes. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Side Man—The Roundabout Theatre presents Warren Leight's play about a mid-century big-band musician, which was presented earlier this year Off Broadway. Directed by Michael Mayer. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Frances Conroy, John Goodman, and Kristen Johnston star in Thornton Wilder's play, the New York Shakespeare Festival's first outdoor production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750. Closes July 12.)

Smoke on the Mountain—The 1990 musical comedy returns to the Lamb's Theatre. (130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

The Sound of Music—Rebecca Luker is enormously winning as Maria, and the seven children in the cast are mostly delightful, but the production doesn't linger in the memory; there may be music in those hills, but the producers didn't seem to find a whole lot of fresh air up there. (4/6/98) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Stupid Kids—A dark comedy of suburban-teen angst, by the late playwright John C. Russell. Michael Mayer is the director. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes July 5.)

Symphonie Fantastique—Abstract puppets underwater, set to the music of Berlioz. This isn't rubber-duckie performance art; just as dance can make space a palpable presence onstage, the show's creator, Basil Twist, uses feathers, streamers, mirrors, bubbles, and sophisticated lighting to do the same for water. And, as in dance, the movement illuminates the music. A peerless, delightful summer evening. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 647-0202.)

A View from the Bridge—The Roundabout Theatre's excellent revival of Arthur Miller's tragic story of the longshoreman Eddie Carbone and his obsession with his orphaned niece. (1/5/98) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. Closes July 19.)

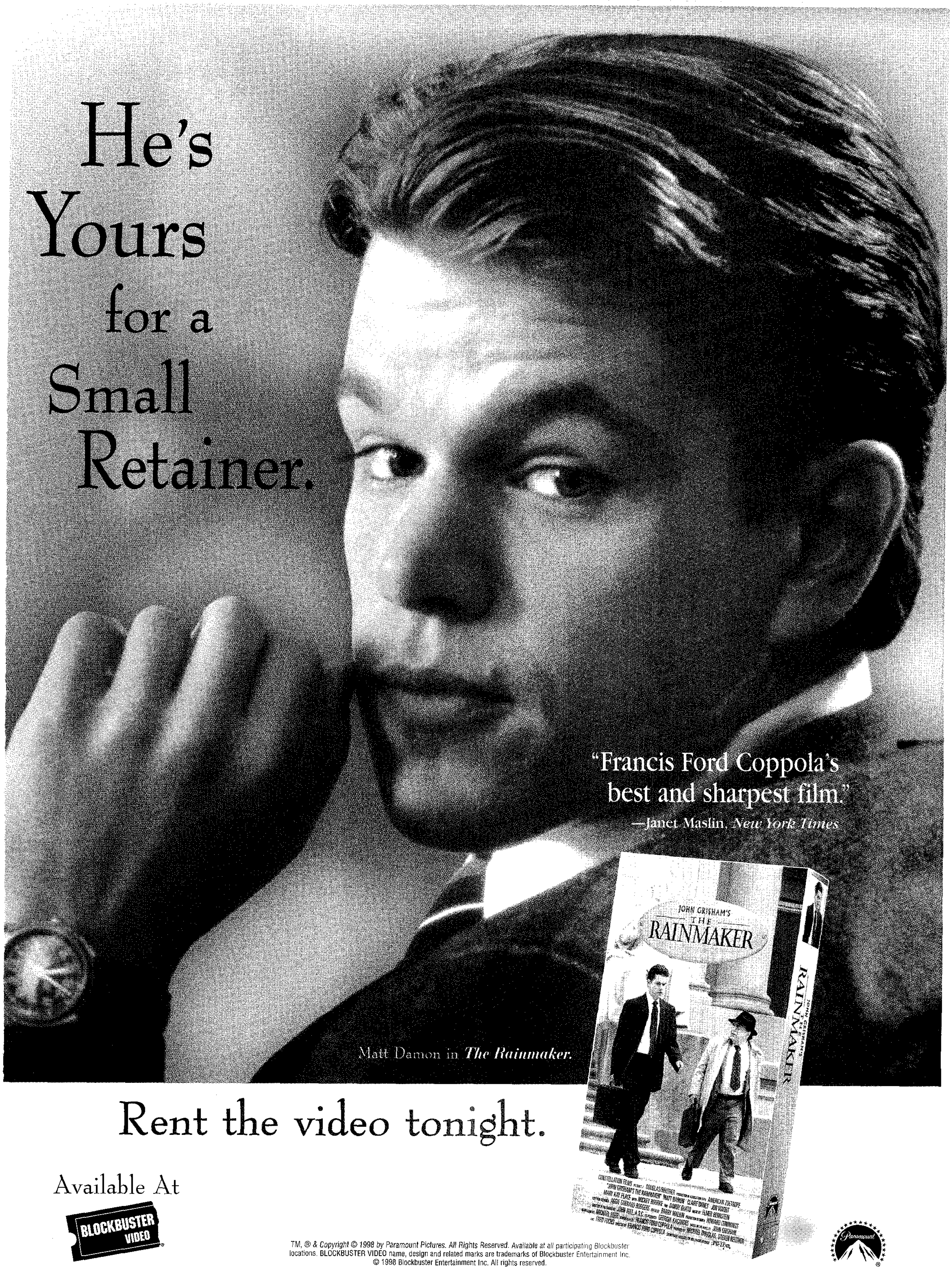
Villa Villa—Theatre as mosh pit. The Argentinean troupe De La Guarda herds you into a crowded space, performs undistinguished rock music, swings on ropes over your head, and splashes you until you are drenched. It's an extraordinarily loud and transgressive show, with no point, it seems, beyond proving the troupe's mastery of the carabiner. (Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.)

Visiting Mr. Green—Hal Linden steps in for Eli Wallach on July 7, as the title character, an eighty-six-year-old Jewish widower, in Jeff Baron's sweet if predictable Upper West Side comedy. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

The Winds of God—The Japanese actor and playwright Masayuki Imai stars in his own play about two contemporary comedians from Tokyo who are reincarnated as kamikaze pilots. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes July 19.)

The Winter's Tale—The Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival begins its summer season. (Boscobel Restoration, Garrison, N.Y. For ticket information and directions, call 914-265-9575. Closes July 19.)

You Never Can Tell—A summer treat from the Roundabout. In Shaw's early comedy, a young dentist (the wry and handsome Robert Sean Leonard) tries to romantically outwit an ostensibly modern turn-of-the-century woman (Katie Finneran), but ends up succumbing to her inherently old-fashioned ways. Allen Moyer's seaside resort is lovely, as are Michael Krass's costumes, and the cast is super. It would have been a better day at the beach, though, had the director,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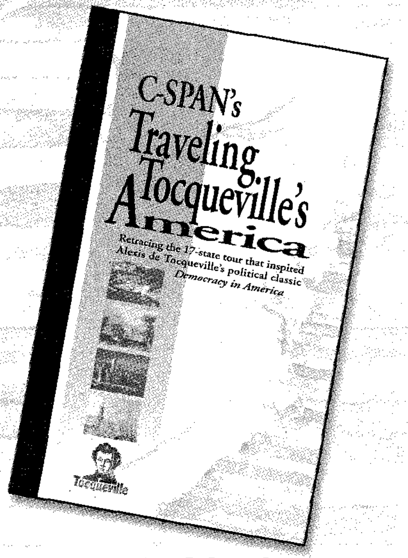
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Nicholas Martin, toned down Catherine Kellner and Saxon Palmer, whose precocious-siblings act seems more suited to Looney Tunes. (Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

You Shouldn't Have Told—A drama about an urban, middle-class black family touched by sexual abuse, written by Anne L. Thompson-Scretching. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK:** Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **GROSS INDECENCY: THE THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LION KING:** New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TITANIC:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.

DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the season. July 1 at 2: "La Sylphide, Act II," "Sinfonietta," and "Études." . . . ¶ July 1 at 8: "Symphonie Concertante," "Grand Pas Classique," "Don Quixote" pas de deux, and "Études." . . . ¶ July 2-3 at 8 and July 4 at 2 and 8: "Le Corsaire." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through July 4.)

Pilobolus—The six-member company with two artistic directors for every three dancers presents premières ("The Hand That Mocked, the Heart That Fed," "Apoplexy," and "Orangotango") and repertory works, including "Day Two," with its water-slide finale. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. June 30-July 3 and July 6-7 at 8 and June 4 at 2 and 7. Through July 25.)

Savion Glover/Downtown—The John Coltrane of tap sneaks back into town with his own brand of fireworks: a tight crew of tappers, a loose-limbed jazz quartet, surprise guests, and a promise that no two of his twenty-one explosive performances will come out the same. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200. July 6-7 at 8. Through July 25.)

Noche Flamenca—The premier flamenco ensemble returns to work up a sweat in its downtown stomping grounds. (Theatre 80, at 80 St. Marks Pl. 279-4200. June 30-July 4 and July 7 at 8 and July 5 at 3. Through Aug. 15.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—June 30-July 2 at 8, July 3 at 8:30, July 4 at 2 and 8:30, and July 5 at 2: Paul Taylor Dance Company. . . . ¶ July 2-3 at 8:15 and July 4-5 at 5: Donald Byrd/The Group. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Buena Vista Social Club—The indefatigable guitar virtuoso and musicologist Ry Cooder has worked out a nice life for himself. Scoring Hollywood soundtracks keeps him busy between flights to other countries, where he hooks up with the local talent, has a cross-cultural ball making music with his new buddies, and then brings them over to our shores. A recent visit to Cuba put Cooder in touch with a large group of superb musicians—including guitarist Compay Segundo, vocalist Ibrahim Ferrer, and pianist Rúben González—equally versed in their country's folk, pop, and jazz idioms. Cooder, of course, found his niche, and they all made (and will likely make here) beautiful, apolitical music together. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. July 1 at 8.)

Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, with Wynton Marsalis—Although his status as America's leading jazz activist and spokesperson is secure, the jury is still out on the merits of Wynton Marsalis's compositional skills.

TABLES FOR TWO

March, 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272)—"The chef has abandoned the concept of large appetizer, large entrée, and large dessert," the waiter says, launching into an explanation of why co-owner/chef Wayne Nish has adopted a have-it-*my*-way format at his elegant Sutton Place floor-through. In place of the standard configuration, Nish offers four- and seven-course tasting menus specializing in such delicate Eurasian fusions as lobster carpaccio with sea urchin and duck-liver paté with garam masala. For diners prone to menu gridlock, the multi-course format can be liberating, but it can also be daunting (hmm . . . tuna, duck, lamb, and sweetbreads, or sashimi, quail, chicken, and sea bass?).

The meal's eureka moment comes when you realize that the extended arrangement allows for a higher than average number of first bites—Nish's miniatures have the knack for being both startling and right. The shrimp-and-lobster duet, for instance, takes to a sweet surf of Beaumes de Venise muscat sauce. Don't let the lineup keep you from ordering one of Nish's beggar's purses to start: the lobster-and-black-truffles version is a tiny but potent tidbit, the kind of oral experience you reflexively close your eyes to savor.

Nish is lucky to have a wine steward, his partner, Joseph Scalice, whose touch is as sure and light as his own. If you opt for the chef's menu (Nish's pre-set sequence for the overwhelmed), Scalice will select wines to match (which, on a recent visit, included an Osborne sherry to complement the salmon layered with scallops and black truffles). And Scalice and his well-informed—if occasionally pedantic—waiters will gladly guide you through the adventurous and reasonably priced list.

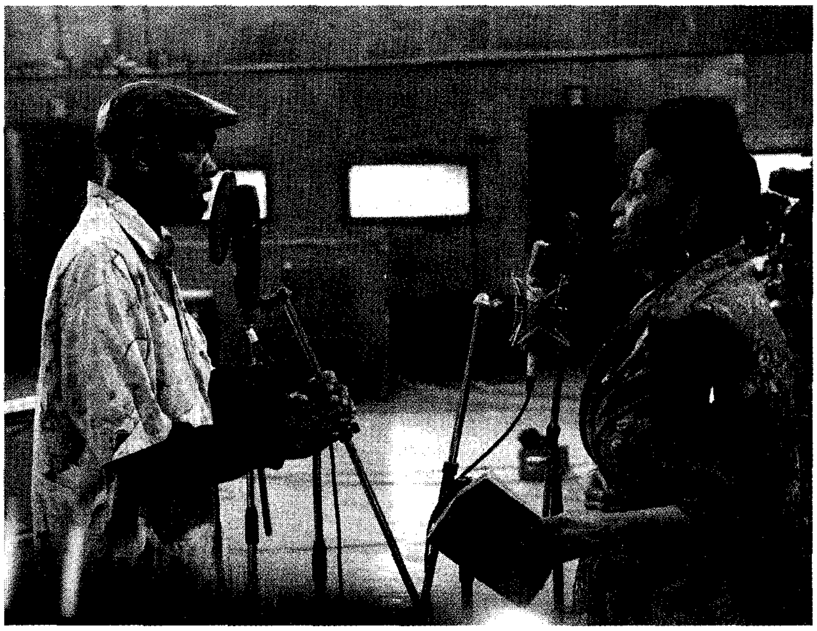
Avoid early seatings—it's hard to appreciate the extravaganza if you're being hustled out the door. (Open daily for dinner. With a selection of wines, the four-course menu is $93 per person, the seven-course, $125.)

Here, he's got the skilled Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra to help him build a case. The great, sauterne-voiced Shirley Horn is a featured guest. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. July 1 at 8.)

Spice Girls—Carry on, ladies. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. July 1 at 8.)

Midsummer Night Swing—Lincoln Center's annual dance-under-the-stars festival. July 1: Kermit Ruffins, a New Orleans blues-and-funk trumpeter, with vocalist Wanda Rouzan. July 2: The Glenn Miller Orchestra. July 4: David Ostwald and His Gully Low Jazz Band, with trumpeter Jon Faddis. July 7: The Loren Schoenberg Big Band and George Gee and his Make-Believe Ballroom Orchestra. (The Plaza, Lincoln Center. Tickets available at the entrance. Shows begin at 8:15; dance lessons begin at 6:30.)

Yes / Alan Parsons Project—The seventies art-rock behemoth and the eighties synth-rock cabal. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. July 2 at 7:30.)



Ibrahim Ferrer and Omara Portuondo, of the Buena Vista Social Club.

DONATA WENDERS

Rocket from the Crypt / ? and the Mysterians—Rockabilly punk and classic rock and roll. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 4 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Keb' Mo' / Charlie Musselwhite / John Hammond—A fine triple bill of blues with the deft blues guitarist and singer Keb' Mo', the Choctaw singer and harp player Musselwhite, and the blues-guitar god Hammond. (The lawn at Battery Park. July 4 at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Africa Fête '98"—Featuring Salif Keita and the Wanda Band, Papa Wemba and Molokai, Cheikh Lô, and Maryam Mursal. (Central Park SummerStage. July 5 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Iron Maiden—Heavy metal and hair spray. With Dio, W.A.S.P., and Dirty Deeds. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 247-0200. July 7 at 7:30.)

CLUBS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Blarney Star, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—Home to fine Irish music every Friday night.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Post-punk's premier socialist, **Billy Bragg**, comes in on July 2. July 3: Veteran singer-songwriter **Al Stewart** ("Time Passages," "Year of the Cat"). July 6: The **Quarrymen**, John Lennon's original band.

Bowery Ballroom, 6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—July 1: **Jonathan Fire*Eater.** Funereal, fey, and irritatingly irresistible, this well-read quintet mixes an early-Doors-style charisma with an old-fashioned Goth sensibility. July 7: What with their Marlboro Man looks and their slithering, down-and-dirty velvet metal sound, **Girls Against Boys** have an effortless sex appeal that most indie bands would trade their well-studied geek cool for in a minute. With Buffalo Daughter and Stanford Prison Experiment.

Chez Es Saada, 42 E. 1st St. (777-5617)—The improbably grand tiled staircase brings you down to a basement transformed by scattered rose petals and golden light into the secret Tangier of Burroughs and Bowles. North African-flavored bistro fare is served throughout, d.j.s play everything from nineteen-fifties Egyptian 45s to up-to-the-minute Moroccan chaiba dance music, and you can slouch on a hassock and sip a vintage cocktail. For all the glamour, the owners are determined to maintain a neighborhood atmosphere, easygoing and friendly.

Don Hill's, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little SoHo bar with an above-average P.A. system and topnotch local bands on the docket.

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. The **Mingus Big Band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—July 2: Transplanted British guitarist and songwriter **Francis Dunnery.**

Les Poulets, 16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000)—The name may be French, but the music here is Latin: expect salsa, merengue, and, now and then, a cha-cha. Dining.

Rodeo Bar, 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500)—**Rosie Flores** (July 4) a mean, guitar-toting San Antonio rose who has long been the darling of the Austin and L.A. country circuits, has a voice that, like Gram Parsons', cracks in all the right places.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—July 2: **Basement Bhangra.** July 4: Bahian diva **Juliana Aquino.** Dining.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—July 1: Former Hendrix sideman bassist **Noel Redding.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**Susannah McCorkle** is at work in the Oak Room through July 4. Dining.

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—July 1-4: **Joe Chambers** is one of the great slip-through-the-cracks figures in modern jazz.

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As a sly, spiky drummer and an inventive composer, Chambers pops up on more than a few of the epochal Blue Note recordings of the nineteen-sixties, yet he never cut his own album for that now classic label. Alternating between piano and drums when he finally began leading his own sessions didn't help Chambers establish a firm public identity, and he quietly fell into the role of the vigorous sideman with an unheralded past. He's still a mesmerizing player, especially when he leads a quintet that includes such younger modal-bop players as pianist **MULGREW MILLER** and trumpeter **PHILIP HARPER**. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The vibraphonist Cal Tjader was an important Latin-jazz bandleader during the late fifties and sixties. Paying overdue homage to this popularizer of tropical rhythms (through July 5) are vibist **DAVE SAMUELS**, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**, and pianist and salsa innovator **EDDIE PALMIERI**; rounding out the bill is the quintet of the eclectic pianist **HILTON RUIZ**. Dining.

Citron 47, at 401 W. 47th St. (397-4747)—A comfy living-room bistro in Hell's Kitchen. The **CHUCK WILSON** quartet is out to show that Monday nights aren't just for big bands. Swing saxophonist Wilson's chamber-jazz foursome includes guitarist **HOWARD ALDEN**, a master of pre-bop idioms, trombonist **JOEL HELLENY**, and bassist **MURRAY WALL**. The Brazilian percussionist **CAFE** leads his own eclectic group on Tuesdays. Dining.

Cleopatra's Needle, Broadway at 92nd St. (769-6969)—**MARC COPLAND**, a sterling pianist whose recordings with bass and drums display his sensitive touch and acute harmonic perspective, revels in that tried-and-true setting, with alternating players, Mondays through the end of the year.

FireBird Café, 363 W. 46th St. (586-0244)—Pianist and singer **STEVE ROSS** performs a show of Cole Porter tunes through July 4.

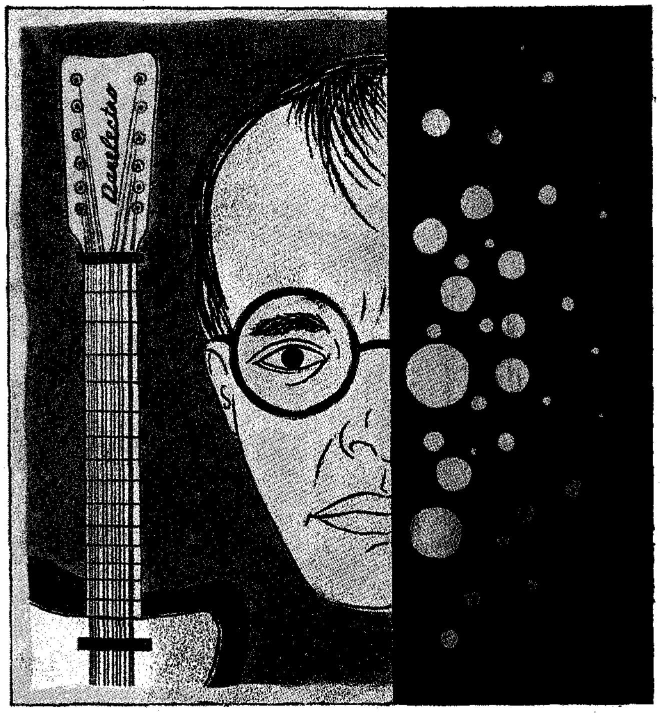
Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—**CLARK TERRY** and the **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON ALL-STARS** play through July 5. Opposites attract. Terry needs both trumpet and flugelhorn to accommodate the torrent of notes that's always at the tip of his tongue; the overflow gets expressed in a spew of delightful vocal gibberish. Trumpeter Edison never met two notes he couldn't reduce to one, and even then he seems disturbed by the horn's profligacy. Both men are big-band veterans—Terry's an Ellingtonian, Edison a Basie alum—and are among the last exponents of a lyricism whose secrets may vanish when they finally, if ever, leave this world. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL**.

Michael's Pub at Bill's Gay Nineties, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON**, the doyenne of New York's chanteuses, has settled in for a permanent, or at least open-ended, residence at this upstairs club room. For the time being, her show features favorites by Arlen, Berlin, Porter, and Sondheim.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, Art Deco shrine, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. Up now: "I Love New York," a revue featuring Bryan Batt, Lewis Cleale, Heather Mac Rae, and Janet Metz. Through July 26. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Hilary Kole. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through July 5: **ARTHUR BLYTHE** may yet turn into the alto-saxophone superstar he's threatened to become for the past twenty years—at this point a mid-life kick in the pants à la Joe Henderson wouldn't hurt. With his nervy note choices, an unmistakable keening tone, and punctiliously ordered improvisations, he still sounds like no one else. He's a stately avant-gardist. Dining.

Tonic, 107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—July 1: The **MASADA STRING TRIO**—cellist **ERIC FREIDLANDER**, violinist **MARK FELDMAN**, and bassist **GREG COHEN**—acts as John Zorn's alter ego by spinning out the gorgeous ethnic melodies from the repertoire he's devised for his Masada ensembles. July 2: The trumpeter, conductor, and new-jazz conceptualist **BUTCH MORRIS**. July 3: **ARTO LINDSAY'S** motto is simple: Have detuned guitar, will deconstruct. His new disk, "Noon Chill," has a lot of good atmospheric noodling and some noise, but it's distinguished by its coolly romantic songwriting. July 4: The organ, bass, and drum trio of **MEDESKI, MARTIN & WOOD** makes new jazz-funk for a new jazz-funk generation. July 5: A downtown throwdown featuring saxophonist **JOHN ZORN**, guitarist **MARC RIBOT**, keyboardist **JOHN MEDESKI**, and drummer **KENNY WOLLENSEN**.



Downtown guitar hero Arto Lindsay, at Tonic.

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**JOE LOVANO**, here through July 5, may not fit the current jazz-musician image, but this saxophonist still outshines the younger, slick-as-satin upstarts on the scene, and he's even regarded as something of an icon. Lovano began his career in the early seventies, apprenticing with two of the last existing big bands, Woody Herman's Thundering Herd and the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra. But he wasn't immune to the musical tumult of the sixties—he absorbed the radical permutations of John Coltrane and a host of other experimenters into his sound. (He may be the only sax player who can evoke Stan Getz and Ornette Coleman at the same time.) Lovano is a grand balladeer: his melodies float over the beat with unearthly grace, leaving a trace of melancholy. His exhilarating up-tempo solos rumble with grunge lines and urgent blues-inflected phrasing. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The banjo player **CYNTHIA SAYER**, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI**, and bassist **GREG COHEN** hold forth through July 4. Dining.

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Edward Burne-Jones: Victorian Artist-Dreamer," a splendid survey devoted to the quintessential Pre-Raphaelite. The exhibition includes paintings, works on paper, books, stained glass, and tapestries which Burne-Jones executed in collaboration with his friend William Morris. Burne-Jones was immersed in the past—in medieval legends and fantasies, which form the basis of most of his pictures, as well as in his febrile attention to Italian Renaissance painting. Burne-Jones has been unfashionable for a century; this show reanimates him. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Ellsworth Kelly on the Roof," an installation of large-scale metal sculptures in the Cantor roof garden. . . . ¶ " 'The Academy of the Sword': Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500 to 1800." . . . ¶ "Jean Dunand: Master of Art Deco." Through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ "The Paintings of Judith Rothschild: An Artist's Search." Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "Native Paths: American Indian Art from the Collection of Charles and Valerie Diker." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—For seemingly arbitrary reasons, Bonnard's genius has been reflexively measured against Picasso's, and found wanting. Proust, however, is closer to home, and this exquisite retrospective—the first here in thirty-four years—shows why: both the painter and the novelist turned the surface shimmer of bourgeois contentment into mysterious evocations of memory. Particularly moving are the four large canvases of Bonnard's wife, Marthe, in her bath. Nothing could be further from Picasso's Georgie-Porgie crying women than these sad and sweetly devoted portraits. Through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ "Tony Smith: Architect, Painter, Sculptor." Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ "Aleksandr Rodchenko," the first United States retrospective of the work of the Russian Constructivist. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ "New Concepts in Printmaking 2: Willi Cole." Through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ "Giacometti to Judd: Prints by Sculptors." Through Oct. 13. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"The Art of the Motorcycle" parks more than a hundred examples, arranged chronologically around the rotunda. Through Sept 20. . . . ¶ "Peggy Guggenheim: A Centennial Celebration" chronicles the life of the art patron. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Vilhelm Hammershøi (1864-1916): Danish Painter of Solitude and Light." Through Sept. 7. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—Six finalists for the Hugo Boss Prize—Douglas Gordon, Huang Yong Ping, William Kentridge, Lee Bul, Pipilotti Rist, and Lorna Simpson—await the announcement of the winner, later this month. In the meantime, museumgoers may judge for themselves. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Four video installations ("Bronx," "Roma," "Liquid Crystals," and "Baroque Cathodic Movements") by the Venetian artist Fabrizio Plessi. Through Sept. 13. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—A mid-career retrospective of Charles Ray, one of the most discreet yet powerful artists to emerge from the raucous L.A. art scene. The show emphasizes Ray's work as a sculptor, from early sendups of Minimalism (a hollow black cube filled to the brim with printer's ink) to his more recent business with oversize department-store mannequins. There are also a number of compelling photo-Conceptualist pieces, such as “All My Clothes,” a series of snapshots documenting the artist wearing, yes, every item in his wardrobe. One of the nicest things about the Ray show is its apparent modesty: only twenty-some works have been included, but they have been installed so that each one is allotted maximum breathing space, occasionally one per room. This is a welcome change from the average show by a living artist, which can be overcrowded with similar works. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ “Unknown Terrain: The Landscapes of Andrew Wyeth” is the first exhibition devoted strictly to the landscapes of the immensely popular—and occasionally maligned—painter. Through Aug. 30. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—“Masters of Color and Light: Homer, Sargent, and the American Watercolor Movement” showcases more than a hundred and fifty works from the museums extensive collection. Through Aug. 23. . . . ¶“Jewels of the Romanovs: Treasures of the Russian Imperial Court.” Through July 12. . . . ¶“Sally Victor, Mad Hatter: 1935-65.” Through Aug 23. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155)—“Shiko Munakata: The Modern Master of the Woodblock” presents the bold, black ink work of the printmaker, including “Ten Disciples of Buddha” and “Eulogy to Flower Hunting.” Through Aug. 16. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (423-3200)—“George Segal, a Retrospective: Sculptures, Paintings, Drawings.” Through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ “An Expressionist in Paris: The Paintings of Chaim Soutine.” Through Aug. 16. (Open Sundays through Thursdays, 11 to 5:45, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway (219-1222)—The urban folk paintings of Lower East Sider Martin Wong mix graffiti with Ashcan School realism. In this retrospective of mostly eighties work, garish Chinatown scenes and paeans to the poet Miguel Piñero keep company with life-sized realistic storefronts, such as Wong's “Iglesia Pentecostal,” an edge-to-edge composition whose scumbled white passages are, nevertheless, reminiscent of the abstractions of Robert Ryman. Through Sept. 13. (Open Wednesdays and Sundays, noon to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 8.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadows–Corona Park (718-592-9700)—Like Jerry Seinfeld, Robert Colescott's raucous, densely colorful paintings use insults to entertain. By turns ugly and gorgeous, these recent pictures by the seventy-year-old artist (the United States' ambassador to last year's Venice Biennale, and the first by an African-American) take on topics from miscegenation to Alexandre Dumas's Haitian heritage. Their layover at the suburban Queens Museum comes equipped with wall texts offering definitions of stereotypes and satire, which amplify Colescott's scathing wit. Through Aug. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

James Lee Byars—“Four Early Drawings and a Black Figure on the Floor,” works executed by the late eccentric artist near the beginning of a decade he spent living in Japan. These works are notable for the way they presage the artist's quirky mystical Conceptualism, fusing elements of Eastern and Western reductivism, Japanese calligraphy, and the nascent Fluxus sensibility. Through Aug. 28. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. 988-1623. Open Mondays.)

“The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68”—Blow-up structures (chairs, pods, domes), sketches, and architectural drawings, many of them associated with Utopie, a movement of French activist architects. Charmingly literal applications for political hot air. Through Aug. 29. (Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave., at 50th St. 753-1722.)

Short List—robert berlind, De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050. Through July 17. . . . **james d. butler,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through July 24. . . . **george fitzpatrick,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays; through July 17. . . . **shirley goldfarb,** Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through Sept. 4. . . . **ynez johnston,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. 888-1122. Through July 10. . . . **yayoi kusama** and **robert filliou,** Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Both shows through Aug. 7. . . . **auguste rodin,** Channel Gardens, Rockefeller Center, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Through Aug. 31. . . . **anne ryan,** Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. 397-6780. Through July 31.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Arthur Ganson—Miraculous whirligig sculptures of the sort a ten-year-old might build if a ten-year-old could figure out how: an eggshell-clacking gizmo, a walking turkey-bone contraption, a rhythmical grease-squirter, a perpetual mechanical-worm machine, a chair that swirls into pieces and clops back together every few seconds. Noisy and eccentric in a refreshingly old-fashioned way. Through July 18. (Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819.)

Richard Prince—A very odd selection of new, often large-scale drawings by one of the pioneers of appropriation art. Each picture here is a kind of portrait with fragments of

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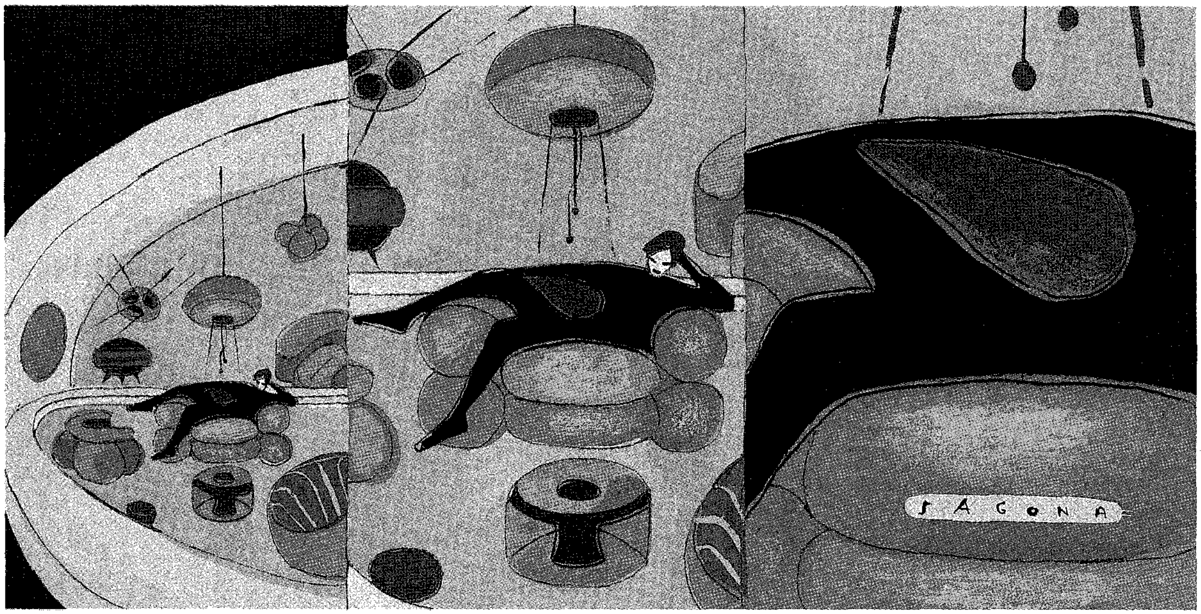


"The Inflatable Moment: Pneumatics and Protest in '68," at the Architectural League of New York.

MARINA SAGONA

seemingly random text (shopping lists, jokes, rock lyrics, etc.) floating around the central image of a dolorous, somewhat corny face. Painterly flourishes are amply indulged, although the degree of irony in such marks remains obscure. Through July 31. (Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300.)

"Bathroom"—A large, ambitious, and generally satisfying group show dedicated to that most humble yet essential of household and institutional rooms. Curated by Wayne Koestenbaum, author of such witty ventures into cultural studies as "The Queen's Throat" and "Jackie Under My Skin," the show assembles works by the famous (Andy Warhol, Alice Neel, Robert Mapplethorpe) as well as the young and relatively obscure. Among the highlights of the latter group: Chivas Clem and Claude Wampler's "Frank Hole (Gloria Sinatra)," a viciously funny video sendup of the late singer in which the two artists visited a university glory hole and took turns poking their tongues through an orifice in a glossy photo of Ol' Blue Eyes. Lurid, disrespectful, great. Through Aug. 7. (Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. 243-3753.)

"Raugh"—The relocated Rosen gallery opens its new Chelsea digs with the work of Andrea Zittel, who can't seem to decide whether her art belongs in the pages of *ArtForum* or *Metropolitan Home:* the giant space is populated by furniture made from chunky, soft-foam "rocks" that resemble those seen in zoo environments or high-school productions of "Planet of the Apes." The style is called "Raugh" (which the artist pronounces "raw"). Through July 10. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.)

Short List—**dove bradshaw,** Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. 627-3930. Through July 10. . . . **deborah brown,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Sundays, noon to 5; through July 31. . . . **richard tsao** and **madeline weinrib,** DeChiara Stewart, 521 W. 26th St. 967-6007. Both shows through July 18.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Mike Kelley and Tony Oursler—The SoHo half of Kelley and Oursler's auto-rockumentary is slightly less cacophonous than the Chelsea edition. The pair's multimedia paean to their late-seventies art-school band features interviews with cronies like L.A. artist Jim Shaw and a segment in which an actor reads their punk-rock poesy off cue cards. At turns brilliant and snotty, it's the victory cry/plaintive wail of a couple of CalArts geeks made good. Through July 31. (Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753.)

Rachel Whiteread—The British sculptor, whose concrete cast of the interior of a London row house set off a career-making ruckus, now sets her sights on New York's urban architecture. But her version of a wooden water tower, cast from ghostly translucent resin, looks somewhat wan amid the real things. Still, it's a more welcome SoHo monument than Old Navy. ("Water Tower," which was funded by the Public Art Fund, can be seen anytime by standing on the southwest corner of West Broadway and Grand St. and looking up. For more information, call 980-4575.)

"Deep Thought"—This bid to link old-school Conceptualists to a new crop of systems-oriented artists only highlights their differences: Matthew Ritchie's paint-chip cosmology, David Bunn's found poetry (from library card catalogues), and Toland Grinnell's allegorical "computer" (a rickety cabinet enclosing a plastic oasis) bespeak the currently fashionable trend away from gravity and toward whimsy. A nifty example can be seen in Mel Bochner's "Five by Four," a typically dour 1972 stone piece that he jazzed up in 1993 with blue Murano-glass chunks. Through July 31. (Basilico Fine Arts, 26 Wooster St. 966-1831.)

"Painting from Another Planet: New Painting from Los Angeles"—Ignore the flip title and you'll find some fine paintings: Sharon Ellis's subtly psychedelic field of daisies, "Morning" (1998), makes one long for more; Kevin Appel's extra-flat interiors pay homage to the architectural legacy of Moderne homeboys Neutra and Schindler; and Chris Finley's tableaux of bodybuilders and pizzas refer to his nearly pathological sculpture (legendary in L.A., hardly seen in New York). Through July 31. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

"Peep Show"—A scattershot group show of art about sex, the body, and looking. No great curatorial insights here, but some real finds: a Robert Colescott watercolor, a few of David Salle's underappreciated photographs, a Hopper etching, and two of Eugene von Bruenchenhein's touching (and touched) forties-era photos of his wife in stripper attire. Even better are cheek-burningly erotic Japanese and Indian prints from centuries past—historically shagadelic, baby. Through July 24. (Ross, 568 Broadway. 343-2161.)

Short List—**joan personette,** Courtyard Gallery, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St. 945-0505. Through Aug. 9. . . . **tomoko takahashi,** The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166. Through July 31. . . . **richard tuttle,** A/D, 560 Broadway. 966-5154. Through July 31. . . . **claude wampler** and **mungo thomson,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. 941-5711. Both shows through July 11.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Michael Ackerman—"Smoke," a new series of photographs taken in Cabbagetown, an old industrial neighborhood in Atlanta. Through July 26. (Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7, and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Kim Iacono—Eleven years' worth of haunting black-and-white pictures of the sideshows, the carnival rides, and the shoreline of Coney Island. Through July 12. (Williamsburg Art & Historical Center, 135 Broadway, at Bedford St., Brooklyn. 718-486-7372. Open Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

"Magnificent Joints"—Seventy-five vintage photographs and daguerreotypes of skeletons, skulls, and other anatomical subject matter. Through July 4. (Kasher, 54 North Moore St. 966-3978. Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

"Police Pictures: The Photograph As Evidence"—An exhibition of nearly a hundred anonymous photographs interspersed with works by Gardner, Atget, Riis, and Weegee. Through July 18. (Grey Art Gallery, 100 Washington Sq. E. 998-6780. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

"Ship/Shape"—Nautical imagery by such European and American photographers as Doris Ulmann, Edward Steichen, Harold Costain, and Edward Prince of Wales. Through Aug. 29. (DeLellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482. Closed Tuesdays.)

"A Summer Wedding"—Works by a broad range of artists, including Donna Ferrato, Charles Harbutt, Bruce Davidson, Andy Marcus, Mary Ellen Mark, Sylvia Plachy, and Philip Jones Griffiths. Through Aug. 8. (Leica, 670 Broadway. 777-3051. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

"Take the A Train"—A very large, perhaps intentionally overcrowded compendium of mostly black-and-white shots of the subways and trains of New York City. There are so many bits of magic, though, from the likes of Louis Faurer, William Klein, Louis Stettner, Walker Evans, Danny Lyon, and Helen Levitt, that you can deal with it. Through Aug. 14. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010.)

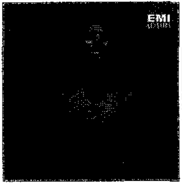
International Center of Photography—"Comparative Concepts: Photographs by August Sander, Karl Blossfeldt, Albert Renger-Patzsch, and Bernd and Hilla Becher." Through Sept. 13. (1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

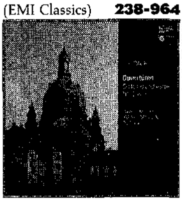
International Center of Photography Midtown—"Mathew Brady's Portraits: Images As History, Photography As Art," a travelling show

BRAHMS MOZART SATIE RAVEL TCHAIKOVSKY DEBUSSY CHOPIN

CLASSICAL MASTERPIECES

Tartini: *The Devil's Sonata* Andrew Manze (Harmonia Mundi) **239-343**


Roberto Alagna: *Verdi Arias* Abbado, cond. (EMI Classics) **238-964**


Bach: *Orchestral Suites 1 & 3* Academy Of Ancient Music Berlin (Harmonia Mundi) **237-479**

Murray Perahia Plays Handel & Scarlatti (Sony Classical) **183-558**

Orff: *Carmina burana* Robert Shaw, cond. Atlanta Sym. & Chorus (Telarc) **462-481**

Verdi: *Il Trovatore* Domingo, Millo, Zajick, Metropolitan Opera, Levine (Sony Classical) **481-168** ▩

El Tango–Gidon Kremer (Nonesuch) **219-576**

Brahms *String Sextets* Stern, Lin, Laredo, Tree, Robinson, Ma (Sony Classical) **446-559** ▩

Bach: *The Art Of The Fugue* The Juilliard String Quartet (Sony Classical) **439-422**

Mozart: *Symphonies 40 & 41 "Jupiter."* Giulini, cond. (Sony Classical) **432-963**

Sibelius: *Symphony no 2; Finlandia* Mehta, cond. (Teldec) **419-820**

Dvorak: *Piano Trios* Ax, Kim, Ma (Sony Classical) **370-189**

Tchaikovsky: *Piano Concerto no 1* Barry Douglas, Slatkin, cond. (RCA) **189-647**

Bach: *Mass in B Minor* Herreweghe, cond. (Harmonia Mundi) **239-632** ▩

Mahler: *Symphony no 3* LA Phil, Salonen, cond. (Sony Classical) **238-998** ▩

Chopin: *Piano Concertos nos. 1 & 2* Murray Perahia, Israel Phil., Mehta, cond. (Sony Classical) **403-337**

L'Homme armé Masses Huelgas Ensemble, Paul van Nevel, cond. (Sony Vivarte) **229-260**

Bach: *Violin Concertos* Andrew Manze, Academy of Ancient Music (Harmonia Mundi) **218-982**

Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake & Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites* Muti, cond. (EMI Classics) **334-680**

Mahler: *Symphony no 9* Lopez-Cobos (Telarc) **239-640**

Tan Dun: *Symphony 1997* Yo-Yo Ma, et al. (Sony Classical) **220-384**

Liberty! Music from the PBS Soundtrack–Marsalis, O'Connor, Ma, Taylor (Sony Classical) **228-023**

Bach: *Goldberg Variations* Glenn Gould (rec. 1981) (Sony Classical) **343-251**

Rossini: *6 Wind Quartets* Ensemble Wien/Berlin (Sony Classical) **229-211**

Holst: *The Planets* Philharmonia Orch. Leonard Slatkin, cond. (RCA) **213-942**

Purcell: *A Choice of Lessons* Olivier Baumont (Erato) **236-224**

Mozart: *Wind Serenades nos. 11 & 12* Sabine Meyer Wind Ensemble (EMI Classics) **236-059**

Rameau: *Pieces De Clavecin* Trio Sonnerie (Virgin Veritas) **236-018**

Music For My Friends James Galway (RCA) **233-114**

Perusio: *Virelais, Ballades, Caccia* Huelgas Ensemble Paul van Nevel, cond. (Sony Classical) **234-468**

Vanessa-Mae: *Classical Album 2: China Girl* (Angel) **221-051**

Brahms: *Sonatas for Piano & Violin* Stern, Bronfman (Sony Classical) **467-340**

Barber's Adagio All authorized versions (RCA) **211-714**

My Secret Passion: Opera Arias Michael Bolton (Sony Classical) **233-577**

Love Songs & Lullabies Sharon Isbin, Allen, Valente (Virgin Classics) **227-835**

Beethoven: *Fidelio* Ludwig, Vickers, Frick, Berry, Klemperer, cond. (EMI Classics) **220-772** ▩

Dvorak: *New World Symphony; Carnival Ov.* LA Phil, Previn, cond. (Telarc) **235-606**

Mozart: *Horn Concertos; Horn Quintet,* Dennis Brain, Karajan, cond. (EMI Classics) **220-780**

Maria Callas–*Lyric & Coloratura Arias* Serafin (EMI Classics) **233-585**

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Puccini: *Tosca* Callas, di Stefano, Gobbi, de Sabata (EMI Classics) **220-442** ▩

Bach: *Two- And Three-part Inventions* Glenn Gould (Sony Classical) **457-689**

Mozart: *Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Posthorn Serenade* Mackerras, cond. (Telarc) **178-210**

The Byrd Edition Vol. 1 The Cardinall's Musick (ASV) **228-627**

Schumann: *Kreisleriana; Sonata no 1* M. Perahia (Sony Classical) **228-056**

Vivaldi: *Concert For The Prince of Poland* Academy of Ancient Music, Manze (Harmonia Mundi) **235-622**

Wagner: *The Flying Dutchman* Morris, Voigt, Heppner, Metropolitan Opera, Levine, cond. (Sony Classical) **187-781** ▩

Voices Of Angels–Music by Hildegard von Bingen, Voices Of Ascension (Delos) **223-297**

Beethoven: *Violin Concerto* Itzhak Perlman, Philharmonia, Giulini, cond. (EMI Classics) **220-400**

Ravel: *Bolero; Rapsodie espagnole; Pavane for a Dead Princess* Chicago Symphony, Barenboim (Erato) **454-181**

Debussy: *Images; La Mer; Prelude to the Afternoon...* LA Phil., Salonen, cond. (Sony Classical) **178-004**

Rachmaninov: *Symphonic Dances; Isle of the Dead; The Rock* Andrew Davis (Finlandia) **232-256**

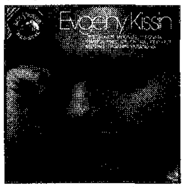
Mozart: *3 Sonatas For Violin & Piano* Isaac Stern, Yefim Bronfman (Sony Classical) **486-035**

Sibelius & Mendelssohn: *Violin Concertos* Sarah Chang, Jansons, cond. (EMI Classics) **236-000**

Italian Concerto—**Vivaldi, Handel, Bach, O'Carolan** The Harp Consort (Deutsche Harmonia Mundi) **233-106**

Beethoven: *Triple Concerto;* **Brahms:** *Double Concerto;* *Oistrakh, Rostropovich* Richter, Karajan, Szell (EMI Classics) **227-686**

Handel: *Water Music; Music for the Royal Fireworks* Norrington, cond. (Virgin Veritas) **213-868**


Beethoven: *Moonlight Sonata;* **Franck:** *Prelude, Choral & Fugue;* **Brahms:** *Paganini Var.* Kissin (RCA) **237-131**

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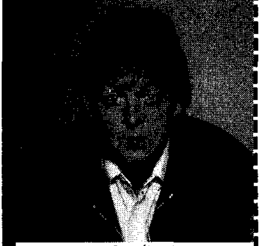
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Liszt: *Symphonic Poems* Berlin Phil., Barenboim (Sony Classical) **185-751**

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of more than a hundred daguerreotypes, albumen prints, "Imperial" salted-paper prints, and cartes de visite. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ "A Bronx Family Album: The Impact of AIDS, by Steve Hart." Through Sept. 6. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO, Witkin, 415 West Broadway. 925-5510. Through July 24. . . . **LUCIEN HERVÉ,** Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through Aug. 15. . . . **NINA KORHONEN,** SABA, 116 E. 16th St. 477-7722. Open Mondays, closed Saturdays; through Aug. 31. . . . **DIDIER MASSARD,** Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747. Through July 3. . . . **ALEXANDER RODCHENKO,** Schickler, 560 Broadway. 431-6363. Through Aug. 14. . . . **TOSHIO SHIBATA,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. 226-1220. Through July 10. . . . **RAGHUBIR SINGH,** Feature, 76 Greene St. 941-7077. Closed Saturdays; through July 31. . . . **JOSEF SUDEK,** Alan Klotz/Photocollect, 22 E. 72nd St. 327-2211. Closed Tuesdays; through Aug. 1. . . . **JOHN WATERS,** Gavin Brown's Enterprise, 436 W. 15th St. 627-5258. Closed Tuesdays; through July 31.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—The last of the company's free outdoor performances of operas in concert versions. **IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,** with Sumi Jo, Dwayne Croft, Bruce Ford, John Del Carlo, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Eduardo Müller. (Brookdale Park, Montclair, N.J. July 2 at 8.) . . . ¶ **IL TROVATORE,** with June Anderson, Barbara Dever, Antonio Barasorda, and Gregg Baker; Marco Armiliato. (Pelham Bay Park, the Bronx. July 3 at 8. For rain-date information, call 362-6000.)

New York Grand Opera—Vincent La Selva, the company's director, made a splash four years ago by announcing that he would produce all twenty-eight of Verdi's operas (in chronological order, four per summer, free of charge) during the seven years leading up to the centennial of the composer's death. Rarities dominated the early seasons, but this year his company finds Verdi at mid-century, when late-journeyman works—"Luisa Miller" (of 1849) and "Stiffelio" (1850)—give way to operas destined for the mainstream—"Rigoletto" (1851) and "Il Trovatore" (1853). The first of this season's presentations, "Luisa Miller," is a transitional work that has never secured a firm place in the active repertoire: its story (from a Schiller play) is so confusing that it's essential to study a plot summary in advance. Still, Verdi's score is often gorgeous; the Act II tenor aria "Quando le sere al placido" has become an evergreen for good reason. In this production, it falls to Enrico di Giuseppe; completing the cast are soprano Amelia D'Arcy, baritone Gregory Keil, and basses Dominik Eberle and Stefan Szkafarowsky. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 1 at 7:30. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 245-8837.)

Amato Opera Company—A double bill of Arthur Sullivan's "Cox & Box" (his first operetta, composed without the benefit of a W. S. Gilbert libretto) and Donald Grantham's "The Boor" (based on a play by Chekhov). (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. July 3 at 7:30, July 4 at 6:30, and July 5 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Bridget-Michaele Reischl conducts works by Gershwin (including the "Symphonic Picture," from "Porgy and Bess") and Copland (including several of his "Old American Songs," with soprano Luvada Harrison). (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. July 4 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Lincoln Center Festival 1998—Three separate musical events take place on opening night of the festival's season. July 7 at 6:30: The first episode of the six-part Chinese opera "The Peony Pavillion," featuring the Shanghai Kunju Opera Company. (LaGuardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. . . . **NOTE:** Since political hurdles concerning the export of this production from China still remained at press time, ticket holders may wish to confirm that the performance is taking place as scheduled.). . . ¶ At 8: Kurt Masur leads the New York Philharmonic in Bernstein's Symphony No. 2 ("The Age of Anxiety," inspired by the Auden poem of that name, and here featuring pianist Lukas Foss) and a work Bernstein often championed as a conductor, Mahler's Symphony No. 1. (Avery Fisher Hall.) . . . ¶ At 8:30: "Ordo Virtutum," a morality play by the twelfth-century abbess Hildegarde von Bingen, performed by Sequentia. (Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Ninth Ave. at 59th St. For information about tickets for all festival performances, which continue through July 26, call 721-6500.)

Mindy Kaufman and Marc Ponthus—The flutist and the pianist perform works by Pierre Boulez (whose musical manuscripts are prominently exhibited as part of the Morgan Library's current show of materials from the Paul Sacher Foundation collection of Basel, Switzerland) and by composers who influenced him, such as Debussy, Messiaen, Jolivet, and Varèse. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. July 1 at 6:15.)

Natalia Morozova and Yakov Birman—Violinist and pianist, performing sonatas by Mozart (in E-Flat Major, K. 380), Brahms (in A Major), and Franck. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. July 1 at 8.)

"Russian Rhythms on Broadway"—This summer, Trinity Church is presenting a free, ten-week lunchtime series of Russian music. The opening recital features violinist Ani Kavafian, cellist Nathaniel Rosen, and pianist Ruth Laredo in Tchaikovsky's Piano Trio. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. July 2 at 1.)

Bargemusic—July 2 at 7:30 and July 5 at 4: Two string quintets in E-Flat Major, by Mozart and Dvořák (Op. 97). . . . ¶ July 3 at 7:30: Trio sonatas by Telemann, Rameau, Handel, Vivaldi, and two Bachs (J.S. and C.P.E.). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

Summergarden—The Museum of Modern Art's estival exploration of twentieth-century music focusses this year on music by composers associated with New York City, ranging from classics by MacDowell (oh, all right, a few years shy of our century, but very close) to a Jack Beeson première. In the opening concert, a chamber orchestra of Juilliard students performs Ives's "Central Park in the Dark," Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" (with soprano Johanna Wiseman), Varèse's "Octandre," Stefan Wolpe's Chamber Piece No. 2, Chou Wen-chung's "Yü Ko," and Kenji Bunch's "Arachnophobia." Joel Sachs conducts. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. July 3-4 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Piano Quartets—A recital of two classics of the genre, by Mozart (in G Minor) and Beethoven (Op. 16, originally a quintet for piano and winds, but here in the composer's alternate version for piano quartet). (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. July 5 at noon. For information about tickets, call 718-885-2478. . . . ¶ Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. July 5 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

Yuri Kim—The pianist offers an all-Schubert recital that includes the Sonata in B-Flat Major (D. 960). (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. July 6 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Offering a Haydn divertimento, as well as three quartets by Mozart—for Oboe, for Flute (in A Major), and for Strings (K. 465, the "Dissonance"). (Central Park Band Shell, mid-Park at 72nd St. July 7 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

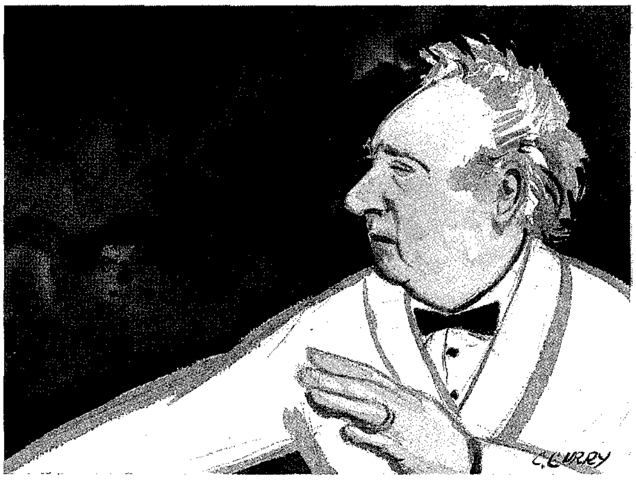
Cherry Rhodes—Organist, performing André Fleury's "Variations sur un Noël," Bach's "Pastorale" in F Major, Vierne's Impromptu, Larry King's "Revelations of Saint John the Divine," and Jiři Ropek's Variations on "Victimae Paschali Laudes." (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 7 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Washington Square Music Festival—The outdoor series continues as the Festival Chamber Ensemble plays Beethoven's "La ci darem" Variations (played here in a version for oboe, violin, and viola), Mozart's E-Flat-Major Piano Quartet, and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet. (Southeast corner of Washington Sq. July 7 at 8. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the concert takes place at N.Y.U.'s Loewe Theatre, 35 W. 4th St.)

OUT OF TOWN

Opera Festival of New Jersey—Presenting "Tosca." (McCarter Theatre, 91 University Pl., Princeton, N.J. 609-683-8000. July 1 at 8 and July 5 at 2.)

Tanglewood—July 1 at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet performs Beethoven's Quartets in E-Flat Major (Op. 74) and F Major (Op. 59, No. 1), in addition to Webern's "Five Movements for String Quartet." . . . ¶ July 3 at 8:30: In the festival's official opening night, Seiji Ozawa leads the Boston Symphony in Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," with mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade, tenor Vinson Cole, baritone Philippe Rouillon, bass-baritone David Wilson-Johnson, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and a children's choir. . . . ¶ July 4: The Independence Day festivities begin at 4 and continue through a concert with Ray Charles, which begins at 8 and ends with fireworks. . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30: Robert Shaw directs Beethoven's C-Major Mass, Brahms's "Nänie," and Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms," with the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and soloists Dominique Labelle (soprano), Marietta Simpson (mezzo-soprano), Derek Lee Ragin (countertenor), Richard Clement (tenor), and David Wilson-Johnson (bass-baritone). . . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: A recital by Frederica von Stade and pianist Martin Katz includes a cycle by Jake Heggie set to Ms. von Stade's own texts. (Lenox, Mass. 800-274-8499.)



Vincent La Selva, conducting the opening of New York Grand Opera's season at Central Park SummerStage.

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Caramoor—July 2 at 4:15: A recital of French songs on texts by Victor Hugo. . . . ¶ July 3 at 8: The St. Lawrence String Quartet plays R. Murray Schafer's Quartet No. 3; cellist Alexis Pia Gerlach assists the group in Schubert's C-Major Quintet. . . . ¶ July 4 at 8:30: Chanteuse Andrea Marcovicci. . . . ¶ July 5 at 4:30: The Orchestra of St. Luke's performs music by Vivaldi. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

Glimmerglass Opera—July 2 at 8 and July 5 at 2: "Falstaff." . . . ¶ July 3 at 8 and July 6 at 2: "Tosca." (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

Maverick Concerts—The Hudson Valley's oldest music festival is now in its eighty-third season. July 4 at 11 A.M.: A children's concert. . . . ¶ July 4 at 8: Pianist Daniel Abrams performs Handel's Passacaglia in G Minor, sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven (the "Moonlight"), and Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." . . . ¶ July 5 at 3: The Tokyo String Quartet performs Beethoven's Quartets in D Major (Op. 18, No. 3), E Minor (Op. 59, No. 2), and F Minor (Op. 95). (Woodstock, N.Y. 914-679-8217.)

Music Mountain—The Penderecki String Quartet, with pianist Francine Kay, performs two programs. July 4 at 8: Beethoven's A-Minor String Quartet (Op. 132) and his Piano Quartets in E-Flat Major and in D Major (WoO 36, No. 1 and No. 2). . . . ¶ July 5 at 3: Beethoven's F-Major Quartet (Op. 135) and "Grosse Fuge," as well as Brahms's Piano Quintet. (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Tall Ship Visit—Ten years ago in Freemantle, Australia, the keel was laid for a seagoing replica of Endeavour, the square-rigger that carried James Cook on his explorations of the Pacific, in the eighteenth century. Since 1996, the five-hundred-and-fifty-ton bark, which is a hundred and ten feet long and thirty feet at the beam, has been in the midst of a three-year circumnavigation of the globe. The ship recently sailed in from Philadelphia, and its decks, passageways, and cabins (some of which are a mere four feet high) are open for tours daily from 10 to 6, through July 6. (North Cove Yacht Harbor, Battery Park City. Tickets at the door.)

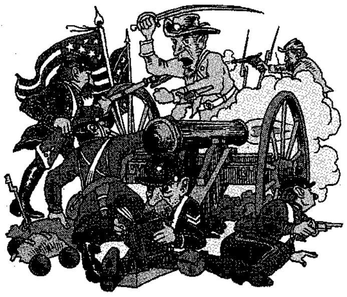
Fourth of July Options—Pier 63, a floating railroad barge off the end of 23rd Street that's currently home to a variety of craft (a semi-restored lightship called the Frying Pan, a hand-built seventy-foot gaff-rigged schooner, Hawaiian outrigger canoes) one doesn't expect to see in the Hudson River, holds a nautical-themed celebration featuring boat building, boat rides, music, and dance, from 11 to 7. For more information, call 608-2162. . . . ¶ At 1, Big Onion Walking Tours offers a stroll through the Revolutionary War sites of lower Manhattan, including a couple of places where Washington actually slept. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ At 5:30: NYC Discovery Walking Tours heads east through the Gramercy Park neighborhood (where Theodore Roosevelt slept), ending at the F.D.R. Drive in time to be front and center for the fireworks over the East River, which start at 9. For more information about the walking tour, call 465-3331.

Readings—July 1 at 7: By Ray Robinson and Christopher Jennison, from their book "Yankee Stadium: Seventy-five Years of Drama, Glamour and Glory." (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 66th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 2 at 8:30: By performance artist Holly Hughes and playwright Dan Hurlin, from their recent writings. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: By Jack Putnam, of the South Street Seaport Museum, and others, from the work of Herman Melville. (Wavertree sailing ship, South Street Seaport. For reservations, which are required, call 360-1378.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Battle Hymns

Over the July 4th weekend, while most Americans are busy stoking their barbecues, a different kind of observance will take place in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where the hundred-and-thirty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg will be commemorated with a three-day reënactment and book fair. These days, the Mecca for Civil War buffs has become a strange mix of sacred and kitsch (General Pickett's Buffet and the Bisontennial Buffalo Farm are two popular establishments), and a new wave of Civil War writing revisits Gettysburg in surprising ways.



TONY MILLIONAIRE

In Tony Horwitz's **Confederates in the Attic** (Pantheon), the author hooks up with "hardcores"—reënacters who dress up in vintage garb, dribble tobacco juice in their beards, and subsist on sowbelly and hardtack. At Gettysburg, Horwitz finds himself retracing the steps of Pickett's Charge while facing "a heavy line of skirmishers: campers, RVs, pickups." On July 3, 1863, Pickett's men weren't so lucky, as Carol Reardon makes clear in **Pickett's Charge in History and Memory** (University of North Carolina), a fresh look at the disastrous assault. **The Gettysburg Nobody Knows** (Oxford), a collection of essays edited by Gabor S. Boritt, includes an argument by Richard M. McMurry that the war's costliest battle may have been one of its least decisive.

President Lincoln, whose address at Gettysburg helped enshrine the battle as America's Thermopylae, received thousands of letters during the war. **The Lincoln Mailbag** (Southern Illinois University), edited by Harold Holzer, is a selection of epistles from job seekers, freed slaves, and others, including a Gettysburg judge who requested the original manuscript of Lincoln's address. Jeff Shaara's **The Last Full Measure** (Ballantine) is the sequel to "The Killer Angels," the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel about Gettysburg written by the author's late father, Michael Shaara. It brings us up to 1913, when an octogenarian Union veteran revisits the killing field and stares "out at the distant trees, the thick woods, his mind hard at work on the memories, the magic of the ground."

THE
Reader's
PAGE.

GOOD HAIR

by Benilde Little

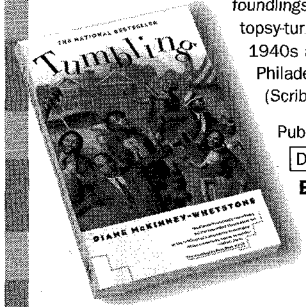
In this national bestseller, Benilde Little introduces us to Alice Andrews, a Newark reporter discovering the idiosyncratic relationship between herself and her boyfriend, a Harvard-educated doctor. Little, a former reporter for the *Newark Ledger* and *People* magazine, shows us a different side of Manhattan's black upper class. (Scribner)

Pub. Price: $11.00
Discount **20%**
B&N Price $8.80

TUMBLING

by Diane McKinney-Whetstone

Tumbling is an unconventional story about an unconventional family by an unconventional writer. Diane McKinney-Whetstone's debut novel is an acclaimed bestseller about Noon and Herbie and their two children (both foundlings), set in the topsy-turvy world of 1940s and 50s Philadelphia. (Scribner)



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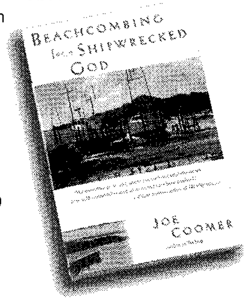
$9.60

"There are favorable hours for reading a book..."
–Longfellow

BEACHCOMBING FOR A SHIPWRECKED GOD

by Joe Coomer

Friendship doesn't come easily for a widowed archaeologist, an elderly painter, and a seventeen-year-old—unless you cram them together on a houseboat. Joe Coomer, author of *The Loop*, creates a cast of characters rife with eccentricities, set afloat both in the North Atlantic and in the midst of their own tangled and touching lives. (Scribner)



Pub. Price: $11.00
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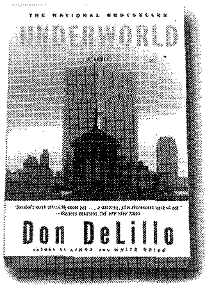
SCRIBNER
PAPERBACK
FICTION

UNDERWORLD

by Don DeLillo

No one but Don DeLillo could so seamlessly fuse baseball, atomic weapons, and fifty years of American history. The National Book Award-nominated *Underworld* is a tour de force from a national treasure. In it, he explores our fixations, flaws, and our precarious history through the eyes of Nick Shays, a "waste analyst," and Klara Sax, an acclaimed artist. (Scribner)



Pub. Price: $16.00
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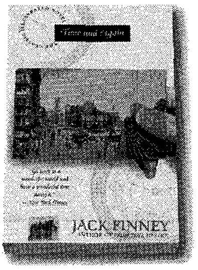
TIME AND AGAIN

by Jack Finney

Once he hears the swoosh of a sled gliding up Central Park West, Simon Morley knows things have changed: He has traveled through time from the 1970s to the 1880s to prove that Einstein was right. *Time and Again* is an amalgamation of history, science fiction, mystery, and romance—a delightful page-turner that has thrilled and enchanted readers for almost three decades. (Scribner)



Pub. Price: $12.00
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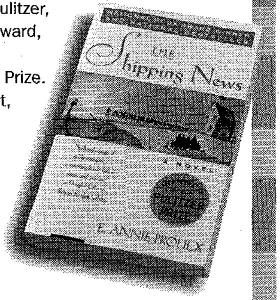
THE SHIPPING NEWS

by E. Annie Proulx

With her gorgeous prose and rugged, real characters, E. Annie Proulx makes Newfoundland feel like home. *The Shipping News* stole the show, winning the Pulitzer, the National Book Award, and the *Irish Times* International Fiction Prize. This novel is brilliant, touching, perfect. (Scribner)



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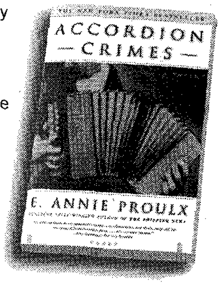
ACCORDION CRIMES

by E. Annie Proulx

The Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *The Shipping News* returns with another masterpiece. One-hundred years, North America, and one striking character after another are all linked by one accordion. Proulx's stunning prose and unforgettable people create a magic you have to read to believe. (Scribner)



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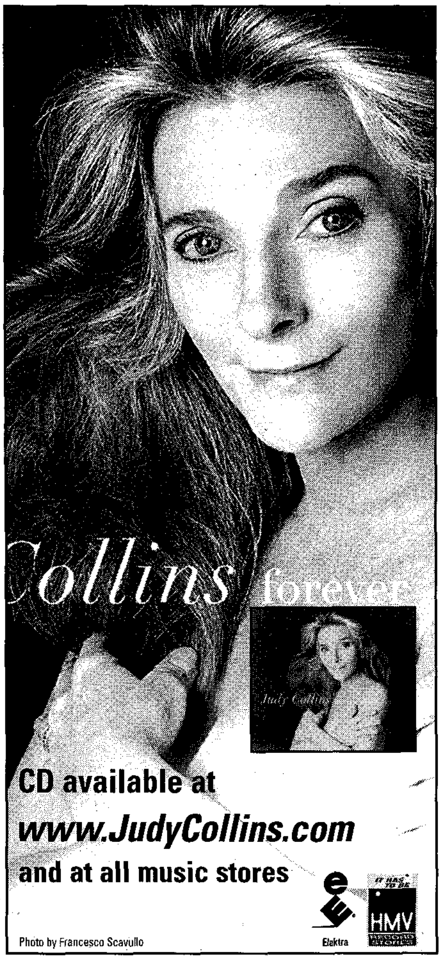

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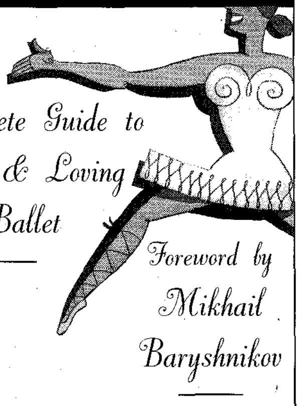
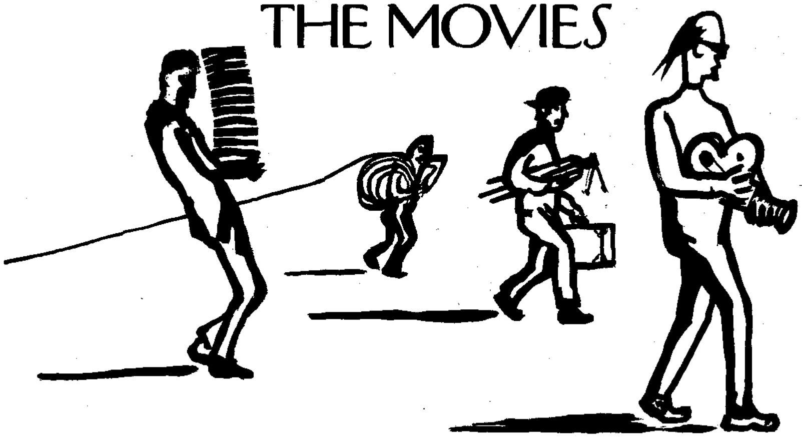
IN PAPERBACK FROM HYPERION



THE MOVIES



OPENINGS

Armageddon—Another adventure-thriller about an asteroid on a collision course with Earth. With Bruce Willis, Billy Bob Thornton, Liv Tyler, and Ben Affleck; directed by Michael Bay. Opening July 1. (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village Theatre VII.)

Talk to Me—A romantic story of two shy New Yorkers who meet via a telephone-dating service. Written and directed by George Esguerra. Opening July 3. (Quad Cinema.)

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Un Air de Famille (Family Resemblances)—The fourth feature from director Cédric Klapisch, a graduate of the N.Y.U. film school, is a tight, depressing comedy of manners—or, at any rate, of increasingly bad manners. A family gathers at a crummy café in a French provincial town; any hopes of a smooth evening start to blister almost immediately. The mother (Claire Maurier) favors one of her adult sons and disdains the other; each, needless to say, is unhappy in his own way. There is also a belligerently unmarried daughter (Agnès Jaoui) and a birthday girl, Yolande (Catherine Frot), who buckles under her first glass of champagne. Klapisch steeps his cast in an authentically sick and yellowing light, and there's real confidence in his timing: just as things calm down, the old emotional friction kicks back in. But the film is a struggle; it was originally a stage play by Jaoui and her co-star, Jean-Pierre Bacri, and it still feels sullen and cramped. Anyone who warmed to Klapisch's previous picture, "When the Cat's Away," with its rough and breezy obliqueness, will feel shrunken by the new work; what saves it is Catherine Frot, whose tipsy dance routine, revelling in indignity, seems like a brief and wondrous escape. In French.—*Anthony Lane* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Bulworth—Warren Beatty's fascinating high-wire act about a senator who thinks he can solve the country's ills by becoming a member of the hip-hop nation. It's an audience pleaser, at times funny and irreverent, but its condescending views on race relations and Beatty's civics-lesson street raps more often reduce the comedy to the level of polemic. Beatty's best work comes opposite the supporting actors; the performances of Halle Berry, Don Cheadle, and particularly Oliver Platt, as a harried spin-control operative, manage to lift the film above its failed-liberalism treatise. But even though the movie is fun to watch, crass and energetic when it needs to be, it's ultimately as phony as an old Frank Capra picture.—*Bruce Diones* (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Cousin Bette—Jessica Lange plays the anti-heroine of Balzac's cynical masterpiece: a bitter spinster who supports a struggling artist (Aden Young) and tries to monopolize his love. When he falls for her pretty, shallow cousin (Kelly MacDonald), she plots revenge. Lange works hard at conveying the pathos of a needy virago, but eventually she has little to do but overreact to a new betrayal every three minutes. The result is "Melrose Place" on the Seine. With Elisabeth Shue as a courtesan whom Bette enlists in her schemes; Shue is supposed to be the most seductive woman in Paris, but she acts like a friendly soccer mom.—*Sarah Kerr* (Cinema 3rd Avenue and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Deep Impact—You may feel safe in your bed, but beware: even as you sleep, Earth is under threat from a vast, overheated surplus of character actors. How can they all fit into one silly movie? Could anyone really have Vanessa Redgrave and Maximilian Schell for her parents and still turn out, you know, O.K.? What is Robert Duvall doing in space? And, finally, just how deeply do you want Morgan Freeman to be President? All these questions are answered by Mimi Leder's clumpy apocalypse flick, in which our planet is approached by an enormous flame-grilled asteroid with extra cheese. Téa Leoni, playing a TV reporter, tries heroically to make light of the menace, but the tearful script finally wears her down.—*A.L.* (5/18/98) (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and State.)

Duel (1971)—Steven Spielberg does road rage as epic horror in this virtuoso TV movie—a huge influence on big-screen films like "Breakdown." In Richard Matheson's script (based on his own short story), a rusty tanker draws a shiny red Plymouth Valiant into a death race on a rural stretch of Southern California highway. Behind the wheel of the Valiant is a henpecked suburbanite; all we see of the truck driver are his cowboy boots and slyly beckoning hands. Dennis Weaver plays the role of David Mann, the economy-car David who takes on a Goliath truck. Spielberg's work amazes not just for its visceral power but for the way it creates a sweaty mini-atmosphere inside Mann's car. When the Valiant and the truck smash into each other, worlds collide.—*Michael Sragow* (American Museum of the Moving Image; July 4-5.)

Eat the Peach (1987)—Whimsical, with an element of desperation underneath. The setting is an Irish village a few miles across the border from Northern Ireland. Thrown out of work when the local Japanese computer factory closes down, Vinnie (Stephen Brennan) and his brother-in-law, Arthur (Eamon Morrissey), watch a cassette of Elvis Presley in the 1964 "Roustabout" and see a motorcyclist ride in a carnival Wall of Death—a barrel-like track where centrifugal force keeps the rider up in the air circling. Soon they're building their own Wall of Death. This engaging, informal movie—it's loose, with a lot of humor—is about the deep-seated eccentricity of a man like Vinnie, who uses his wits not to provide decent quarters for the wife and child he loves but to solve only those problems that tease his imagination. The director, Peter Ormrod, and the producer,

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John Kelleher, wrote the script together; they tell the story (which is based on an actual event) as if it were a simple one, taking care to let it expand in our minds.—*Pauline Kael* (Guggenheim Museum; July 1.)

Godzilla—The star of those tacky old Japanese horror films now gets a tacky new Hollywood horror film all to himself. Brought into being by irresponsible nuclear tests in French Polynesia, Godzilla heads for New York in search of a really first-rate fish restaurant. In his haste and fury the monster destroys a large proportion of the city's leading tourist sites; having totalled the White House in his previous picture, "Independence Day," director Roland Emmerich can hardly contain his childish desire to blow stuff up. The movie is of minimum interest; the story of the movie, however—or, rather, of the way in which it has been engulfed by its own publicity—is bound to fascinate connoisseurs of cultural meltdown. See it with a thousand friends, scream and shout, and then forget it.—*A.L.* (6/1/98) (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Henry Fool—Hal Hartley's latest film takes a while to get going: almost an hour passes before it develops any emotional momentum. Yet when it does, it's powerful and strangely unnerving—there's an original and ambitious voice at work here that puts most independent filmmakers to shame. The story concerns an oddball garbage man named Simon Grim (James Urbaniak) who becomes a famous poet under the tutelage of Henry Fool (Thomas Jay Ryan), an ex-convict drifter. Hartley has refined his offbeat writing style from rambling riffs to sharp, halting spurts of dialogue that are funny, with an edge of desperation. The film captures the sad world of Hartley's lost poetic lovers better than any picture he's made before.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Kurt & Courtney—Nick Broomfield's chilling documentary, set in the netherworlds of Seattle and other places in the Pacific Northwest, in which we get to meet some drug-addled or merely bizarre folk who believe that Courtney Love, the raucous post-feminist icon, may have killed her husband, Kurt Cobain. The anti-Courtney revelations are interesting but inconclusive: Rozz Rezabeck, a former rocker and boyfriend of Courtney's, is by far the most amusing figure; Hank Harrison, Love's father, who reveals that he bought pit bulls to discipline his adolescent daughter, is by far the most frightening. The true circumstances of Cobain's death remain cloudy, but one comes away from the film unnerved by the distance travelled: we begin in a sleepy Washington town, with a little blond boy who likes to sing Beatles songs, and end up lost in a haze of heroin.—*Daphne Merkin* (Reviewed in A Critic at Large, 6/8/98.) (Cinema Village.)

The Last Days of Disco—Whit Stillman is back on home ground—Manhattan—in the last of a trilogy of romantic comedies, the chronological missing chapter between "Metropolitan" and "Barcelona." Two Hampshire College graduates in the early eighties—Charlotte (Kate Beckinsale) and Alice (Chloë Sevigny)—share lowly jobs in book publishing and a consuming desire to hang out at what is referred to, totemically, as "the club." There they meet a number of Harvard graduates eager to take advantage of the scene after, as one character puts it, "the terrible wasteland of our college years." These include Des (Chris Eigeman), the club's lightly amused manager, who claims to be gay when he wants to break up with a woman; Jimmy (Mackenzie Astin), who's desperate to impress his advertising clients; and Josh (Matt Keeslar), a junior prosecutor who's capable of deconstructing any subject, including the true meaning of disco fever. The recognizable Stillman touches are all here—the way the characters leap into ardent dialogue, the instant nostalgia for the moment as it happens—but the film doesn't leave much of an imprint.—*D.M.* (6/15/98) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and 19th Street East 6.)

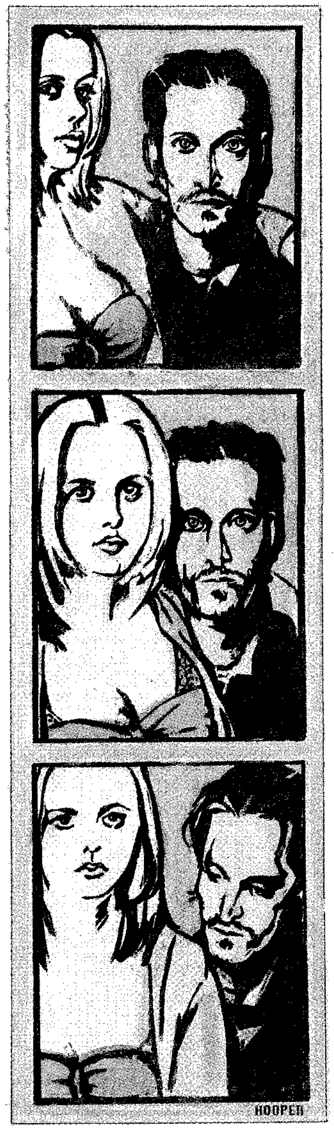
Mulan—Disney takes it easy on the hype this time, allowing its latest summer animated picture to build its own fan base. It's a canny decision, and the story, based on a Chinese legend, is clever: a young girl cuts her hair, joins the army disguised as a man, and saves China from the Huns. It gives boys lots of exciting (if cross-dressed) action, and lets girls root for an empowering hero. While the movie sticks to the familiar Disney formula, the cute sidekicks are less intrusive and the songs are not as overbearing as usual; for the most part, it sustains an enjoyable hum and a simple, delicate glow.—*B.D.* (Chelsea West, Cinema I, Guild, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—Possibly Federico Fellini's finest film, and a work in which Giulietta Masina earns the praise she received for "La Strada." The structure is a series of episodes in the life of Cabiria (Masina), a shabby, aging, dreamy little Roman streetwalker—a girl whose hard, knowing air is no protection against her fundamental gullibility, which, we finally see, is her humanity and her saving grace. A famous actor (Amedeo Nazzari) picks her up and takes her to his luxurious villa; she goes to a cheap vaudeville show, and when the magician hypnotizes her, the innocent dreams of her adolescence pour out; a young man in the audience (François Périer) meets her and proposes to her, etc. Though the film seems free and almost unplanned, each apparent irrelevance falls into place. In Italian.—*P.K.* (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Out of Sight—Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, State, and 34th Street Showplace.)

A Perfect Murder—An update of "Dial M for Murder," with an elegantly vile Michael Douglas as the murdering husband and Gwyneth Paltrow as the wife in jeopardy. The movie dresses well, it's lavish and richly photographed, but it has nowhere to go. The story was rather mundane even when Hitchcock filmed it, in 1954, and the new production fails to add a single creative spin to the original. The only thing going for it is the performance of David Suchet; as the investigating detective, he brings a menacing precision to the old game of cat and mouse.—*B.D.* (Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock (1975)—Long before "The Truman Show," Peter Weir was interested in the social exploitation of innocents. In 1974 he directed this guilty pleasure—a quasi-horror story set in turn-of-the-century Australia—that was one of the first Australian films to hit it big in America. A posh girls' school holds a picnic in the wilderness, and three young beauties climb a massive, forbidding rock and disappear. At first, Weir seems to be addressing Edwardian social repression, but there are unnerving shades of titillation à la JonBenet Ramsey in the images of long-haired angels helping each other into stiff corsets, or lying overheated on the rocks like wounded animals. The old pro Rachel Roberts anchors the young cast as a punitive headmistress; the script was adapted from Joan Lindsay's novel, which was supposedly based on a real incident, though no record of it has ever been found.—*S.K.* (Film Forum 2.)



Christina Ricci and Vincent Gallo in "Buffalo '66."

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Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, 2, and 3, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

ROBIN AND THE SEVEN HOODS (1964)—The Rat Pack play-acts Robin Hood in Chicago's Roaring Twenties, with Frank Sinatra as a speakeasy boss named Robbo who showers $50,000 on the poor. This version of the tale may nod toward "Some Like It Hot" (and, of course, "Guys and Dolls"), but it's designed as fun for the whole family. So the material runs the gamut from Broadway blue jokes and Yiddishisms—the word "shmendrick" is meant to be hilarious—to Bing Crosby singing "Don't Be a Do-Badder" with a chorus of sassy orphans. Crosby rises above the ragged, repetitive script with his smooth yet tricky moves and air of playful irony. Sinatra's one classic scene comes when he nails "My Kind of Town," the best of the film's Sammy Cahn-Jimmy Van Heusen songs.—*M.S.* (Museum of Modern Art; July 3 and July 5.)

SIX DAYS, SEVEN NIGHTS—Is that really Harrison Ford, or is it an aging hunk from a TV beer commercial? Ivan Reitman's inexcusably limp comedy has Ford playing a selfish, lazy pilot who shepherds tourists around the South Pacific. Anne Heche is a workaholic magazine editor who crashes with him on a tiny island and falls for his utter lack of charm. Aside from Heche, who is a quick, witty actress, the film seems to reside in a bizarre time warp of bad seventies comedy, complete with retrograde ethnic stereotypes and huge, jiggling breasts.—*S.K.* (Cinema II, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 3, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.)

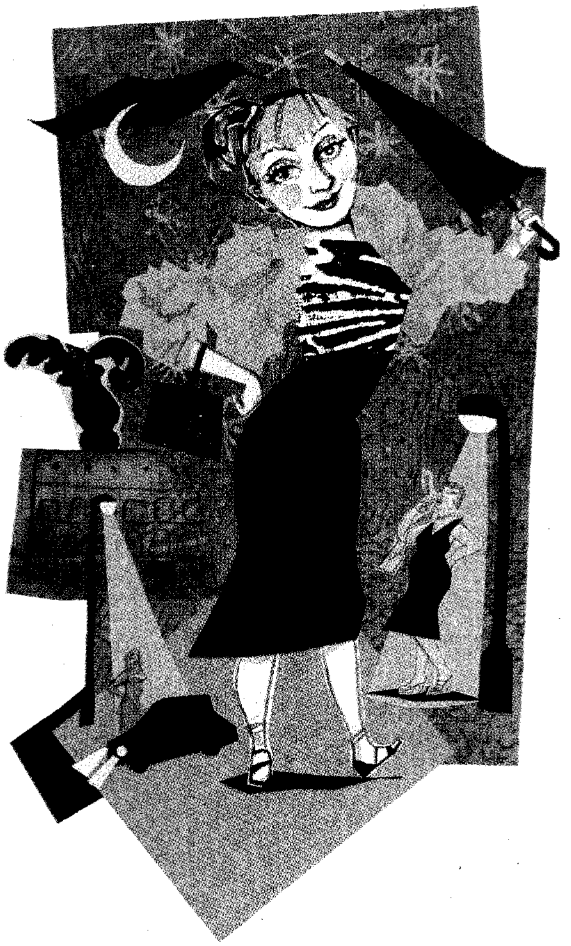
THE TRUMAN SHOW—Peter Weir's new movie, his first since the perplexing "Fearless," is an even rarer creature: the sunlit black comedy. Jim Carrey plays Truman Burbank, a genial insurance agent who lives with his chronically nice wife, Meryl (Laura Linney), in the town of Seahaven. The place itself is drowning in pleasantry—no surprise, for it is in fact the largest set ever built. The sky is a dome, the sun and moon are lights in the roof, and every single citizen is an actor—everyone except Truman, who is the innocent star of the most successful documentary soap opera of all time. It's a startling conceit, dreamed up by screenwriter Andrew Niccol, but the picture's doomy warning—that television will overrun our lives and brains—is not exactly original. Still, it picks up pace in the second half, as the hero discovers his predicament and flees; up above, trying to control him, is the omnipotent Christof—the creator of the show, and a great role for the solid and scary Ed Harris. Carrey is on his mettle, but you wonder why thirty years of close observation have made Truman so funny; shouldn't he be a regular guy gone mad?—*A.L.* (6/15/98) (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE WILD ANGELS (1966)—A crude A.I.P. wheeler that was aimed at the drive-in and maleloner audience but wound up reaching so large an international audience that the major studios began to imitate it. It's loaded with pot-smoking, orgies, rumbles, and whatever else the producer-director, Roger Corman, and his scenarist, Charles B. Griffith, could work in. Their big number is set in a chapel at a funeral service for a member of a motorcycle gang—Loser (played by Bruce Dern), who was hooked on Nazi insignia. Loser's buddies tie up the minister, rape the young widow, and take the body from its coffin in order to wrap it in a Nazi flag. It's a very square idea of sensationalism—you're supposed to be thrilled by each demonstration of how gross and violent the gang members are. (There's a good moment, though, when Loser, dying, asks, "Anybody got a straight cigarette?")—*P.K.* (Guggenheim Museum; July 3.)

THE X-FILES—Two of television's most beloved characters—F.B.I. agents Mulder (David Duchovny) and Scully (Gillian Anderson)—make their big-screen début in Chris Carter's attempt (along with series director Rob Bowman) to revive the great seventies governmental-conspiracy movie. (The contemporary twist has to do with aliens and a secret government that is aiding in the colonization of Earth—it's "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" meets "The Parallax View.") The strength of the movie, as with the series, is not just the creepy paranoid atmosphere—its dark, rain-drenched alleys are a delicious, steely noir—but also the hushed, unrequited romance between the two leads. But the film is ultimately disappointing—it's bigger budgeted, but somehow less engrossing when played outside the solitary intimacy of the tube. It'll be a great video flick.—*B.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, Village East Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

ALSO PLAYING

BUFFALO '66: Anjelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.... **CARLA'S SONG:** Quad Cinema.... **CITY OF ANGELS:** Criterion Center.... **DEAR JESSE:** Cinema Village.... **DR. DOLITTLE:** Criterion Center, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly.... **FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS:** Worldwide Cinemas.... **GONE WITH THE WIND:** Chelsea Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and 64th and 2nd.... **GOOD WILL HUNTING** (reviewed in our issue of 1/19/98): Worldwide Cinemas.... **HE GOT GAME:** Worldwide Cinemas.... **HIGH ART:** Angelika Film Center.... **I WENT DOWN:** Beekman and Village East Cinemas.... **JUNK FOOD:** Film Forum.... **THE LAND GIRLS:** Paris.... **MARIE BAIE DES ANGES:** Film Forum.... **MR. NICE GUY:** Worldwide Cinemas.... **SMOKE SIGNALS:** Angelika Film Center and Gotham Cinema.... **THE SPANISH PRISONER** (4/13/98): First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.... **VOYAGE TO THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD:** 59th Street East Cinema and Quad Cinema.



Giulietta Masina in Fellini's "Nights of Cabiria."

CORNEL RUBINO

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—"Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—July 2 at 2:30 and July 3 at 6: "Fargo" (1996, Joel Coen).... July 2 at 6 and July 7 at 2:30: "Don Q, Son of Zorro" (1925, Donald Crisp; silent).... July 3 at 2:30 and July 5 at 5: "Robin and the Seven Hoods" (†).... July 3 at 8: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1968, Paul Morissey).... July 4 at 1:30 and July 6 at 6: "America America" (1963, Elia Kazan).... July 4 at 5 and July 6 at 2:30: "A Perfect World" (1993, Clint Eastwood).... July 5 at 2: "Love Affair" (1939, Leo McCarey).... July 7 at 6: "Orphans of the Storm" (1922, D.W. Griffith; silent).

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of French films about art and artists; most in French, with English subtitles. July 1 at 2 and 6:30: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (1990, Jean-Paul Rappeneau).... July 1 at 4:30 and 9:10: "Beaumarchais, the Scoundrel" (1996, Edouard Molinaro).... July 2 at 2 and 6:30 and July 3 at 4:10 and 8:40: "The Curtain Rises" (1938, Marc Allégret).... July 2 at 4:20 and 8:50 and July 3 at 2 and 6:30: "Le Bal" (1982, Ettore Scola).... July 4 at 4:30 and 8:20: "Irma Vep" (1996, Olivier Assayas).... July 4 at 6:20 and 10:10: "La Vie de Bohème" (1992, Aki Kaurismäki).... July 5 at 4:30 and July 6 at 2 and 6:15: "Day for Night" (1973, François Truffaut).... July 5 at 6:45 and July 6 at 4:20 and 8:30: "Man About Town" (1947, René Clair).... July 7 at 6:15: "Beauties of the Night" (1952, Clair).... July 7 at 8:15: "Simone de Beauvoir" (1982, Malka Robowska and Josée Dayan).... ¶ Weekend showings for children. July 4-5 at 2: "Superman II" (1980, Richard Lester).

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—A program of films directed by or produced by Steven Spielberg. July 4-5 at 2: "Jaws" (1975).... July 4-5 at 5: "Duel" (†).

BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with coming attractions. The feature on July 6 will be "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936, Frank Capra). (Rain date is the following night.)

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 7 at 12:30 and 6:30: "A Game for Six Lovers" (1959, Jacques Doniol-Valcroze; in French).... July 7 at 3:30 and 9: "A Very Curious Girl" (1969, Nelly Kaplan; in French).

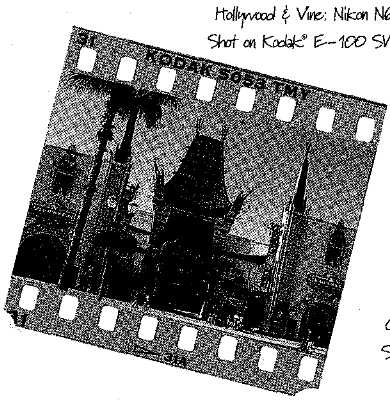
A DIFFERENT LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On July 5 at 7, the feature will be "The Rose Tattoo" (1955, Daniel Mann).

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3587)—A program of films featuring the motorcycle. July 1 at 2:30: "Eat the Peach" (†).... July 1 at 6: "Roustabout" (1964, John Rich).... July 3 at 2:30: "The Wild One" (1954, Lásló Benedek).... July 3 at 7:30: "The Wild Angels" (†).... July 4 at 2:30: "Gimme Shelter" (1970, Albert and David Maysles).... July 4 at 7:30: "Easy Rider" (1969, Dennis Hopper).

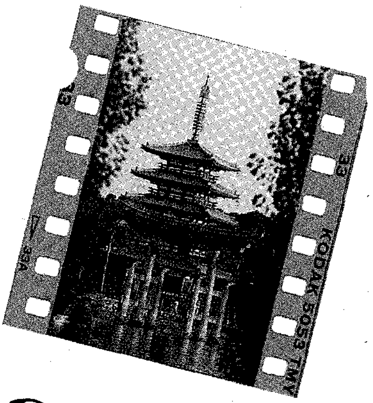
MUSEUM OF TELEVISION AND RADIO, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through July 30: "See How She Runs" (1978, Richard T. Heffron), with Joanne Woodward. (Showings Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2 and 4; Thursdays and Fridays at 2, 4, and 6.)

Mon. 4pm
Morocco: Nikon N70 w/50 mm 1.8
Shot on Kodak® E–200, f 2.8 @ 1/60

Tues. 8am
Hollywood & Vine: Nikon N6006 w/28-85 mm
Shot on Kodak® E–100 SW, f 5.6-1/3 @ 1/125



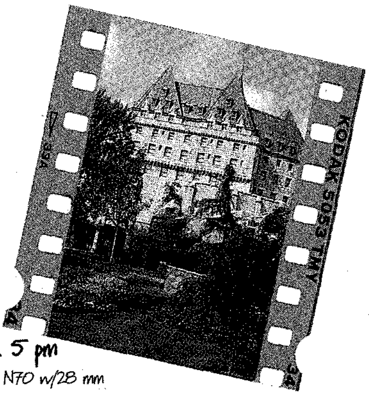
Tues. 2 pm
China: Nikon N90 w/70-210 mm
Shot on Kodak® E–100 S, 1/500
@ f 5.6 1/2



Shoot Around The World In 4 Days.

Wed. 1 pm
France: Nikon N6006 w/35-70
Shot on Kodak® E–100 SW
1/250 @ f 8

33
KODAK 5053 TMY
33A



Wed. 5 pm
Canada: Nikon N70 w/28 mm
Shot on Kodak® E–100 S
1/60 @ f 16-1/2

TMY
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KODAK 5053
33A

Thurs. 10 am
Poolside: Nikon F4 w/300 mm, Shot on
Kodak® E–200 SW, 1/250 @ f 4

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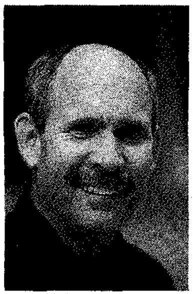

Steve McCurry

Joe McNally
Photo by Nina Sabo

Kathleen Norris Cook
Photo by Dottie Froese

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

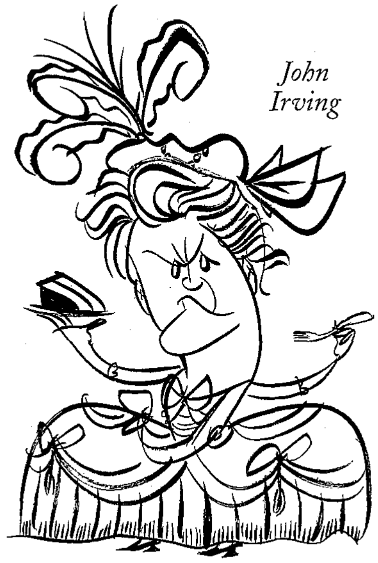
INK

This summer's literary feud is between an author and his home state.

The week that John Irving's new novel, "A Widow for One Year," hit No. 1 on the *Times* best-seller list, the author was a little preoccupied. The former prep-school wrestling coach was busy picking a fight with the state of Vermont, where he has lived for more than twenty-five years. The feud erupted over Act 60, a new bill that requires equity of funding in school districts across the state. Under the law, so-called gold towns, like Dorset, where Irving lives with his wife/agent and their kindergarten-age son, must share their property-tax revenue with two hundred and eleven poorer towns. In Irving's case, the tax on his $1.4 million home will go up almost five thousand dollars.

A self-described "notorious" liberal, Irving has gone on record calling Act 60 "Marxist" and has threatened to leave the state if it stands. "My response is as brutally upper class as I can make it," he told *Time*. "I'm not putting my child in an underfunded public school system." Well out of reach of his Random House publicists, Irving added that he had avoided speaking to the Vermont press, "because I don't want to make my child a target of trailer-park envy." As if to prove his point, Irving elaborated on his remarks to a Vermont reporter the day the magazine hit the newsstands. "I deeply resent being resented by people who think that I'm ignorant, insensitive, and lazy because I've made a lot of money," he said.

The result was an outpouring of editorial bile. "Poor John Irving," cried the Rutland *Herald*, which called the author a laughingstock, with a "Marie Antoinette-like detachment from real life." "A Prayer for Owen Mean," trumpeted the Burlington *Free Press*. Irving had embarrassed himself twice, the paper said, "first with the boorish and unprovoked attack on low-income Vermonters who live in mobile homes and then with the aristocrat-under-glass yammering about Vermont's persecution of the rich." As for his threat to leave the state, the paper observed, "Volunteers are lining up to pack his home gym."



John Irving

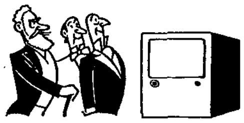
Irving responded to the flogging by sending a lengthy letter to editors across Vermont. Insisting that he doesn't mind paying more taxes, he complained that Act 60 isn't about education but about the redistribution of wealth. "Rich people are everybody's targeted minority," he wrote. "I know—and not only because I am now, by popular definition, rich." Before the publication of his 1978 novel, "The World According to Garp," he went on, "I routinely envied, mocked, distrusted, misjudged, and whined about rich people, too."

Just as Irving threatened to self-destruct, along came the voices of the trailer parks. Letters-to-the-editor pages were full of retorts, claiming that Irving was "red-baiting," desperate for publicity, and besmirching of the memory of Abe Lincoln, who, after all, was born in a house that lacked indoor plumbing. A member of the Mobile Home Park Project, in Wilmington, wrote, "I thought he knew the difference between character and setting."

Finally, one Warren Morse, of Brattleboro, took up the case of the beleaguered author. "We all know about those trailer park people," he wrote. "When they are not conjuring up tornadoes, they go around saying mean things about the rich and famous. And they have the nerve to want their children to have the same quality of education as the rich kids have. What next? Caviar on their hot dogs?" —BRUCE FEILER

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

At the U.N., world peace takes a back seat to the World Cup.



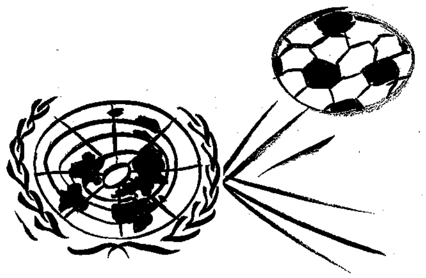
When the founders of the United Nations declared, in 1945, that one of the organization's purposes was to "develop friendly relations among nations," they could not have envisaged the way in which that cause would be advanced by the current World Cup soccer tournament. Over the past three weeks, the television in the anteroom to the Security Council's chamber has been switched from CNN to ESPN. "The U.N. is like one of those rare bars in Manhattan where people really understand the sport," one soccer-giddy diplomat said last week. The bar-like atmosphere is enhanced by the fact that the U.N. is exempt from the city's

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

anti-tobacco laws; last week, the permanent representative from Russia interrupted business in the Security Council chamber to complain about the rowdy fans outside the door.

The congruence of sport and diplomacy has been handily exploited by politicians in the past month; it is no coincidence that Madeleine Albright delivered her warming-up speech about Iran days before this country played that one in Lyons. And at the U.N., where every gesture has a political implication, the diplomatic sport of the moment has been to scrutinize the World Cup schedule for subtexts. Last week, there was jocular speculation that the United States had thrown the game against Iran, for the sake of improved international relations; and Thursday's encounter between the U.S. and Yugoslavia was anticipated more for its political resonance—would NATO start bombing Kosovo before or after the first goal was scored against the Americans?—than for its sporting significance.

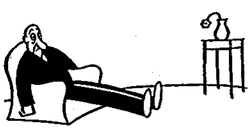
Given the way the U.S. dominates the world political scene, U.N. diplomats take a certain quiet delight in the fact that when it comes to soccer the Americans are just another team, and not a very good one at that. In World Cup terms, Brazil is the superpower, which means that the representatives of that country, currently a temporary member of the Security Council, have been faced with some hard questions about priorities. One of the Brazilian delegates opened a meeting on Tuesday afternoon—when Brazil was, astoundingly, being beaten by Norway—by saying that although he knew there were important issues pertaining to Africa to discuss, he was nonetheless hoping that the business could be completed promptly.



But, in the main, soccer has brought unanimity to the constitutionally fractious institution. "Here it is not done to be rude about other countries," the giddy diplomat explained. "You are sitting next to people of enormously different cultures, and you have to take that into account whenever you open your mouth. And soccer truly is a common language. You can turn to an Iranian and say, 'That was such crap, that should have been a penalty,' and he will understand exactly what you mean. Whereas in any other conversation with him you will have to find two dozen different ways of explaining the same point to make sure he has understood it." —REBECCA MEAD

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

At the urologists' convention, Viagra's unsung expert witnesses.



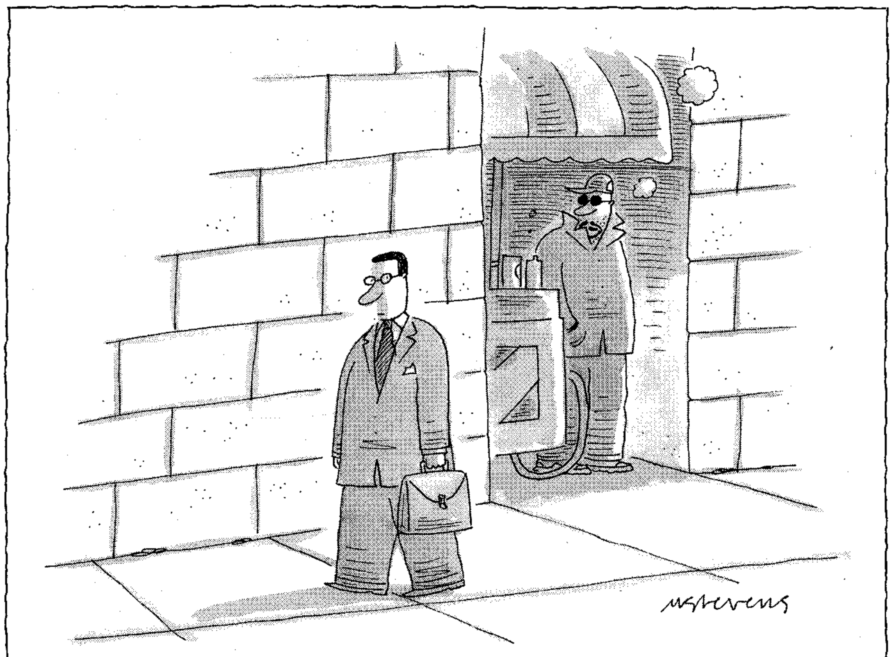
THE unfortunately named Dick Young asked for two of my fingers, which, for the purposes of his demonstration, we would pretend were a penis. Young was standing in the exhibit hall of the American Urological Association's recent annual meeting in San Diego, and explaining the wonders of the RigiScan Plus Rigidity Assessment System, a device that looks like a calculator with two wires snaking from it. At the end of each wire is a cloth-covered ring, and as Young slipped the rings over my fingers he noted that one encircles the base of the penis and the other lassos the tip. During this oddly intimate moment, with indifferent conventioneers passing by, he turned the machine on and the loops slowly tightened. The RigiScan, he good-naturedly explained, was now both measuring the size of the penis and gauging its resistance to determine its rigidity.

The doctors in England who first showed that Viagra had promise as a treatment for erectile dysfunction relied on RigiScan to assess the drug's worth. But their study, in which twelve RigiScan-outfitted men watched porn movies, played little part in the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's decision to let Pfizer bring Viagra to market. The pivotal data that Pfizer submitted to the F.D.A. were the results of a questionnaire—filled out by patients. This helps explain why that study's sixty-nine-per-cent success rate, first published in the May 14th *New England Journal of Medicine*, may, as reported at the San Diego meeting, ultimately turn out to have been inflated. "This is the first [erectile dysfunction] study we've published that contained no laboratory or clinic component," Robert Utiger, a *New England Journal* editor, acknowledged. "We were a little troubled, unofficially, by the absence of more objective measurements."

For years, urologists have evaluated impotence drugs with RigiScan, ultrasound, and bioimpedence machines that track penile blood flow, and with medieval-sounding "buckling" tests that put weights on erect penises to gauge rigidity. The trial reported in the *New England Journal*, however, which involved eight hundred and sixty-one men, relied mainly on the fifteen-question International Index of Erectile Function, a "validated" tool that rates subjective parameters that no machine can measure, such as orgasmic function, sexual desire, intercourse satisfaction, and maintenance of erection after penetration. "This is real soft data, no pun intended," William Steers, chief of urology at the University of Virginia, told me. Steers headed one of the sites that contributed data to the *New England Journal* paper. "I'm not at all happy."

Steers noted that the study had no data from what he considers to be "the best measure" of efficacy: spousal questionnaires. When you ask women about sex with their Viagra-enhanced husbands, he said, their response "is always lower than the men's." Depending on how strictly questionnaires defined "successful intercourse," men in ten different studies reported rates of success ranging from forty-eight to seventy-three per cent. In a study Steers conducted with wives, though, the definition of success had little impact on the responses, which consistently hovered at around forty-eight per cent. "When you asked the women, it was very clear: they said, 'Uh-uh,'" Steers said.

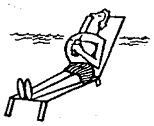
Despite his misgivings about the accuracy of the Viagra studies, Steers says, "In my heart of hearts, I'm confident that it works." Then again, if his data are reliable many men will be returning to their doctors disillusioned, reporting that the only rise they experienced was in their expectations. —JON COHEN



"Psssst! Hot dog?"

SKIN-DEEP

Chanel's Karl Lagerfeld defends the leather-faced look for summer.



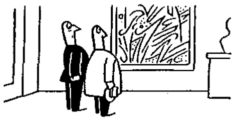
Now that we have assimilated the return of fur, the return of the cigar, the return of the cocktail, the return of red meat, and the return of fondue, it appears that yet another latter-day life-style evil is making a comeback: the deep tan. In Chanel's recent ad campaign, the model Stella Tennant is shown lolling around some prettily cobbled streets, her skin the color of a dirty penny and shining like a waxed apple—more bronzed than any model has been since Christie Brinkley in her Billy Joel years.

"The thinking was: Biarritz in the great years, in the twenties, when tan was a new thing," Karl Lagerfeld, Chanel's designer, explained by telephone from Paris. "Stella makes it look fashionable again, like Coco Chanel." Lagerfeld, whose manner is simultaneously imperious and frivolous, calls the style "a new, interesting look for women with dark hair." And he has very strict rules about what constitutes a cool, 1998 kind of tan and what constitutes a horrible fashion mistake: "It has to come back on a modern woman, like Stella, not on some blonde with, as the French say, a *choucroute* on the head." (That's French for "big hair.") He went on, "This is an elegant tan in a modern way, like makeup. Not like some grilled meat."

Lagerfeld also has advice for blondes who want to be modern, though it, too, is strict: "They should just look like Amber Valletta." —Rebecca Mead

THE CREATIVE LIFE

Remembering one of the art world's least businesslike businessmen.



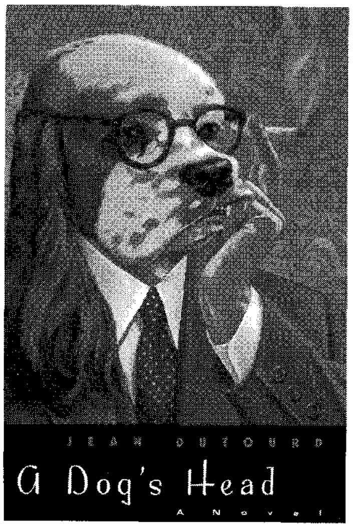
The sculptor Mark di Suvero burned a laurel wreath at Richard Bellamy's memorial service last month. He had trouble with the wind—the service was held outdoors, on the steps of the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center, in Long Island City—but he got it lit finally, and stood there with his burning bush and his two walking canes, looking like an Old Testament prophet. "Dick was a poet of life," he shouted, into the wind.

A couple of hundred people heard di Suvero and twenty-three other speakers pay tribute to Bellamy, the oddest and certainly the best-loved art dealer of our time. "I always thought that business embarrassed him," Richard Serra said. Serra named the artists who had made their débuts at Bellamy's legendary Green Gallery in the early nineteen-sixties—Claes Oldenburg, James Rosenquist, Donald Judd, George Segal, di Suvero, Robert Morris, Larry Poons, Yayoi Kusama—several of whom moved on to more businesslike dealers long before Bellamy shut down his struggling operation, in 1965. Through tact or inadvertence, nobody mentioned the late Robert Scull, the taxi-fleet owner who had bankrolled the Green Gallery and then, by withdrawing his support, doomed it; a few years later, Scull became a millionaire by selling, at huge profits, the works he had bought from Bellamy.

Bellamy, who died of heart failure on March 29th, at the age of seventy, never did make much money from art. He had three more galleries, each one further removed from the center of the booming art world that the Green Gallery had helped to create. The last one opened in 1985 in Long Island City, in a former brick warehouse. By then, Bellamy was devoting himself almost exclusively to the work of di Suvero and two or three other artists, whose precarious existence outside the commercial-gallery system he largely made possible. For thirty years, Bellamy had been out of the big-name, big-money, hype-ridden New York art world, and yet here were all these prominent art-world types sitting in the bright sun or the chilly shade at P.S. 1 to honor his memory. Fredericka Hunter, who runs the Texas Gallery, in Houston, referred to him as a shaman, with a wonderful, "smoky" voice. Martin Friedman, the former director of the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis, described Bellamy's sometimes perplexing use of indirection, and he gave an example: after listening to a critic expound the sort of art theory that he himself avoided on principle, Bellamy said, politely, "Yes, I do see what you mean, but I don't necessarily disagree."

Others reminisced about his quirks and eccentricities: the torn clothes, and the sneakers he wore everywhere, long before running shoes became a fashion statement; the tendency to lie down whenever he felt like it, which was often; the shyness, which enhanced his attractiveness to so many women. "Dick made no pretense of keeping up his guard," Serra said. His vulnerability was a great resource, which he used on behalf of his artists, in a lifetime of wily, tenacious loyalty that has no equal in today's art world. —Calvin Tomkins

“A tiny masterpiece.”
—P. L. Travers, *New York Herald Tribune*



A Dog's Head • Jean Dutourd
Translated by **Robin Chancellor**
With a new foreword by **Wendy Doniger**

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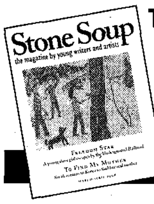
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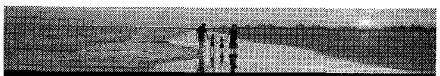
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THE POLITICAL SCENE

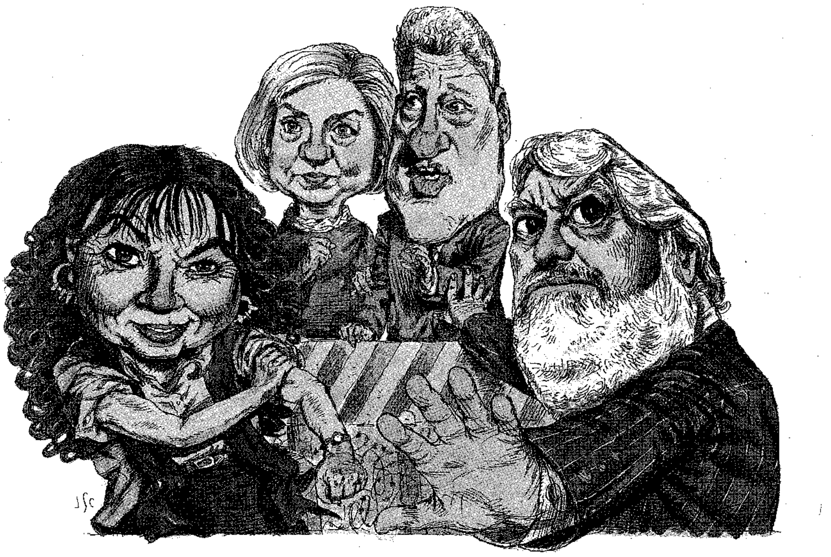
CIRCLING THE WAGONS

For a President under siege, the First Friends are a must.

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

WHEN President Clinton made his first public statement about Monica Lewinsky, on Wednesday, January 21st, his friend Harry Thomason watched him on television. “I was sitting right here,” Thomason told me recently—we were in a bungalow on a CBS lot in the San Fernando Valley, where he and his wife, Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, produce television shows and movies—“and I saw how he talked to Jim Lehrer.” In a halting, nervous performance for “The NewsHour,” Clinton had said, “There is not a sexual relationship, an improper sexual relationship, or any other kind of improper relationship.”

Reflecting on the President's performance five months later, Thomason said, “I was upset about how he looked, and I called Linda about it. She said, ‘You need to get to Washington,’ and so I called the First Lady. I told her, ‘If you want me to go, I'll go.’ And all she said was ‘I think you should come here.’ I told her I'd pack a bag and fly out the next morning. I felt like I had a tight band around my chest the whole way to Washington. I got there that day, and the President and I walked the dog in the rain. We stayed up half the night talking.”


“It's about Bill being the bright kid and getting all the dates. People hate him for it.”

JOHN CUNEO

For the next thirty-four days, Thomason lived in a third-floor bedroom of the Clintons' residence, and spent the weekends at Camp David. He and his wife, who joined him there partway through his stay, spent nearly all their time with the President and the First Lady, and with their aides and supporters. The Thomasons' role, during a crucial period in which the Clinton Presidency appeared to be in jeopardy, has more than historical interest. The Independent Counsel, Kenneth Starr, in addition to investigating whether the President obstructed justice in the Paula Jones case—the original focus of the Lewinsky investigation—is apparently weighing the question of whether Clinton and his aides tried to interfere with the Counsel's effort to untangle the Lewinsky story early in the year.

Five years before, the Thomasons had come to Washington in triumph. Linda had produced “The Man from Hope,” a Capra-esque documentary about Clinton that was shown at the 1992 Democratic National Convention, which was itself choreographed largely by Harry. But after the couple co-chaired Clinton's first Inauguration their experience in the capital turned sour. Harry was embroiled in Travelgate, and then in an infamous haircut, and the Thomasons soon almost disappeared from public view. Despite their exile from official Washington, their friendship with the Clintons endured—they spent every Thanksgiving at Camp David—and now they eagerly answered the First Lady's post-Lewinsky invitation.

The Thomasons assert that they didn't play a substantive role in determining political or legal strategy for the White House, but they did provide advice and moral support, along with their friendship. Even now, back in California, Thomason spends much of each day working his TV clicker, his Internet browser, and his telephone seeking the latest on the crisis. "I am obsessed by all of this," he told me. With Harold Ickes and Mickey Kantor, who were senior officials both in the 1992 campaign and in Clinton's first term, Thomason forms a trio of still active consiglieri. The Thomasons say that they came to Washington in 1992 as comparative naïfs but that their harsh reception gave them a swift education. And their view of the present crisis suggests that the White House will maintain its hard line—minimal coöperation with investigations, more attacks on Starr, and continued public silence from the President about the details of his relationship with Lewinsky.

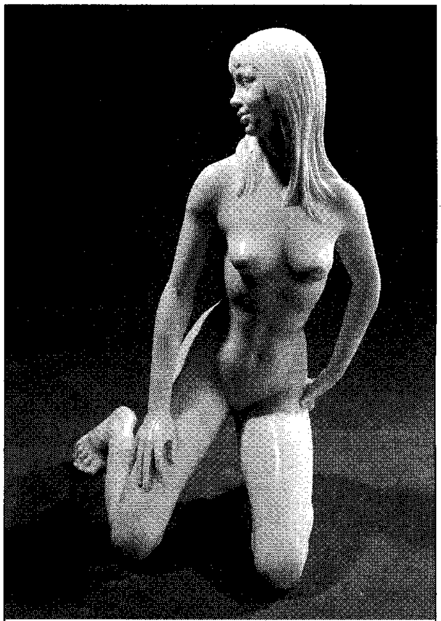
Thomason said of his walk with the President on the night of his arrival, "After that conversation, I'm positive that nothing happened between him and Monica. But what was upsetting to me was that proving a negative is hard." Thomason had his own ideas. "I felt he had to go out and really deny it." And if the damage from Clinton's tentative performance with Jim Lehrer was to be repaired, the denial had to be made before the State of the Union address, which was to be delivered less than a week later, on Tuesday, January 27th.

An opportunity presented itself that Monday. The President, accompanied by the First Lady, was scheduled to speak at a presentation on childcare policy in the Roosevelt Room of the White House. That event turned out to be a signal moment in Bill Clinton's public career, and, like several of the others—including his walk to Madison Square Garden during the 1992 Convention and his train ride across the Midwest before the 1996 Convention, in Chicago—it was stage-managed by Harry Thomason. At the conclusion of the childcare event, with Thomason in another room, watching the video feed, Clinton leaned over the lectern, clenched his jaws, and, pointing his finger for emphasis, delivered what are still his strongest words on the case. "I want you to listen to me," Clinton said to the live television audience. "I'm going to say this again. I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky. I never told anybody to lie—not a single time, never. These allegations are false. And I need to go back to work for the American people."

In tone, the President's statement—cogent, forceful, unequivocal—was everything his earlier remarks were not. Harold Ickes credits Thomason with the delivery. "What's fascinating from a communications point of view is that if you look at the words Bill Clinton said the previous Wednesday and what he said on that Monday morning there's almost no difference," Ickes says. "He practically didn't say one new word. It was all in the demeanor and the emphasis. There's no question that Harry was instrumental in that change."

Thomason was pleased with the President's performance, although he says that one phrase bothered him. "I don't believe he meant to call her 'that woman,' " Thomason said. "But, with all the hullabaloo going on, her name just escaped him. I think he just blanked. It wasn't like he was saying something bad about her. From everything I heard, she showed some promise. I think she's probably a good human being, perhaps searching for a father figure. I heard she would come by Betty Currie's desk and say how great he must be as a dad."

If the White House counsel's office served as the President's superego during the first month of the scandal, Harry Thomason was Clinton's id—the



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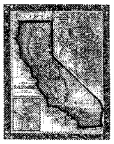

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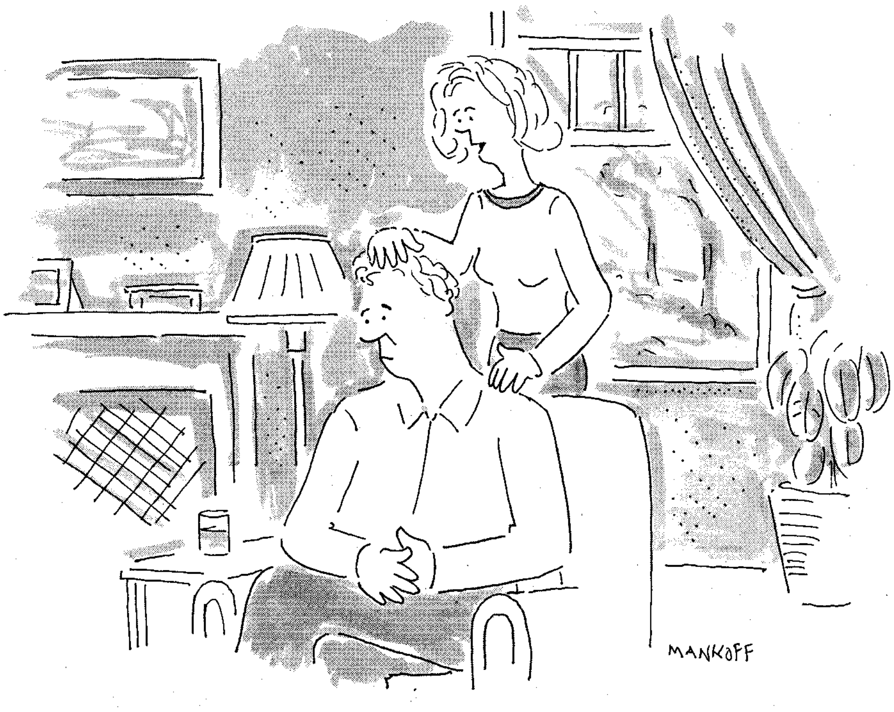


"Sweetheart, I don't want anyone to make you unhappy except me."

• •

reinforcer of his original instincts, the fellow to say, "You were right all along." Thomason has the look of an amiable yeti, his head and face nearly covered with thatched gray hair, and he retains the demeanor of the football coach he once was. His friends sometimes mock his congenital optimism. The actor Billy Bob Thornton does an imitation of Thomason leading the Donner party, and saying, "We're making good progress here! I know some of the group has had to eat some of the others, and it's cold, but we can make it over the mountain!" According to the Clinton adviser James Carville, "Harry is like a throat lozenge—there's something very soothing about him. If you got sick, Harry's the kind of guy you'd want sitting by the bed."

The Clintons have few such friends. It has long been noted that neither the President nor Mrs. Clinton has fully embraced—or been embraced by—social Washington. Ickes points out, "What's fascinating about the President is that, for all his reputation about his having a Friend of Bill in every hamlet in the nation, he has done very little to cultivate a cadre of people on the Hill, in the press, or in the self-anointed Washington establishment."

In his five and a half years in the White House, it seems, the President has developed a true bond with only one local, Vernon Jordan. Of course, Jordan is involved in the Lewinsky case himself, and that has made continued close contact between the two men nearly impossible. (One White House aide told me that he had physically inserted himself between Jordan and Clinton at a recent social occasion so that no one could claim that the two men had communicated privately.) "The President, by definition, lives kind of cut off from other people, and Harry and Linda are actually the best kind of friends a President can have," the Presidential adviser Paul Begala says. "They were there when the Clintons were not very famous or powerful. They don't want anything from the Clintons. They have money, they have success, they have status. They are just friends."

THE son of a grocer in a small town in southern Arkansas, Harry worked as a high-school art teacher and a football coach, but he wanted to make movies, so he checked out a book on filmmaking from the local library. By the early nineteen-seventies, he was making commercials and low-budget movies in Little Rock. In 1974, he obtained the rights to a *Reader's Digest* story about a terminally ill athlete and hitched a ride on a freight plane to Los Angeles; in time, he started producing for television. Linda's tale is only somewhat less unlikely. The daughter of a politically liberal lawyer who moved from Arkansas to southern Missouri, she also went West, taught school briefly in Watts, and discovered a gift for writing when she and a friend dashed off a script for "M*A*S*H." At the time Clinton was elected President, the couple had three situation comedies on the air—"Hearts Afire," "Evening Shade," and, their biggest hit, "Designing Women." With Linda doing almost all the writing, Harry directing, and both of them producing, they were reported to be making three hundred thousand dollars a week, and they made a development deal with CBS worth up to fifty million dollars.

The Thomasons' reaction to the Lewinsky story seems rooted in their common history with the Clintons in Arkansas. Both Harry and Linda say that they believe Clinton's denials about a sexual relationship but that the specifics of the case seem largely beside the point. They see Starr as one of a number of Clinton critics who have dogged him throughout his political career—critics such as Cliff Jackson, a contemporary of the President's at Oxford, and his gubernatorial rival Sheffield Nelson, both of whom have raised questions about Clinton's honesty and his sexual past. The Thomasons' view is that Clinton's adversaries are motivated as much by resentment and jealousy as by ideological disagreement. "I think history is often more personal than political," Linda told me. "The President is the guy in high school that a lot of boys were jealous of." In another conversation, Harry used similar words to describe the Lewinsky investigation: "This is just local politics in Arkansas taken to a national level. This happened because they were all Clinton-haters. It's about Bill being the bright kid and getting all the dates. People hate him for it. They've been trying to get him for years. With Lewinsky, they had another avenue, and sex sells. We've had a slow-motion assassination in process for some time." The President apparently agrees. I asked Thomason what Clinton had said about Starr's team during their rainy walk with Buddy. "I would never reveal anything the President told me, and I hope I'm smart enough not to ask him questions that would get me subpoenaed," Thomason said. "But I feel like the President thinks, These are not nice people."

As far as the Thomasons are concerned, such attacks can be defeated only with an equally ferocious response. "Once everybody on our side falls in, this is war," Thomason said. "Never give them a break. Never give them one inch. Once you finally get that through your head, then you have to get out and fight this every way you can."

As public reaction began to turn in Clinton's favor during the week after the story broke, Thomason continued to coach the President, exhorting him to keep after his adversaries. When, for example, Thomason was walking Clinton to the door of the White House as he was leaving for Capitol Hill to give the State of the Union address, he told him, "Just remember—you've got the biggest balls over there. Just go over and kick their butts."

About a week later, after an official dinner in honor of Britain's Prime Minister, Tony Blair, the guests, including Thomason and Rahm Emanuel, the President's senior adviser for policy and strategy, were watching performances by Elton John and Stevie Wonder. Word began circulating that the *Times* would be running a damaging story in the following day's paper. Someone brought Thomason and Emanuel a copy of the story from the Internet, and the two men tried to read it in the dark; Thomason had to borrow Steven Spielberg's glasses.

The *Times* report said that on the day after the President's deposition in the Paula Jones case Clinton had asked his secretary, Betty Currie, "a series of leading questions" about his relationship with Lewinsky, and that Currie had retrieved some gifts the President had given the former intern. The story suggested that Clinton wanted his secretary to provide a benign interpretation of his relationship with Lewinsky.

"By midnight, we were on the phone with Mickey and Harold, and by two-thirty or so we felt, This is O.K., we can handle this," he said. "And all concerned had their orders for the morning." It is worth noting how those orders played out. The Administration and its allies virtually ignored the substance of the Currie story and instead blasted Starr for leaking it to the press, even though they offered no conclusive evidence that the Independent Counsel's office had leaked the story. In other words, the reaction was consistent with Thomason's philosophy of constant attack. "My grandfather used to say that the Bible said when someone hits you, you turn the other cheek," Thomason told me, "but after that you deck him."

Since the session in the Roosevelt Room, Clinton has refused to answer any questions about Lewinsky, notwithstanding an earlier promise of "more" information, rather than "less," and "sooner rather than later." If it's up to Thomason, Clinton will not say another word in public about Lewinsky. As Thomason sees it, Clinton's adversaries will never be satisfied, and his friends have heard as much as they want to hear on the subject. "All the research shows that people think it happened between him and Monica, and they don't want to know the details," he told me "Even if she"—Lewinsky—"says the worst, I think he should stick to the simple truth: it didn't happen. No amount of elaboration would convince people on either side."

Though the Thomasons have drawn little public attention recently, they did have high profiles early in the Clinton Administration. Paula and Steve Jones certainly knew about them in those days, and at one point they apparently believed that the Thomasons had as much to offer them as the President did. In early 1994, when Jones was pondering whether to make public her sexual-harassment allegations against Clinton, her first lawyer, Danny Traylor, contacted a Clinton ally in Arkansas named George Cook. In return for the Joneses' silence, Cook says, Traylor had two demands: a fairly modest sum of money, and a connection to Hollywood. "They wanted a job in show business, in movies, and she would never have a press conference," Cook told me. "He implied that they thought the Thomasons' would be a good place to work." Traylor, for his part, told me he did not specifically ask that the Thomasons hire the Joneses, but he acknowledged that their names came up in his conversation with Cook. In any event, no such request was ever passed on to the Thomasons, and, of course, Jones went ahead with her

DEATH TAKES A WORKING HOLIDAY.

press conference and, later, her lawsuit.

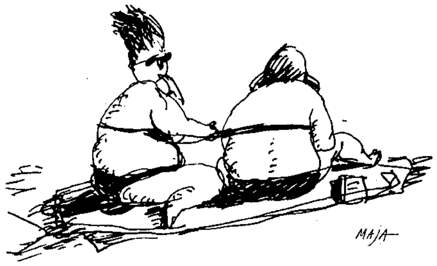
Thomason skirted involvement with the Jones case but not with Travelgate and the Christophe haircut fiasco—events that became symbolic of the Administration's difficulty in making the transition to governing. It was one thing to create staged events in a swiftly moving campaign but another to operate under the scrutiny of a restless—and permanent—White House press corps.

In the spring of 1993, as Thomason describes it, he had been a guest at the White House Correspondents' Association dinner, and had heard the president of the organization say that Presidential trips were becoming so expensive that some reporters would have to stop covering them. Thomason had invested twenty-five thousand dollars in an aviation-consulting company in Ohio, and he thought that this outfit might know how to run White House travel more cheaply. "I was at the White House a little while later," Thomason says, "and I was supposed to get a fax from the company and give a copy to Vince Foster. Vince didn't want anyone else to see it, but he was on the phone at the time, so I left it with his secretary. Twenty minutes later, Billy Dale"—the incumbent travel-office director—"was running through the halls saying we were out to get him. I was later told that the secretary I gave that memo to was Linda Tripp." (Tripp did work for Foster at the time; a person speaking on Tripp's behalf told me last week that Thomason's implication that she showed the memo to Dale was false.)

Thomason complained about the travel office's failure to take competitive bids, and passed on reports that the office was mismanaged. When the entire travel-office staff was subsequently fired and put under investigation, Travelgate was born. Thomason's explanation for his conduct—that he was trying to help the government get better service at a lower price—reflects terrible judgment. Whatever his stated purpose, he attempted to involve in White House business a company in which he had a personal, if small, stake. Starr has not made public his findings about Travelgate, but people familiar with this part of his inquiry say that it will not yield any indictments. Two civil suits against Thomason for his role in the matter have also been dismissed. Nevertheless, investigations of Travelgate have cost the Thomasons two million dollars in legal fees, which they have yet to pay off. "When I finish paying Bob Bennett, I'll have put all of his kids through college," Harry asserts, with a rueful smile. (He was one of several people who recommended that Clinton retain Bennett in the Paula Jones case.)

The travel-office debacle broke in the press the same week as the Presidential haircut aboard Air Force One, in Los Angeles. It was Christophe, the hairdresser for the cast of "Hearts Afire," who gave the haircut, and it was Thomason who introduced Christophe to the Clintons, and they then hired the hairdresser under a "personal services contract." Contrary to press reports at the time, the haircut did not delay air traffic in the region, and Harry was in Florida when it occurred. But placing Christophe in the President's entourage was a perfect opening for the President's critics to mock him, as the columnist Kevin Phillips did, for having been caught "between populism and elitism and between Christophe of Beverly Hills and Joe's Barbershop in Hope, Ark."

DESPITE the ridicule from the press and the unwanted attention from the special prosecutor, Thomason relishes the drama of the political battles. His wife says, "Harry's not happy unless he's getting off the Titanic and boarding the Lusitania. He sees this as a long war, and he's one of the soldiers in it, and he's called up for duty every once in a while—it's sort of like living in Israel." She maintains a distance from the spectacles in Washington. The Thomasons live in a big house near Santa Barbara (where Linda spends most of her time) and keep residences in Los Angeles and Little Rock. Thanks to the success of "Designing Women," they are financially secure for life; according to Linda, they give almost half their income to charity every year. Through a foundation they support in her home town, they have already put a hundred women from the Ozarks through college.



Over a recent lunch in Studio City (she rejected the restaurant where I had eaten with her husband as "too Republican"), Bloodworth-Thomason regarded the Lewinsky matter with amused contempt. With chestnut hair framing a round, open face, she projects a studied naïveté about Washington—which doesn't quite camouflage the fact that she knows the city well and detests much about it. This was apparent in one of her rare failures as a sitcom writer, the series "Hearts Afire," which concerned a congressional staffer. She filled the show with savage, and often funny, critiques of preening journalists, pompous politicians, and other Washington archetypes—but the broader audience didn't care.

"Washington reminds me of a glorified high school," Linda told me, "and the President and the First Lady are the new kids who transferred from some hick high school in Arkansas and have the audacity to be brilliant, self-assured, and good-looking. This does not please the mean and horsey head cheerleader, Sally Quinn." As for her and her husband, she says, "We are from Arkansas, and we work in Hollywood. And that makes us perfect targets." She pinpoints with precision the moment the natives first turned against them. As part of her work on the Inauguration, in 1993, Linda did a five-minute film for the evening gala called "They All Laughed." To the strains of Frank Sinatra singing the Gershwin tune, the film features a rapid-fire series of sound bites from Washington media figures during the 1992 campaign. One after another, Robert Novak, Fred Barnes, David S. Broder, and other journalists are shown dismissing Clinton as a "loser," "unelectable," and "dead meat." The final product is hilarious, and also vicious.

"It was a public humiliation for everyone in this film," Linda says. "Peo-

"The Bible . . . that would be under self-help."

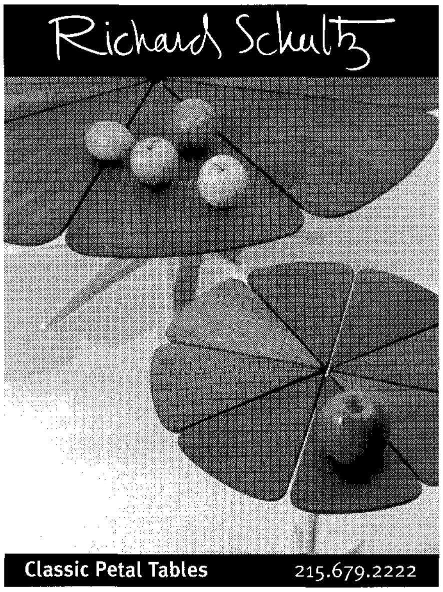
ple were laughing at them. We could take a joke, I didn't know they couldn't. The audience was laughing, but the press was not laughing." Linda believes that much of the rough treatment she and her husband received from the Washington press corps was prompted by "They All Laughed."

The Thomasons have clearly personalized the tensions that always exist between the press corps and the occupants of the White House. But it is true, too, that the Clintons did originally try to circumvent some of the traditional power bases in the capital, and that they paid a price for it. The Thomasons regard this effort as a noble attempt, but others from the Clinton camp are not so sure. "We were all infected by it at the beginning—this notion of doing things your own way," says George Stephanopoulos, who worked with the Thomasons on the 1992 campaign. "It wasn't enough for us to get done what we wanted to get done. We had to change the culture as well. We didn't learn that that was impossible, and didn't matter anyway. It is possible to advance your agenda if you play by their rules. It's just dumb to try to change the rules. Maybe Billy Dale was not running the travel office too well, but, you know, when you really think about it, who cares?"

It may be that what makes the Thomasons so valuable as friends is what limits their usefulness as advisers. Their constituency in Washington will always consist of just two people. When it comes to the Clintons, Bloodworth-Thomason doesn't care what anyone else thinks. On a subject like the Clintons' marriage, she unequivocally rejects the conventional wisdom in Washington. "I've never doubted who they are, because I know them as well as I know my own family," she says of Bill and Hillary. "There is no Faustian deal between them. People think they will split up. That will never happen. I don't believe that either of them could live without the other. People use businesslike words like 'arrangement' or 'partnership' to describe their marriage, but there is real love and passion there. As Hillary's mother says, 'Don't people think that Chelsea would be dysfunctional if she were being raised by a business partnership?' "

While Harry constantly interacted with people in the White House all day during their month in Washington, Linda hung back, commiserating and watching, especially during the games of Boggle she played against the President most nights. "Hillary and I used to joke about our husbands, how well-intentioned they are," Linda said. "For as long as I have known the President, he has been extraordinary in his devotion to winning over the most negative person in the room. Now, in my opinion, some of that blind optimism has been tempered. I believe he finally gets it: These people don't want to straighten things out. They want to destroy him. His demeanor has changed. He used to have that indefatigable smile that said, 'I hope we can work this out.' . . . In Washington, you can see on his face, that smile is gone."

Like most others following the case, the Thomasons know that the story is likely to get worse for the President. An immunity agreement for Lewinsky, public disclosure of Linda Tripp's tapes, Starr's anticipated report to Congress—all promise peril. Typically, the Thomason response to this barrage will include both offense and defense. Linda is planning a pair of sequels to her Clinton œuvre—one to her Convention film, about Clinton's legacy to the country, and the other to "They All Laughed." It's the second project that really seems to have captured the Thomasons' interest. Linda has been gathering footage for it. "I'm saving things now," she says. "Every twenty-four hours, he was dying of something. But he didn't die." ♦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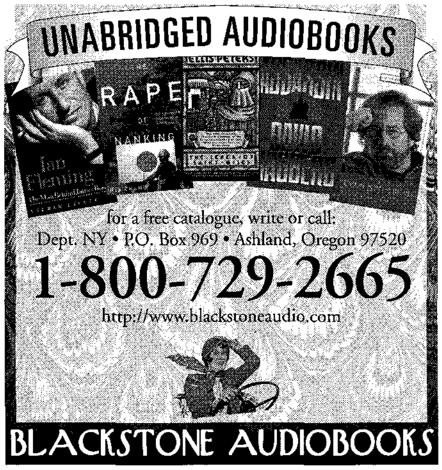
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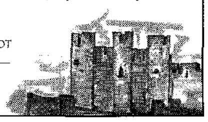


MEDICAL DISPATCH

UNINFECTABLE

To learn how to immunize people against AIDS, it may help to know why some people are already immune. And that's Janis Giorgi's grail.

BY JON COHEN

In his younger, wilder years, Glen Redman estimates, he had between two thousand and three thousand sexual partners. With Jeff, one of his longtime lovers, he had what AIDS researchers antiseptically refer to as "unprotected receptive anal intercourse." After the relationship ended, Redman learned that Jeff had tested positive for H.I.V. and had probably contracted the virus while they were together. By the time of Jeff's death, from AIDS, in 1986, Redman had a new partner. A tattoo on Redman's right arm displays what amounts to a tombstone for that man. It says simply "Max"—in lettering that Redman describes as a blend of "Old English and East L.A."—framed by the years "1940" and "1991." Max, too, died from AIDS.

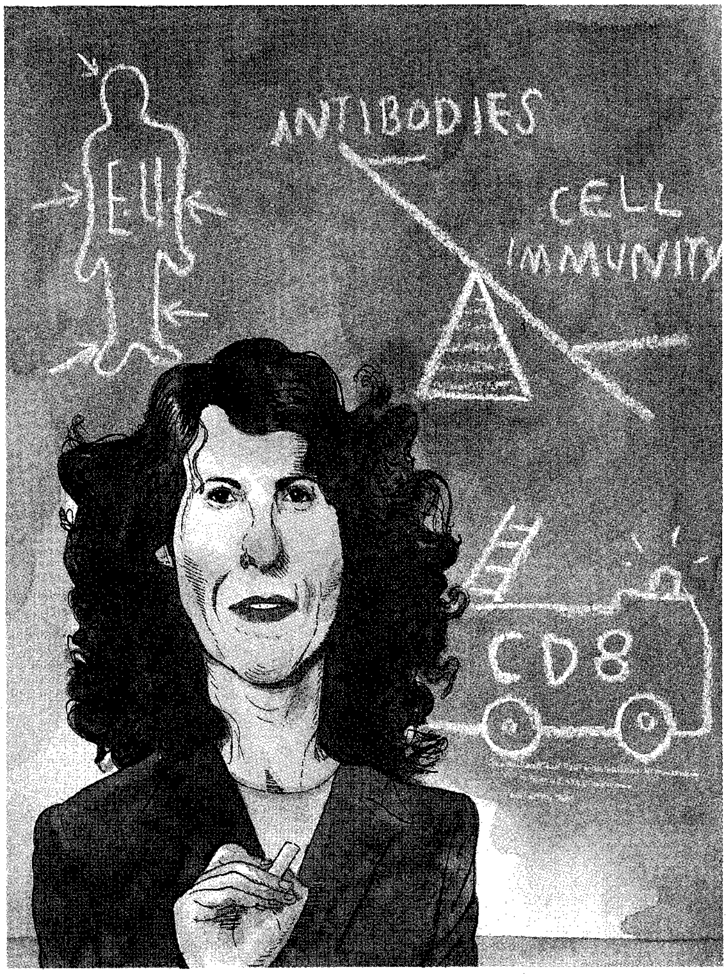
As Redman sits in the antique-decorated living room of his plaster-walled Spanish home in the old Los Angeles neighborhood of Eagle Rock, he recounts how he used to spend his evenings at sex clubs like Basic Plumbing or at bathhouses like HealthWorks. On bargain night at the Corral Club, a bathhouse near Studio City, he and another man often put on a show for the crowd. "Everybody would stand around and watch and appreciate," recalls Redman, who has adorned his torso with a dozen tattoos. "And afterward, you know, we'd split up and go do our business and hook up again later on. It was a whole different time."

Then the AIDS epidemic began to close in, killing acquaintances, friends, and eventually lovers. Redman's blue eyes grow wide when he talks about this. "I was absolutely floored when they told me I was negative," says Redman, who is fifty-two, gym-solid, tanned, and the picture of health. "I was unbelieving then and I still am amazed."

Janis Giorgi, an AIDS immunologist at the University of California at Los Angeles, has never met Glen Redman, but she knows him intimately, as No. 41001. In 1984 and 1985, Giorgi and her U.C.L.A. colleagues began taking blood samples from No. 41001 (the number insures confidentiality) and sixteen hundred and thirty-six other homosexual and bisexual men every six months, charting the spread of H.I.V. and AIDS through this population and preserving the life stories of their immune systems in test tubes. Over the years that followed, the Los Angeles Men's Study, a branch of a large "multicenter AIDS cohort study," found that H.I.V. behaved differently in different people. The virus usually killed a person in about twelve years, but some people died within a few years of becoming infected, and others lived with H.I.V. for well over a decade with no obvious damage done. Still others, despite having practiced "high risk" sex, never lit up the antibody test that can detect an infection within weeks of transmission. Redman is one of those men, and Giorgi is now conducting a new, intensive study of the immune systems of No. 41001 and thirty-one other E.U.s—shorthand for "exposed uninfecteds."

E.U.s have now been found among heterosexual spouses, hemophiliacs, injection-drug users, and health-care workers, and among prostitutes in Kenya, Gambia, and Congo. Researchers are investigating two kinds of factors. One is genetic, and several labs revealed last year that some E.U.s carry mutant genes that remove the knobs to the cellular doors through which H.I.V. must pass to establish an infection. But that genetic quirk plays no role in ninety-five per cent of E.U.s, Glen Redman among them. A more likely explanation for most of them—and the one that Giorgi is focussing on—is immunologic. Maybe the route by which the virus first entered their bodies didn't allow H.I.V. to establish an infection but somehow trained their immune systems to fight it: oral sex, say, might have exposed them to low, "subinfectious" doses of the virus. Maybe the H.I.V. that entered their bodies was in a defective, noninfectious form. Maybe their genes predisposed their immune systems to tilt one way or the other. Maybe it's a combination of route, dose, viral type, and genetics.

Giorgi's specialty is teasing out which specific immune responses succeed and fail against H.I.V. It's a messy business, the occasion for many heated controversies. One camp—largely populated by virologists, who pioneered the field of AIDS research—is convinced that the body's most powerful weapons against H.I.V. are antibodies, Y-shaped proteins that patrol the blood for trespassers and try to prevent them from entering cells. In the last few years, though, a number of leading AIDS researchers have grown disenchanted with the antibody-centered approach. This camp—one led by immunologists—focusses on the role of "cellular immunity." As the name implies, cellular immunity occurs when living cells—not simply lifeless proteins like antibodies—identify and obliterate cells that have already been infected. Janis Giorgi doesn't scant the importance of antibodies, but her work suggests how powerful cellular immunity might prove to be against H.I.V. And it has done so with the help of E.U.s like Glen Redman.



The test subjects were like the milkmaids who didn't get smallpox and so caught the attention of Edward Jenner two centuries ago.

BARRY BLITT

What's at stake, finally, is something that AIDS researchers agree is the only way to end the epidemic—an effective vaccine. Already, data from E.U.s have helped raise doubts about the AIDS vaccine furthest along in human tests, a preparation, made by VaxGen, which was designed to spur the production of antibodies and will shortly be put to a real-world trial in the United States and Thailand. But even if this trial proves disappointing, learning what makes people like Glen Redman immune may teach vaccine researchers how to confer immunity on the rest of us.

JANIS GIORGI doesn't exactly fit the image that people have of a middle-aged woman scientist: white lab coat, sensible shoes, pulled-back hair. She's been known to go two-step dancing in her cowboy boots, and to roar up mountain roads on the back of a Harley. Today, she is dressed in a chic black suit and clogs; waves of curly raven hair spill to her shoulders. She leads me down a hallway of labs to five flow cytometers that her sixteen-person group maintains for the university. For immunologists like Giorgi, the flow cytometer is the most important tool to have been invented since the microscope: the laser inside its cream-colored metal housing can probe a treated blood sample for specific types of immune cells and count their numbers with astonishing accuracy. You feed a sample to the machine by slipping a finger-size test tube filled with cells under a strawlike device that gradually sucks up the liquid and delivers the cells, single file, into the beam of the laser. A large computer monitor next to the machine displays a pattern of dots, which reveals, to the trained eye, the type and quantity of cells in the sample.

Giorgi, who regularly questions the accuracy of her own work, is cautious about moving from such empirical results to conjectural explanations. As she puts it, "I want to avoid being deceived by what I'm trying to find out in the experiments I'm doing." Even as a high-school student, she had a knack for science; she was one of only two girls in her high-school physics class, in Jacksonville Beach, Florida. In 1972, she embarked on what has proved to be her lifelong area of expertise: she began graduate studies in immunology at the University of New Mexico School of Medicine. Ellen Goldberg, an immunologist there at the time, helped recruit Giorgi, and she remembers the moment when the twenty-five-year-old pulled into Albuquerque in a dark-blue 1962 Cadillac Fleetwood loaded with all her possessions, one of which was a four-foot red-tailed boa constrictor coiled in a tall boot. "She's very smart and doesn't show it off," Goldberg, who is now president of the Santa Fe Institute, says. "She absolutely doesn't care whether she receives recognition for what she does."

Giorgi's Ph. D. dissertation focussed on what was then the esoteric question of the relationship between antibodies and cellular immunity and on a curious observation that would lay the foundation for her work with E.U.s. Researchers had just discovered in mouse studies that these two kinds of immunology had a seesaw relation to each other: when an animal had made a lot of antibodies, its cellular response was dampened, and vice versa. Some studies even suggested that if you gave a mouse a very low dose of bacterial components you could "lock" its immune system into a cellular response without triggering the production of antibodies. As a young scientist, Giorgi worked in the under-explored area of cellular immunity, and acquired a mastery of specialized laboratory techniques like flow cytometry. In 1983, when U.C.L.A.'s nascent AIDS program wanted to set up its own flow-cytometry lab, it hired Giorgi for the job.

In August of the following year, the thirty-eight-year-old Glen Redman, a clerk typist who had worked his way up into management in the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power, joined the L.A. Men's Study. Redman explained to an interviewer with the study that he often visited sex clubs and that he "swallowed semen like a fish." Redman also reported the unprotected receptive anal intercourse he had regularly had with Jeff, over a period of about eleven years. The U.C.L.A. researchers classified him as being at high risk for the disease.

By then, Jeff had moved back to his home town, in Ohio, but the two men stayed in touch. That fall, Jeff complained to Redman of flu symptoms that would not go away. In March of 1985, a blood test came on the market which could detect H.I.V. antibodies—the first reliable indicator that a person was infected. Although the L.A. Men's Study began checking for H.I.V. antibodies in the blood of all its participants, Redman chose not to learn his status, because he "just assumed" that he, too, had the virus. In February, 1986, Jeff died; not long afterward, Redman's new lover, Max, began having problems with his health. Max, too, was part of the L.A. Men's Study, and as he was going to find out his H.I.V. status he suggested that Redman do the same. Max was H.I.V.-positive. Redman was not, but he dismissed the results. "I just couldn't believe that I wasn't infected," he says.

Giorgi's investigation of Redman and other E.U.s is part of her attempt over the past fourteen years to determine the specific way that H.I.V., which now infects thirty million people around the world, depletes the immune system and causes disease. Anthony Fauci, an immunologist, who heads the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases, the single largest funder of AIDS research in the world, says, "She's done very classical, solid immunology over the years," and singles her out for "maintaining the immunologic approach to H.I.V. pathogenesis."

Fauci mentions Giorgi's "immunologic approach" pointedly. Most virologists have maintained that H.I.V. wreaks havoc in a straightforward way: it's an arsonist that burns down firehouses. In this model, H.I.V. infects and then kills the class of immune cells—they're known as "helper T cells," or CD4s—that orchestrate the attack against invaders. The relatively few immunologists who work in AIDS research, like Fauci and Giorgi, tend to think that this direct-killing model is overly simplified.

Back at her meticulously organized office desk, Giorgi offers a vision of an indirect route to AIDS. Without any immune defenses, she estimates, H.I.V. would annihilate the body's helper T cells in about two weeks, and within the next four weeks the person would get sick and die. But, even without any anti-H.I.V. drugs, adults live with the virus for an average of ten years before their immune systems can no longer defend them. Two more years typically pass before these people die. The point is that the immune system is remarkably robust and can replace destroyed cells for years on end, but H.I.V. finally wears people down by keeping their immune systems

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THE BLOSSOM

A May morning. Light starting in the sky.
I have come here
after a long night.

The blossom on the apple tree is still in shadow,
its petals half white and filled with water at the core,
in which the secrecy and freshness of dawn are stored
even in the dark.

How much longer will I see girlhood in my daughter?

In other seasons,
I knew every leaf on this tree.
Now I stand here almost without seeing them

and so lost in grief
I hardly notice what is happening
as the light increases
and the blossom speaks

and turns to me with blond hair
and my eyebrows and says—

Imagine if I stayed here
even for the sake of your love.
What would happen to the summer? To the fruit?

Then holds out a dawn-soaked hand to me
whose fingers I counted at birth
years ago

and touches mine for the last time

and falls to earth.

—Eavan Boland

hyperactivated. "They deteriorate," she says. Though she agrees with the virologists that direct killing of helper T cells occurs, she believes that even more of the deterioration can be explained by the way the virus constantly calls into action certain other cells—warrior cousins of helper T cells known as "killer T cells," which are the main players in the cellular immune response. After the virus infects a cell, it hoists what amounts to a pirate flag on the surface. When killer T cells see these flags, they destroy the infected cell.

With help from the flow cytometers, Giorgi's lab has provided compelling evidence for the hypothesis that H.I.V. prematurely ages the immune system. One groundbreaking study specifically revealed that the killer T cells in H.I.V.-infected patients showed signs of deterioration similar to that seen in people who have lived a hundred years or longer. Giorgi has also discovered a protein on the surface of certain T cells which can be used to predict the course of someone's disease, and so help patients make treatment decisions, in the way that measures of "viral load" and helper T cells do now. "Very few other people have studied this marker, even though it is more predictive than viral loads," Giorgi says. "Why? I think it is because no one, not even me, knows the biological significance of the association. For me, the fact that it cannot be explained is what makes it so interesting."

In 1989, that attitude drew her to the study of E.U.s, who had similarly defied explanation. Did these people have an immunologic head start on H.I.V.?

AFTER watching a close friend with AIDS return to his mother's home to die, Ed, a gay man who is now forty-seven years old, was determined that this would never be his fate. As soon as he learned that he was H.I.V.-positive, he figured, he would "just go on and end it right away." Ed, who has never spoken of his homosexuality to his family, says, "They would have accepted me, but it was like you'd have to be a child back at home, and I just didn't want to do that." To Ed's continuing surprise, however, he has never had to make any such decision.

Ed had joined the L.A. Men's Study in 1984. "All of my friends were terrified that they were going to catch this and just die," Ed, who now lives in San Diego, says. "I felt the same, because I had been pretty wild with the sex all over the place." He says he once tallied the number of partners he'd had and it came to more than a thousand men over a period of five years. In late 1989, Giorgi recruited men uninfected with H.I.V. who had had unprotected receptive anal intercourse twice or more in the preceding nine months with an H.I.V.-infected partner. Ed was one of five men who signed up.

Giorgi had decided to launch this study after attending an immunology meeting and bumping into Gene Shearer, a widely respected AIDS immunologist at the National Cancer Institute. Shearer's lab had discovered, by accident, a man who had recently been infected by H.I.V. but had yet to produce antibodies. The man's blood sample, however, did show evidence of cellular immunity to H.I.V. "That really caught my attention," Shearer recalls. "Geez, you can have cellular immunity without antibodies."

At that point, nearly every AIDS vaccine under development had as its aim to trigger the immune system's production of antibodies against H.I.V.—an aim based largely on the rationale that antibodies explained the success of many, if not all, human vaccines on the market. The AIDS-vaccine search hadn't taken into account E.U.s like Ed, and the questions raised by their resistance to H.I.V. What if people could gain cellular immunity by a low dose of the virus? And what if stimulating antibody production actually worked against that mechanism of protection? "It's so basic to what I did as a graduate student," Giorgi says. "It just seemed as if it would be the explanation for the exposed uninfected." Soon, she and Shearer decided to collaborate, testing blood from some E.U.s in the L.A. study with a sensitive assay that Shearer and his understudy, Mario Clerici, had developed to measure cellular immunity against H.I.V.

No microscope slide can hold a person's immune system, a dynamic network of cells that communicate their constantly changing battle plans through an array of chemical messengers, but researchers can, with varying degrees of difficulty, look at separate parts of the whole. The simplest actors to observe are antibodies, which researchers can easily and cheaply isolate from blood. Peering into the cellular immune system, by contrast, is like walking through the woods at night: even with a strong light, it's easy to get lost. To get a look at the cellular immune systems of Ed and the four other men who had volunteered for the study, Clerici and Giorgi had to separate out their white blood cells and tickle them with pieces of H.I.V., and then test for a specific chemical messenger that the cells would secrete only if they had previously seen the virus. This laborious task was worth it: the results showed that the helper T cells of all five men recognized H.I.V. Clerici was beside himself with

THE JOURNEY TO ENLIGHTENMENT
SIPRESS

"Are we there yet?"

"Oh, how very French."

excitement. The men had no antibodies, but they did manifest cellular immunity.

Clerici was staying at Giorgi's, and at the end of their long workdays they had animated conversations in her gray Mustang convertible as they drove from Westwood to her San Fernando Valley house. "Every night, I had to convince her how good the data are," says Clerici, who is now based at the University of Milan and is a leading researcher of E.U.s. "You can talk to her for one hour and she just gives you this look back. She gives you this big cat look. 'Janis, just tell me what you think.'"

Clerici says he was certain that they "were on to something very big." To him, these men were like the milkmaids who didn't get smallpox and caught the attention of the British country doctor Edward Jenner two centuries ago. Jenner demonstrated that the milkmaids had been protected from smallpox because they had previously contracted cowpox, a related but milder disease. Jenner did this by inoculating a boy with sludge taken from a cowpox pustule on a milkmaid's hand and showing that the boy became immune to smallpox. This was the first human vaccine—and one that eventually banished the contagion of smallpox from the earth. "I'm still absolutely convinced that figuring out what these guys have is going to be the only way that we can build a vaccine," Clerici says.

Giorgi's reluctance to believe the data reflects in part her cautious attitude toward making scientific declarations of any sort. When I ask whether she thinks the work with E.U.s will uncover the ingredients needed for an AIDS vaccine, she gives *me* the big cat look. The work, she suggests, will lead to a better understanding of how to manipulate the immune system, which may well help in the search for vaccines. "Almost all the research that we do is associative," Giorgi says. "We don't know which things are necessarily the cause of something that comes downstream to us."

After Giorgi, Shearer, and Clerici had re-assayed the samples and confirmed the results, she finally agreed that the data were real. Still, many prominent AIDS researchers challenged the work vigorously. "The whole AIDS thing was a virologist's game," Shearer says. "Everybody went after antibodies because the assays were easy and available." Since cellular immunity was difficult to evaluate, he says, "there was just a reluctance to look at it."

Clerici describes AIDS researchers as buffaloes on the prairie. "What Gene and I have always thought is that the buffaloes are running in the wrong direction," Clerici says. "It's difficult to stop them and make them turn. I'm not saying we have the answer. But maybe after almost twenty years of failing to develop a vaccine, it would be time to stop and search for other ways to fight the disease." In addition, ignoring research on E.U.s may muddle data from vaccine trials; after all, they enroll people who are at high risk *and* H.I.V.-negative—the very population where researchers find E.U.s. So vaccine developers must test volunteers for cellular immunity at the start of a trial to be able to distinguish between protection conferred by a vaccine and natural immunity.

Though Giorgi's research has been controversial, she takes the skepticism in stride. "Everybody criticizes everybody for everything. It's part of being a scientist who is doing things that are novel." And, criticized or not, the work has spawned a new field of inquiry, and has helped persuade many researchers that antibody-based vaccines (including the VaxGen preparation) are less likely to be effective than vaccines that also trigger broad cellular immunity.

WHEN Glen Redman visited the U.C.L.A. clinic on May 31, 1996, he had a friend drive him. Redman usually made the twenty-five-mile trip from his Eagle Rock house to Westwood by himself, but this time his donation for the L.A. Men's Study was not a simple biannual bleed. The reason he needed someone to drive him home was that researchers wanted to sample the lymph nodes in his groin, which help drain the anal canal. "There's barely a scar," says Redman, who notes that the biopsy didn't interfere with any of his tattoos. Both the node and his blood showed evidence of cellular immunity to H.I.V. The virus, it seems, was once in his body; it isn't there now.

Redman says he's staggered by the results of the research done on his body to date. "It was amazing to me to learn that the study showed that I had been exposed and that I continued to be not infected," he says.

Researchers in Oxford, Nairobi, Paris, and Dallas are building on the kind of work Giorgi has done. Several have found evidence of cellular immunity without antibodies, and Clerici recently added further complexity to the story when he examined sixteen uninfected heterosexuals who had had unprotected sex with infected partners "multiple" times over at least a two-year period. He found evidence of special anti-H.I.V. antibodies that cluster around mucosal surfaces such as those in the vagina and the rectum.

Giorgi continues to subject samples from Redman and thirty-one other E.U.s to a battery of immunologic and genetic tests. As she points out, the work is arduous: evaluating someone's freshly drawn blood for cellular immunity is like transplanting a kidney—time is of the essence, and the process is brutally unforgiving of mistakes. Still, the lessons from E.U.s have become impossible to ignore. After all, these are people who, by some felicitous accident, seem to have been naturally immunized, like Jenner's milkmaids. Not only do they suggest that an effective vaccine should be possible, but they raise questions about why, over the past fifteen years, more of an effort hasn't been made to come up with one. Indeed, historically the National Institutes of Health has spent ten per cent or less of its AIDS research money on vaccine R.&D. And vaccine development has been further impeded by a reluctance to test imperfect ones. (Tellingly, the VaxGen vaccine has been around since 1985.) The fact remains that no disease has ever been eradicated without a vaccine.

Many researchers have great hopes for combining antibody-based vaccines with a preparation now in trials which contains H.I.V. genes stitched into the harmless canary-pox virus; the specially engineered virus fools the body into thinking it has been infected, and so triggers the right kind of cellular immune response. Other potentially important leads—such as the idea that a low-dose vaccination with a harmless version of H.I.V. might be protective—have yet to be vigorously followed up in animal and human experiments. Given that H.I.V. now infects an estimated sixteen thousand people a day, even an AIDS vaccine that only works half the time might save millions of lives.

It's because E.U. research holds such promise that Glen Redman doesn't mind being probed and prodded and bled. "I'm very willing to let them draw out as much blood as they want," he says. "There is this thing that may help the world—who knows?" ♦

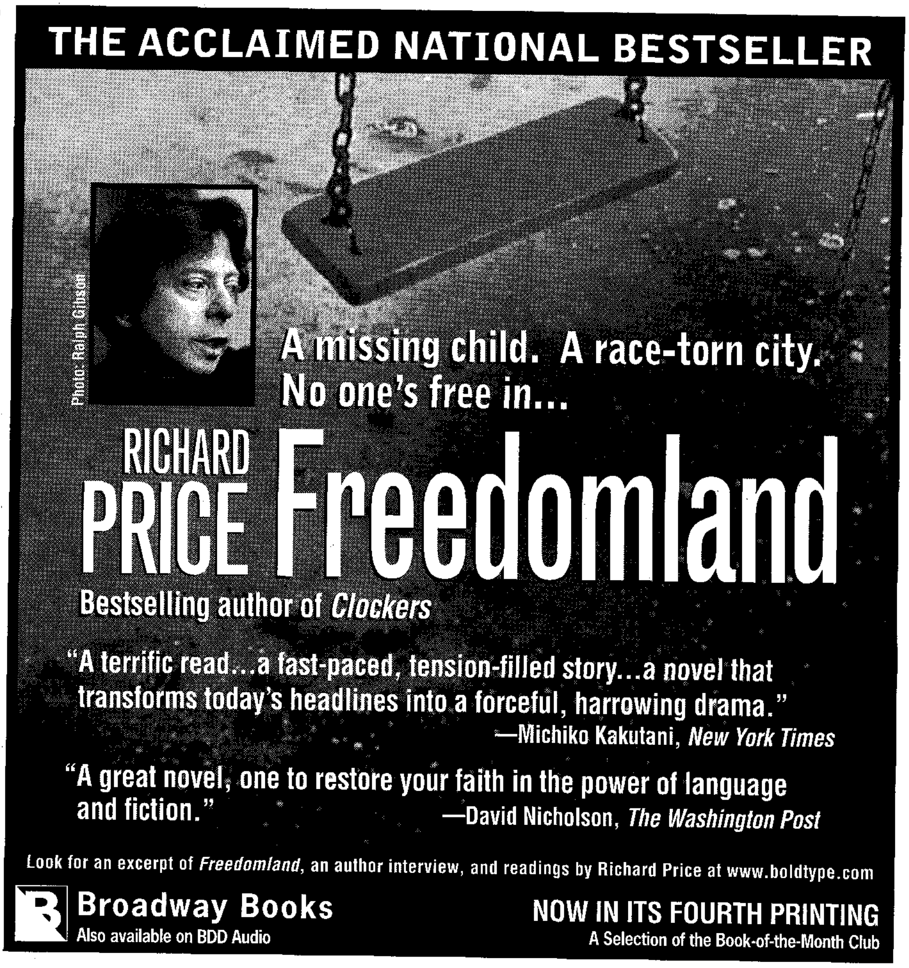
THE ACCLAIMED NATIONAL BESTSELLER

Photo: Ralph Gibson

A missing child. A race-torn city. No one's free in...

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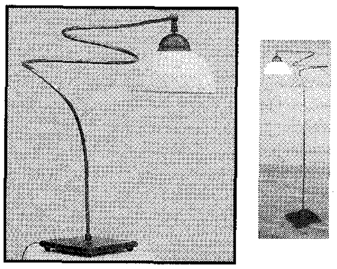

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LETTER FROM ST. PETERSBURG

THE NEXT TSAR

In 1918, the Bolsheviks murdered the imperial family. Or did they?

BY DAVID REMNICK

IN the late-decadent period of the Soviet regime, when the Communist Party was ruled by a succession of half-dead men in half-lit hospitals, a youngish customs inspector named Oleg Vasiliyevich Filatov woke on a summer morning as the heir of shoemakers and schoolteachers but finished the day convinced that he was the heir to the imperial dynasty of the Romanovs. Time has only hardened Filatov's conviction that one day the Russian people will recognize the truth and crown him Tsar of All the Russias.

This was in the summer of 1983. Filatov was working at Pulkovo Airport, the main Leningrad airport. For a salary of a hundred and thirty rubles a month, he searched commercial shipments for narcotics and illegal currency; he went through the suitcases of foreign tourists with an eye out for pornography (on the way in) and icons (on the way out).

Filatov lived in a modest apartment on the edge of town. He was thirty years old. He had recently married, and to introduce his bride to his parents and siblings he flew south with her to Astrakhan, a city on the Caspian Sea famous for its sturgeon and caviar. Filatov's parents, after living for many years in the cold of the north of Russia, had retired to a village near Astrakhan where they lived in a small house surrounded by a garden and fruit trees—cherry trees, peach trees, apricot trees. Members of the family were coming to the reunion from all directions.

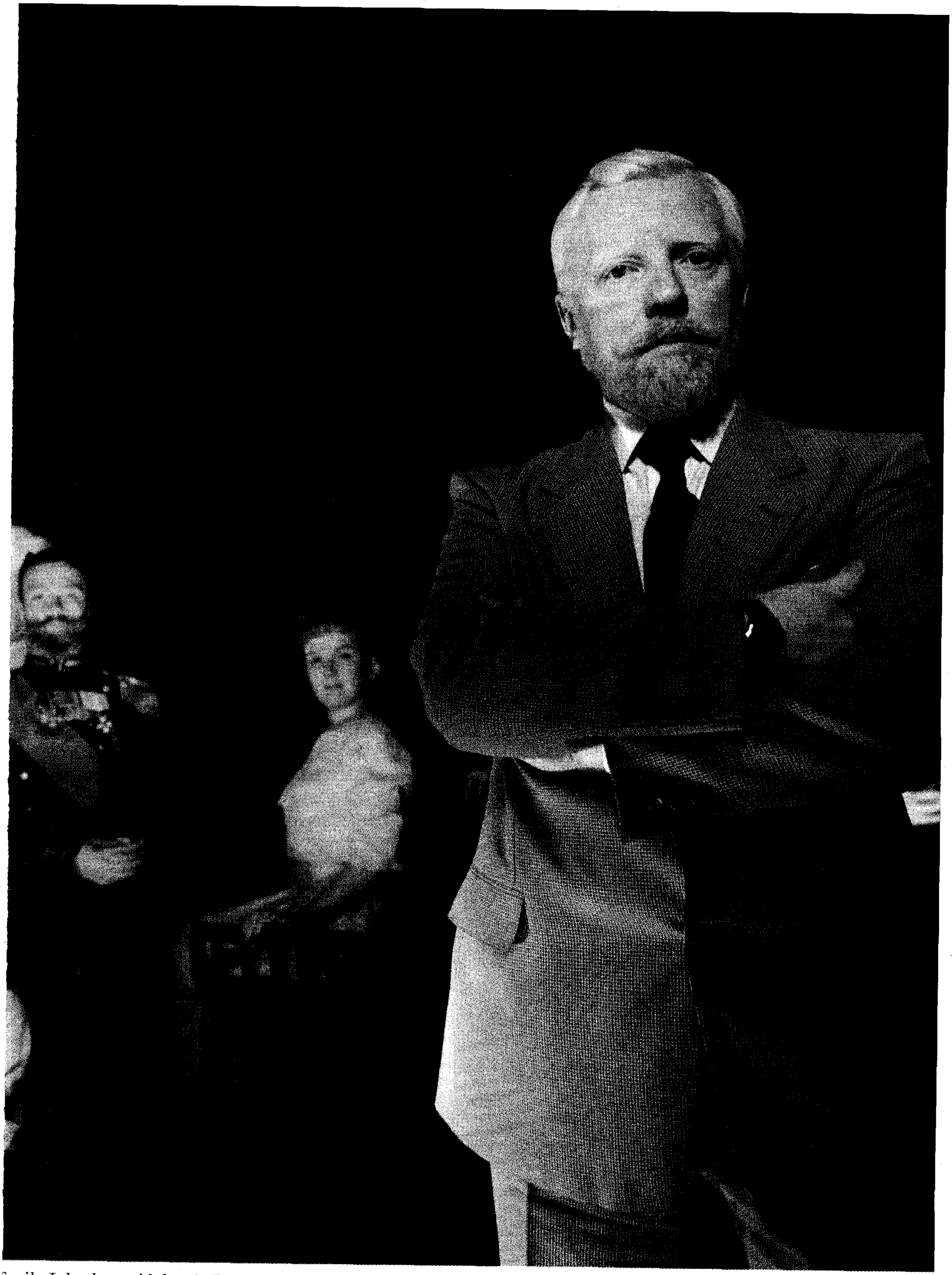
Oleg especially looked forward to seeing his father, Vasily, who had reared his children on a rich diet of classical music, Russian theatre, and exquisite manners. Oleg also cherished a certain mystery in his father. He revered the old man, and yet he felt that there was, within him, a secret, a history, that he could not quite reach. Vasily Filatov had told his children that he was born in Shadrinsk, a small city in the Urals, where his father repaired shoes. Vasily's health had always been miserable. The Soviet Army had declared him the equivalent of 4-F. He suffered from heart problems, hardening of the arteries, severe back pain, and much more.

Once, while the family was living in Orenburg, Vasily took Oleg fishing; Oleg was ten. "When he took his shirt off I saw scars on his back, and I poked at them and asked him what they were from," Filatov told me one morning over tea. "The scars were two, three, four centimetres long. He moved with great difficulty. His right foot was bigger than his left and he had two ribs missing, and there was a deep scar on his left arm. When I asked him how he got that way, he said, 'There was a revolution, and people killed and hurt each other. There was a war over property. There were bad people. And these are the scars.' If he nicked himself working in the garden, his legs would swell and ache. He'd have to stay in bed for a week. He prayed all the time. He played chess with himself as a way to deal with the pain. He was always on special diets. My mother brought him meat, and he ate it raw. Sometimes he drank bull's blood. He ate all kinds of herbs and nettles. Until 1975, he would never see a doctor. I realized early on that my father was not like other people."

Vasily was in his seventies, and, considering the state of his health, his children—Oleg and two daughters—were delighted to see that he was in a fine mood. One afternoon, in the midst of the reunion, the Filatov family gathered in the garden. It was sunny and there was a warm breeze blowing through the fruit trees. Everyone sat drinking tea in the Russian style, with sugar and fruit jam.

As a way to get a conversation going with his new daughter-in-law, Anjel-

Oleg Filatov with wax figures of the imperia



amily. It has been said that the Romanov execution is the event that defines everyone in Russia today. Photograph by Hans-Jürgen Burkard.

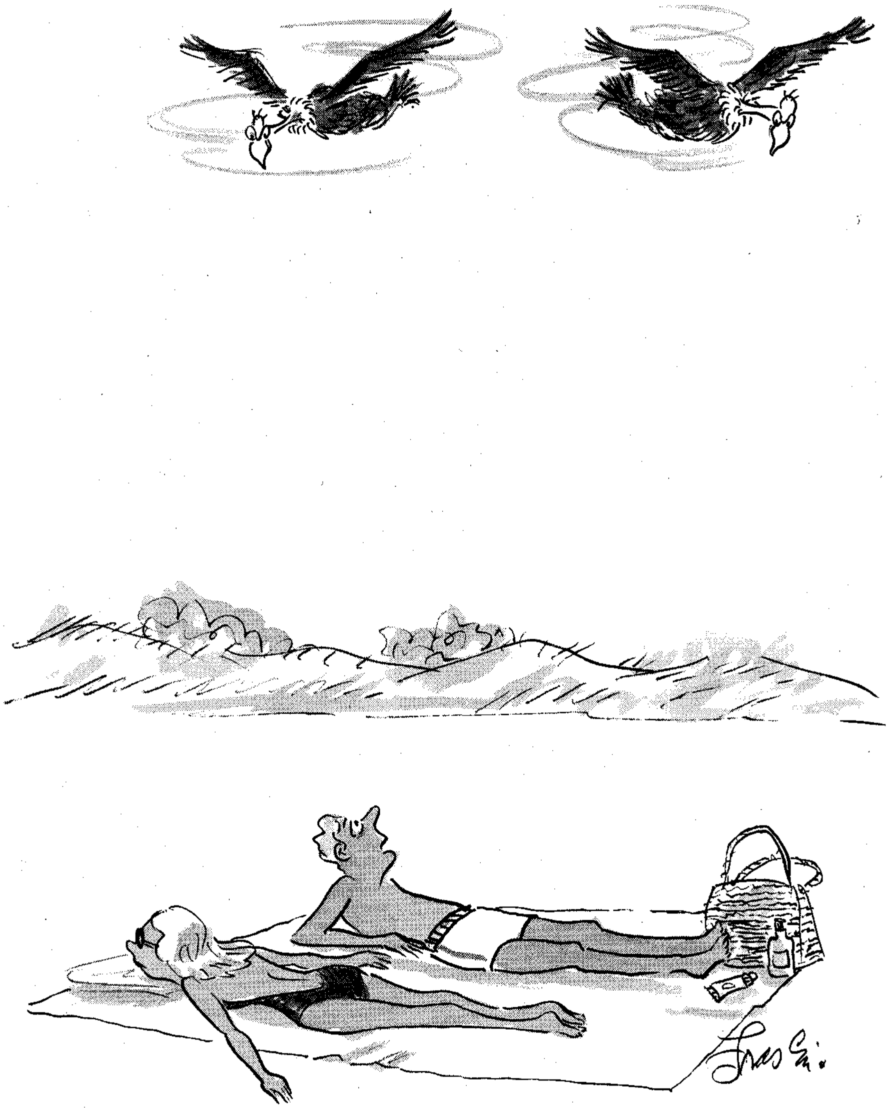
ica, Vasily asked her about her family. She was from St. Petersburg, she said, and before the Revolution members of her family made embroidery for the royal family.

Vasily then began to tell her something about his own family, saying that his family name, Filatov, was Greek—derived from Filaret, the name of a patriarch of the Orthodox Church in the seventeenth century. Vasily rarely spoke in the first person, but, for some reason, he did so now. He talked about being an orphan of the Civil War, about how his mother had been executed "because she loved Chopin's waltzes," and how his father had died of consumption, shortly after the First World War. The family members inched their chairs closer, for they had never heard Vasily speak so frankly and in such detail about the past. Then he said that he had been left homeless as a boy, wandering the dismal orphanages of middle Russia.

"Gorky already wrote about the life I led," Vasily said. "And that's how it went, more or less."

Some months later, at another family meeting, Vasily went on to tell his story from a different angle. He began to describe the Ipatiev House, the private house in the Urals city of Ekaterinburg where the Bolshevik secret police kept the imperial family under guard in 1918. Sometime after midnight on July 17, 1918, the police woke the Romanovs and their few remaining retainers and shot them all dead. Lenin had decided that he had best not provide the Whites—the opposition in the ongoing Civil War—with a symbol.

As it happened, Vasily said, "not everyone" had been killed that night at the Ipatiev House—that, in fact, Alexis, the son of the Tsar, had survived and had been piled onto a truck with the corpses. Clearly, the executioners thought they had killed everyone, but the boy regained consciousness. It was raining. The truck stopped near a pond, and the guards began to unload their cargo. Before they could get to Alexis, the boy—thirteen years old, and a hemophiliac, who had been so sick in recent months that his father had to carry him from room to room—crept away from the truck and hid. Out of sight, he found a railroad track, and on his knees he crawled more than three miles to a railway station. But there he came across four guards. They seized him, threw him into a shallow pit, stabbed him with bayonets, and left him for dead. Later, two other guards, the brothers Andrei and Alexei Strekotin, found Alexis, and they were kind to him. The Strekotin brothers had known Alexis at the Ipatiev House, and they helped the boy escape. He was then taken to Shadrinsk, two hundred kilometres from Ekaterinburg. There a man named Mikhail Gladkikh took him to his sister's family.



"Valerie, I think we should increase our S.P.F."

OLEG FILATOV understood well what his father was telling him: Alexis was his father.

"This family had had a son who had died of influenza," Oleg said to me. "And so they gave my father the name of the dead son, Vasily Filatov. For two months, Alexis lived as a peasant boy, and his terrible wounds slowly healed. Surely he was the only boy around who spoke fluent French, German, and English, as well as Russian, and was beautifully schooled in music, literature, and theatre. Eventually, Gladkikh began moving Alexis around the country, the better to keep him away from the advancing Red Army, which was slowly overwhelming the Whites. He took him to the city of Surgut, where he was treated for his hemorrhaging and malnutrition. They cured him, using raw walrus meat for the bleeding, and they fed him deer meat, frozen fish cut in thin slices, and tinctures of pine trees."

By early 1921, Alexis—now Vasily—was on his own, moving around Russia from orphanage to orphanage with extraordinary speed and stealth. Between

1921 and 1930, he lived in Yalta, Baku, Magnitogorsk, Nizhny Novgorod, Kostroma, Yaroslavl, Tula, Kaluga, Moscow, Batumi, and Tbilisi. He was in such constant motion that he left behind almost no records of his childhood. These were still the early years of Soviet power, and the levels of police control and restricted movement which would become characteristic of Stalinism were not well established. The Soviet Union was still a disorganized and permeable construct. Not until 1930, when Vasily seems to have shown up in the oil region of Tyumen and begun studying to be a teacher, did his life become an established fact, registered officially in the Soviet bureaucracy. Vasily lived in the Tyumen region until 1967, when he and his wife moved to Orenburg; they retired to Astrakhan in 1970. “Does it make any sense to tell you how stunned we all were?” Oleg said. The family's urge to tell their father's story was overwhelmed only by the more powerful impulse toward self-protection.

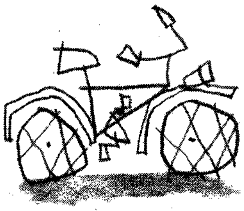
“There was no repeating it, no blabbing,” Oleg said. “People could die as a result. We had to protect ourselves and protect his rescuers if they were still alive. We didn't know if we'd be sent to prison or to psychiatric hospitals. . . . After he told us that one time, he never repeated it. He told me, ‘Only madmen talk about this twice.’ He was my father, how could I not believe it? And how could I check it out in a book or look into it? This was the Soviet system—a repressive, closed system.”

Mikhail Gorbachev came to power in March of 1985, and not long afterward, under the liberal policy of glasnost, it became possible to write or talk more freely about the history of Russia and the Soviet Union. Publications such as *Moscow News*, *Ogonyok*, and *Literaturnaya Gazeta* began to print details about pre-Revolutionary Russia, including the captivity and execution of the Romanovs. But the Tsarevich would not live to see his story recognized.

On October 24, 1988, Vasily Filatov died of heart failure. “Only his eyes signalled his pain and my heart was torn to pieces,” his wife, Lidia, wrote later. “I couldn't help him. He was dead before the ambulance came.” Vasily Filatov was buried outside Astrakhan.

“My family got together, and we agreed that we would slowly begin telling his—our—story,” Oleg Filatov, who is now in his mid-forties, said. “Today I can talk about it. But even now I can't say everything.”

On July 17th, Russia will hold the first royal burial ceremony since the death of Alexander III, in 1894. After eighty years of mystery and scandal, scientists have determined that a cache of bones found outside Ekaterinburg in 1979, and excavated twelve years later, are in fact the remains of Nicholas II and his family. There are two bodies missing, those of Alexis and one of the daughters—most likely Maria. The investigators believe that the execution team probably burned those two corpses down to ash, but, feeling that their time was limited, they merely buried the rest.



The ceremony will be as strange and as improvised as any other ritual in the new Russia. Some members of the extended Romanov family who have been living in France, Spain, and other foreign countries are expected to fly to Ekaterinburg (named Sverdlovsk by the Soviets) for a “farewell” ceremony. In mid-July, the bones, accompanied by the Romanov relatives and officials from the Russian government, will be flown to St. Petersburg. The relics will be transported from Pulkovo Airport in a kind of funeral cortège to the Peter and Paul Fortress, which Peter the Great founded in 1703, along with the city. The Fortress, a brick pile on the banks of the Neva, was used as a military outpost and as a prison by the tsars. Lenin's brother, Aleksandr Ulyanov, was imprisoned there after he took part in a plot to kill Alexander III. Elsewhere in the Fortress is a cathedral where generations of Romanovs are buried.

One afternoon, I went with Oleg Filatov to the cathedral to visit the dead he calls his forebears. Filatov's hair and beard are blond, nearly white-blond, the color of summer-bleached wheat, and his beard and mustache are trimmed in a way that evokes none other than Nicholas II. His eyes are pale blue, backlit, like a Siberian wolfhound's, and he suffers from a condition that makes his eyes quiver in their sockets. He wore a light polyester suit and carried a briefcase. When we first met and I asked even the most politely doubting questions, he turned steely and unpleasant (“So don't believe me! What difference is it to me!”), but after just an hour or so he proved quite pleasant, companionable, to say nothing of lucid.

“Doubt is the first step toward reason, even in me,” he said after he'd become more accustomed to my questions. “Of course, I have doubts. How could I not have doubts? My wife, that first time she saw my father, didn't say anything. My mother-in-law reacted by calling him a saint. What can I say? If we learned that my father told the truth, we'd be the happiest people on earth.”

Since the fall of Communism, in 1991, Leningrad has been renamed St. Petersburg, as it was known when the tsars were still in power. Appropriate to the mercenary times, Filatov now works in a bank, though he is, by no stretch, a member of the privileged tribe of “new Russians.” He still lives in a small apartment. And yet when Filatov takes buses and trains to the city center, when he passes by the old Winter Palace, or when he visits the tombs, he does so with a preternatural sense of propriety.

As we entered the Fortress, we saw sunbathers standing flat against the brick. Very few bothered with what one normally calls a bathing suit. The women wore fantastic foundation garments—industrial foundation garments—and the men, no matter how fat, wore tiny nylon underpants. Everyone's skin was the color of soap. It had been a long, gray winter, and now the weather was glorious. The mosquitoes were out. People sat on the grass eating homemade sandwiches and drinking bottles of German and Danish beer.

“Peter and Paul, this is a sacred place, a place to go and meditate, to ponder yourself,” Filatov said as we entered the gates.

We passed the commandant's house, the prison, and several smaller buildings before coming to the whitewashed cathedral.

“This is the building where all the tsars' families are buried,” Filatov said. “The family church is Kazan Cathedral, on Nevsky Prospekt—that was a museum of atheism for years—but this is the burial place."

We put a few rubles in a collection jar and stepped inside a cool, vaulted transept, with a stone floor; all around, in no discernible pattern, were the white marble and jasper tombs of the Romanovs: Catherine the Great, Peter III, Anna Ionovna, Peter the Great. We stood for a while in silence near the tomb of Nicholas's father, Alexander III. A group of German tourists milled around us; they were led by a stout woman holding aloft a long stick with a red ribbon tied around it.

"It must be strange to come to this place and believe that this is your family cemetery," I said.

"It's no longer strange," Filatov said. "This is what my life is."

Filatov led me down a hall and into the area of the cathedral where the burial ceremony is scheduled to take place. The chapel was blocked off by a makeshift white gate. Filatov peeked through a crack in the gate.

"If they made a mistake in identifying the remains, I don't know what will happen," he said. "I'm afraid they are mistaken and these aren't even the true remains. And where are the other two bodies? What are they actually putting into these graves?"

We walked back near the tombs. Oleg was quiet for a long time, and then he started talking about money. He said there were "huge" accounts abroad: twenty-seven billion dollars in the United States, he guessed, six billion in a bank in Tokyo—all money that belongs, by rights, to the Romanov family.

"Nicholas was allocating funds for the First World War to buy arms, and the deal was that if the arms did not come the money would be returned," he said. "The money was just kept there accumulating high interest."

"Do you think about the money becoming yours?" I said.

"If the courts certify that I'm the person and they have to pay the money—well, I don't think about this much. This has to be proved on a state level."

We left the cathedral and passed a man carrying a monarchist placard. He walked right past Filatov.

"I've met with some monarchists in town, but I'm afraid a lot of them are just clowns," Filatov said.

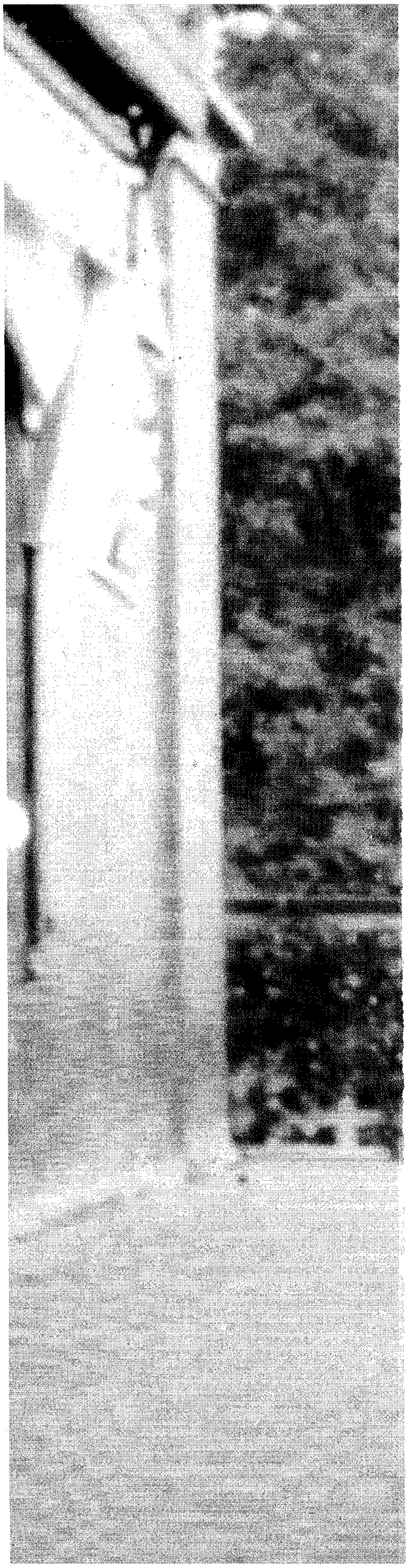
That was the striking thing about Filatov: for a man who felt in his heart that the crown of the tsars was due him, he did not appear to be one of those whacked-out souls who are convinced that they are the President of Freedonia or the King of Lilliput. Rather, his carriage was more like that of someone who thought that his father and he had both been passed over for the general manager's slot at the Red October concrete plant, but that one day justice would prevail.

"For now, my name is Oleg Filatov," he said. "Why should I go around calling myself Romanov? If and when the people decide I am a Romanov, then I'll be Romanov."

On the way out, we saw a crowd of about a hundred people watching a group of mimes perform the sort of absurdist drama that one might have seen many summers ago in Greenwich Village. Three young men in prison outfits pranced around with marionette cockroaches while a woman dressed in a witch's outfit tried to hit the bugs with a gigantic loaf of rye bread. As it turned out, this was part of a festival in honor of Daniil Kharms, a comic writer of the early Soviet period whose specialties were children's poetry and a kind of anarchic miniature called *sluchai*, or incidents. Filatov stood a while with the crowd and watched the crone smack the roaches with her loaf.

"Let's go home," the Tsar said. "I think I've had enough."

THE revolution that Gorbachev ignited in the late eighties was, to a great degree, a recovery of the past, a reëvaluation of Russian and Soviet history which began with an assessment of the Stalin era and worked its way back toward 1917. When I was living in Moscow during that period, I'd pick up every magazine and search it for historical reassessments—history was the news—and one of the most astonishing moments came when a playwright and historian named Edvard Radzinsky published the written testimony of Yakov Yurovsky, the secret-police officer in Ekaterinburg who was charged with killing the imperial family. The Yurovsky "note," as it is called, had been



The Tsarevich and his sister Anastasia

THE BEINECKE RARE BOOK MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY

on the terrace of the Old Palace at Livadia. One Anastasia impostor managed to sponge off half the royalty in Europe.

buried away in the Soviet archives for seven decades until Radzinsky, who was doing research for a book on Nicholas II, published it in the May 19, 1989, issue of *Ogonyok*.

The little that had been written about the execution of the Tsar in Soviet textbooks made the event seem ordinary, benign, an inevitable outcome of all popular revolutions. The fact is, though, that the way in which the Bolsheviks went about the execution said a great deal about them and the violent regime they were establishing. Richard Pipes, in his history of the Revolution, notes that before the Russian Revolution two other European monarchs were killed in revolutionary upheavals: Charles I, of Great Britain, in 1649; and Louis XVI, of France, in 1793. Charles was tried by a specially constituted High Court of Justice, which allowed the King a defense. The execution took place in full view of the public. Louis XVI was tried before the Convention, which sentenced him to death by majority vote only after a prolonged debate. The King had his own counsel, and his execution, too, was carried out in front of the public—a daytime beheading in central Paris.

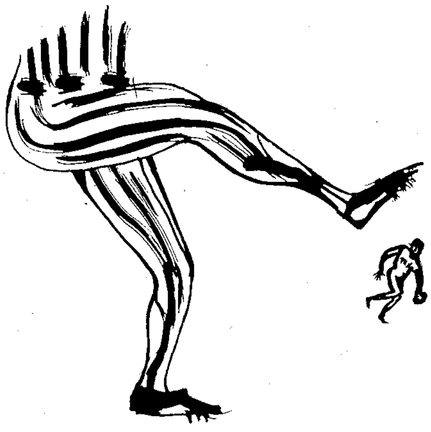
Without romanticizing these earlier events, it is fair to say that the Bolsheviks took an entirely different course—one far more secretive and brutal. Nicholas, of course, resigned his office in the face of the February revolution and was exiled with his family to Tobolsk by Aleksandr Kerensky's provisional government. After Lenin ousted Kerensky, the Bolsheviks took custody of the imperial family and kept them under a kind of listless house arrest. Alexis's diary from January, 1918, reveals a schedule of aimless amusement and nervous waiting:

> 1/6/18
>
> Got up at 7. Had tea with Papa, Tatiana, and Anastasia. We played cards. Maria is dressed and walking around the rooms. At 6 o'clock we played hide and seek and shouted and made a terrible noise.
>
> 1/7/18
>
> The whole day was just like yesterday.
>
> 1/9/18
>
> The whole day was just like yesterday.

Then, in March, 1918, the Bolsheviks moved the Romanovs to Ekaterinburg, and the family was set up in the house of Nikolai Ipatiev, a retired Army engineer. The house, a white two-story structure, was quickly converted into a prison, with an improvised palisade and a round-the-clock seventy-five-man guard. At first, according to Pipes, Nicholas and his family were still permitted to drift through their days: they rose at nine, took tea at ten, lunch at one, dinner between four and five, tea at seven and supper at nine, and went to sleep at eleven; there was lots of reading and praying; when the weather was fair, Nicholas would carry the sickly Tsarevich, Alexis, to the garden, where they would play a game of bezique or the Russian version of backgammon, called trick-track. Occasionally, a local priest was allowed to visit the family to lead them in prayer.

Back in the capital, Lenin, Trotsky, and the rest of the Bolshevik leaders tried to figure out what to do with the Romanovs. Trotsky proposed a trial, but Lenin never acted on the suggestion. Fearing a wave of White troops in Ekaterinburg, Lenin felt the need to act sooner rather than later. By July, Yurovsky had taken charge of the Romanovs. His orders were clear. Yurovsky scouted possible burial places in the area around Ekaterinburg and found some abandoned mine shafts in the nearby village of Koptyaki. He assembled an execution team and a sufficient cache of arms.

On July 17th, shortly after midnight, Yurovsky woke the Romanov family's doctor, Yevgeny Botkin, and told him to wake the others, have them dress, and go to the basement. Yurovsky told Botkin that there was unrest in the streets of Ekaterinburg and this was a safety measure. At around two, the family, as well the doctor, the cook, a maid, a valet, and the girls' King Charles spaniel, Jemmy, came down the stairs. The Tsar led the way, carrying his son; Nicholas and Alexis wore field shirts and forage caps. Then came Alexandra and her four daughters. They all wore dresses. Two chairs were brought into the basement—one for Alexandra and one for Alexis. A detachment of executioners armed with revolvers was waiting in a small room next door.



"When the party entered," Yurovsky wrote, "I told the Romanovs that in view of the fact that their relatives continued their offensive against Soviet Russia, the Executive Committee of the Urals Soviet had decided to shoot them. Nicholas turned his back to the detachment and faced his family. Then, as if collecting himself, he turned around, asking, 'What? What?' [I] rapidly repeated what I had said and ordered the detachment to prepare. Its members had been previously instructed whom to shoot and to aim directly at the heart to avoid much blood and to end more quickly. Nicholas said no more. He turned again toward his family. The others shouted some incoherent exclamations. All this lasted a few seconds. Then commenced the shooting, which went on for two or three minutes. [I] killed Nicholas on the spot."

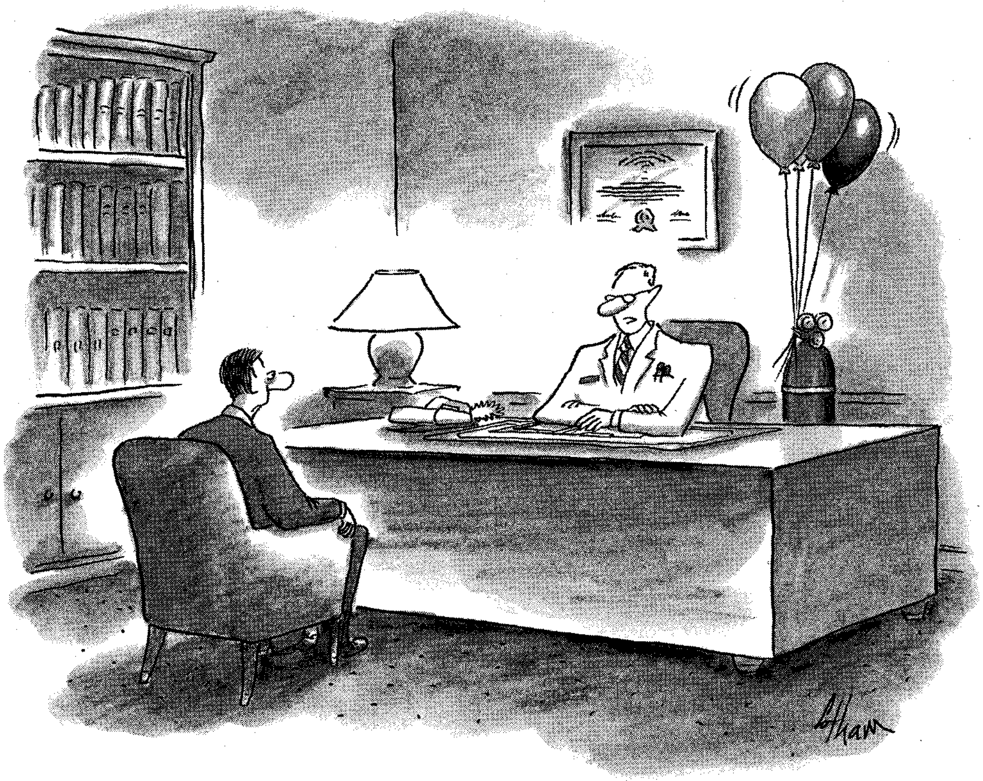
According to witnesses' accounts, bullets ricocheted everywhere—some deflected by corsets worn by the daughters which had jewels sewn inside them. Finally, the soldiers stopped shooting and inspected the bodies. They noticed that some were still breathing, and those that showed a trace of life were shot in the head, point blank, or stabbed. Yurovsky recalled that he himself shot Alexis in the head twice.

The corpses were loaded onto a truck. Almost a day passed before the burial party at last put the bodies in a ditch by the side of the road. One of the guards later boasted that he could "die in peace because he had squeezed the Empress's ________."

"The bodies were put in the hole," Yurovsky wrote, "and the faces and all the bodies generally doused with sulfuric acid, both so they couldn't be recognized and to prevent any stink from them rotting.... We scattered it with branches and lime, put boards on top, and drove over it several times—no traces of the hole remained. The secret was kept." The Romanov dynasty, which had begun with the election of Mikhail Romanov as Tsar on February 21, 1613, had come to an end.

"The decision was not only expedient but necessary," Trotsky wrote in his diary years later. "The severity of this punishment showed everyone that we would continue to fight on mercilessly, stopping at nothing."

Six weeks after the executions, the Bolsheviks began their campaign of fierce and random cruelty against enemies real and imagined. The campaign would come to be called the Red Terror.



"We'll widen the clogged artery by inserting a balloon."

The Bolsheviks hid the truth about the executions, not because they had a sudden attack of moist moralism but, rather, because they wanted to sidetrack their opponents, to keep any enemies still harboring thoughts of monarchist restoration in a state of confusion. It would be better to keep them guessing about the status of the Romanov family.

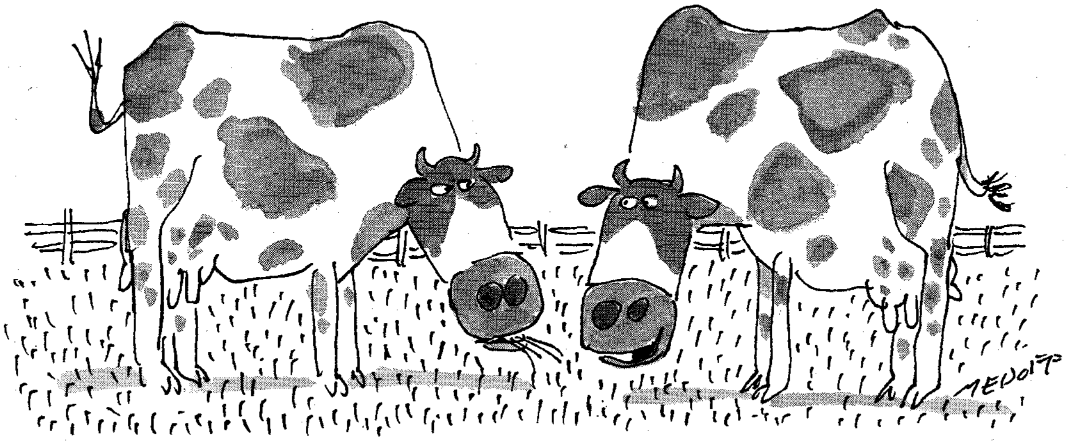
The Bolsheviks did announce almost immediately that Nicholas had been killed. Lenin ordered reports to be published in *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, and by July 22, 1918, the news was appearing in European and American papers that the Tsar had been shot because "a counterrevolutionary conspiracy" to free him had been uncovered.

Those same reports, however, said that the other members of the family had been sent to a "place of security." The Bolsheviks sustained this myth for nine years. The disinformation effort was so thorough that even the most expert foreign intelligence officers and diplomats could not unmask it. Sir Charles Eliot, the British high commissioner for Siberia, went to Ekaterinburg and filed a report to Foreign Secretary Arthur Balfour, in London, saying that on July 17th "a train with the blinds down" had left Ekaterinburg and "it is believed" that the surviving members of the family were on it.

All in all, it was a brilliant deception, one that even the Romanov relatives in European exile believed. In 1920, the White investigator Nikolai Sokolov came to Western Europe with a box containing small bits of bone, blood-soaked soil, and two small bottles of congealed fat—which he said were the remains of the Tsar. They have never been scientifically tested; they are kept at the Russian Orthodox Church of St. Job in Brussels, "in Memory of the Martyred Tsar Nicholas II and His Family." In 1924, when Sokolov published a report, entitled "Judicial Enquiry into the Assassination of the Russian Imperial Family," declaring that everyone had been killed and all the bodies completely destroyed by acid and fire, the Romanovs still refused to accept the news.

Nearly from the instant of the execution of the Romanovs to the present day, there have been reports of one or another member of the family who escaped the slaughter. The history of fraud is long and populous and never seems to stop growing. Not long ago, a friend in Moscow sent me a copy of an article in the historical journal *Istochnik* (*Source*), about a young Siberian peasant named Aleksei Shitov, who, in the early twenties, had become convinced by a group of people that he was, in fact, Alexis. Shitov was not a hemophiliac, nor had he the slightest notion that he was from the imperial family, but somehow he came to believe in his royal origins. Eventually, the local secret police arrested Shitov and his "followers"; some were executed and others were sentenced to long prison terms.

Although there have been many would-be Romanovs in Russia, there have been even more abroad. In the twenties, the émigré press and White Russian circles in Western Europe percolated with rumors that Nicholas or Alexis or one or another of the daughters was hiding out somewhere. In 1920, there was a sighting of the Tsar in London, his hair now white. Then there were rumors of Nicholas hiding out in the Vatican, of the entire family on a ship in the White Sea, sailing eternally to and fro, never coming to land. And there was the self-proclaimed Anastasia, who was seen in Siberia trying to get to China. She was arrested and sent to various prisons and camps in Russia. In 1934, she wrote letters from a prison hospital in Kazan to



"Dynamite grass!"

the Romanovs' English relative King George V, appealing to him, in French and German, to come to her aid. When she died, in 1971, the head of the hospital wrote that "except for her claim that she was Anastasia she was completely sane." Robert Massie's excellent book "The Romanovs: The Final Chapter" is filled with such colorful tales, including the epic story of the most successful of all the Anastasia impostors, Anna Andersen, a wily Polish-born loon whose career as a claimant began with a suicide attempt in Germany shortly after the execution of the Romanovs and continued with a magical transformation into Anastasia in a mental hospital. Andersen managed to sponge off half the royalty in Europe. And then there was the clubbable gent in Arizona whose success with the lonely women of Scottsdale was not at all diminished by his insistence that he was Alexis Romanov. Mr. Romanov never seemed to suffer a moment's problem with his hemophilia; he even played polo without overmuch fear of the mallet. He also marketed a line of vodka.

In Moscow, I met with Edvard Radzinsky, whose books on the Tsar and on Stalin, along with countless appearances on television, have turned him into one of the biggest celebrities of the post-Soviet period. He lives in the Aeroport section of Moscow, a neighborhood that had largely been the province of the writer's union. Radzinsky is a friendly fellow who has been made absolutely radiant by his fame and fortune. (His book "The Last Tsar: The Life and Death of Nicholas II" was a best-seller in the United States for Doubleday; Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was his editor.) When he greeted me at the door, he was accompanied by a beautifully groomed borzoi roughly the size of a pony. His study is furnished with heavy Russian antiques, expensive prints, and a computer. After he showed me the memorabilia of his success—the foreign editions of his books, newspaper clippings attesting to the top ratings of his television documentaries—he settled down in an armchair to tell me about his own experience of living Romanovs.

"After I published the Yurovsky note in *Ogonyok*, in 1989, I got constant phone calls," Radzinsky said. "This was a time when people in the metro were poring over *Ogonyok*, the period of first truths, and I got non-stop calls and letters by the thousand. One day a woman called. She sounded nervous. I invited her to my house. She came and told me that the Yurovsky note was a mistake, that all the Romanov daughters had survived the executions. She offered to show me their graves. I was shocked. My book on Nicholas II was ready. I had eyewitness reports of the execution from seven different people who took part in the shooting. They were testimonies that had been taken in different places and at different times. But she said, 'I'll show you the graves.'

"So we went on a long trip to the Orenburg region. Once we were there, we had to continue on by horse to a tiny village. I'd stopped all my work to do this. She was about forty, forty-five. She said she hadn't seen the graves herself, but her relatives had. She told an incredible story: After the executions, three girls soon appeared in this village, and then a fourth. Anastasia, she said, had come last and separately. She took me to the cemetery in this village, and there were graves marked for Tatiana, Maria, Olga, and Anastasia Romanova, with their real historical birthdates and then dates of death, all in the early nineteen-sixties. The people in the village told me that the girls had come and had hidden in basements there and were protected. No one betrayed them, even though they lived through Stalin's time! This was a real achievement, like keeping Anne Frank alive. Then, after Stalin died"—in 1953—"they lived outside the basements, aboveground. A priest who was priest for three or four villages also helped them. His church was used partly for worship and partly to store potatoes. The girls lived in secret and wore dark clothes for many years, because they were mourning the deaths of Alexis, the Tsar, and their mother, Alexandra. The girls never explained to anyone how they survived, and they told the priest only that they were the Tsar's daughters.

"I believed it! I decided that it was a great secret. But when I returned to Moscow that changed. Now I got a call from Sukhumi from someone saying he was Alexis's son and that Alexis was still alive. Strange: he had a Georgian accent. He invited me to Sukhumi. But then I got a letter from Kalinin from a woman who wanted to give me some documents. She told me she was the great-granddaughter of Nicholas II and her mother was dying in Kalinin and wanted to see me. So I went. I saw this ancient woman who said she was Olga: she was old and wrinkly and had dead eyes, but when she talked about her life in Tsarskoye Selo her eyes shone. She said she had no memory of the executions, that she had lost consciousness. But she was saved by one of the executioners. She showed me the wounds in her side. But, unfortunately, I'd already seen Olga in her grave!

"Then I got letters about a story of Alexis ending up in the Gulag. I believed—well, not belief, exactly. The others had no documents. I got a letter from a hospital in Petrozovodsk. He'd been in the Gulag and had been moved to a hospital. They found traces of hemophilia and an undescended testicle, which is rare, and he knew a lot about Tsarskoye Selo. The key thing with Alexis is that the body has still not been found. There is no trace. So the story of Alexis raises suspicion. So I really began to hesitate about this man. Now, though, I don't believe it."

What once caused Radzinsky a great deal of anxiety and doubt now amuses him. Even today, he routinely gets letters from around the world: an Alexis in Australia who drives a bus, a grave of Alexis in Miami, another grave somewhere in Canada.

"Gorbachev told me that when he was in power he even got letters from Cuba about would-be royalty," Radzinsky said. "Before, it wasn't a matter of money. It was a form of madness. Here in Russia, we had no way of knowing about Anna Andersen or the Greta Garbo movie about Anastasia. People wanted a miracle, a fairy tale. So these rumors are out of control, as they were at the time of the 'false Dmitri' who pretended to the throne in the seventeenth century. We are a country of impostors. It's deep in the Russian soul.

"Now Russia is a country of scandals. This had been a very boring society before, and now we are full of sensationalism. People want their share of attention. All the letters begin, 'My name is Romanov, and I have begun to think that I am a descendant of the Tsar.'"

When I went to see an investigator at the Russian Procurator's Office in Moscow, he mentioned that "an odd guy" named Nikolai Dalsky had called, claiming that he was Nicholas III. He went by the name Nikolai Dalsky-Romanov.

Dalsky, as I'll call him until history proves otherwise, asked me to meet him at his rather grand-sounding Institute for New Thinking. The institute, it transpired, was a walkup in a garbage-strewn courtyard. When I arrived, I asked for Comrade Romanov, and a plump cleaning woman rolled her eyes and pointed down a hallway.

Dalsky did not disappoint. He wore a dark military uniform with epaulets. His tie clasp was in the shape of an imperial double eagle. He wore tinted aviator glasses and had a fiercely trimmed mustache and a nice head of hair. His office was decorated as a Tsar-in-waiting's should be: an official portrait of Dalsky and his wife, Natalia, in full royal gear against the background of a leopard-skin rug; a Tibetan scroll; a Russian flag; a small portrait of Nicholas II; candles; plastic flowers; and a picture of a pulchritudinous pop star called Anastasia. Dalsky was flanked by some strange-looking men, including a self-proclaimed duke with a ponytail, who deferred to him as if he were nothing less than the person he claimed to be.

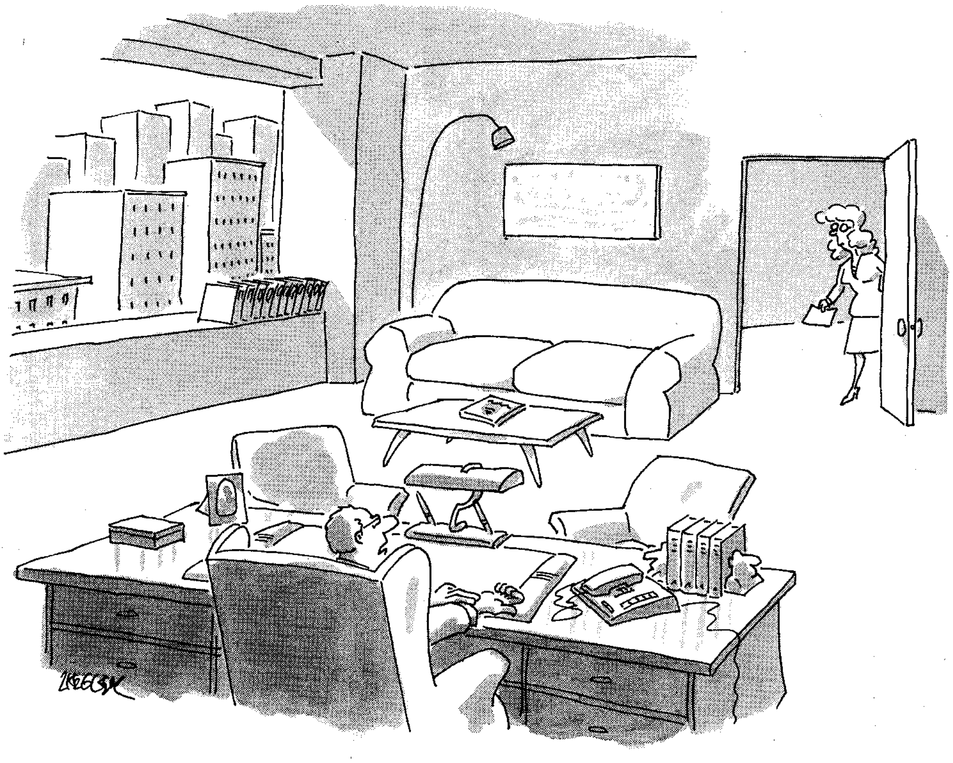
"We are tolerant of all information about us even if it's twisted," Dalsky informed me. "We never sue."

Immensely relieved, I was ready to begin our talk, but what actually began was his opening aria, which went on for quite a while. "No one was shot in the Ipatiev House. The execution was staged, and we don't really know who was executed there," Dalsky said. "The Emperor and the Empress and their children were put in mental institutions. Or that can't be ruled out. They were kept there, died there, and their remains were put in a collective grave. This is not ruled out. . . . My father, Alexis, died in 1965 of a massive hemorrhage that began near his heart. Before that, he had episodes of hemorrhaging but not like those when he was young. Tibetan medicine helped him get over his hemophilia, not Rasputin, as everyone thinks."

Dalsky showed me a snapshot of his "coronation," which he said took place on December 19, 1996, in a cathedral in Noginsk. His wife was crowned tsarina.

"We talked with God," he said, "and followed the church bells with two metropolitans and a bishop. There were representatives of the people there, too, and a procession with a cross. I am the spiritual presence of Russia."

When I asked him if he was getting ready to live in the Kremlin, he said, "Live in the Kremlin? Well, I would not want to outrun events. But I won't make a secret of the stakes and my qualifications. I'm well educated. I can name every city in America. I can tell



"Miss Keenan, I don't seem to be getting any pulse today. Perhaps you should alert legal."

you the regions they have there, the foreign policy. And this is a rare thing." He also claimed to speak English and all the major European languages.

"Do you speak Italian?"

"*Parlare.*"

"English?"

"I yes understand."

"*Parlez-vous français?*"

"*Si.*"

As I was getting ready to go, I asked Dalsky if he knew that other son of Alexis Romanov's—Oleg Filatov, of St. Petersburg.

"We've studied Filatov's materials, and we've concluded that he is masterminded by the special services," Dalsky said. "He has nothing to do with the Tsar's family."

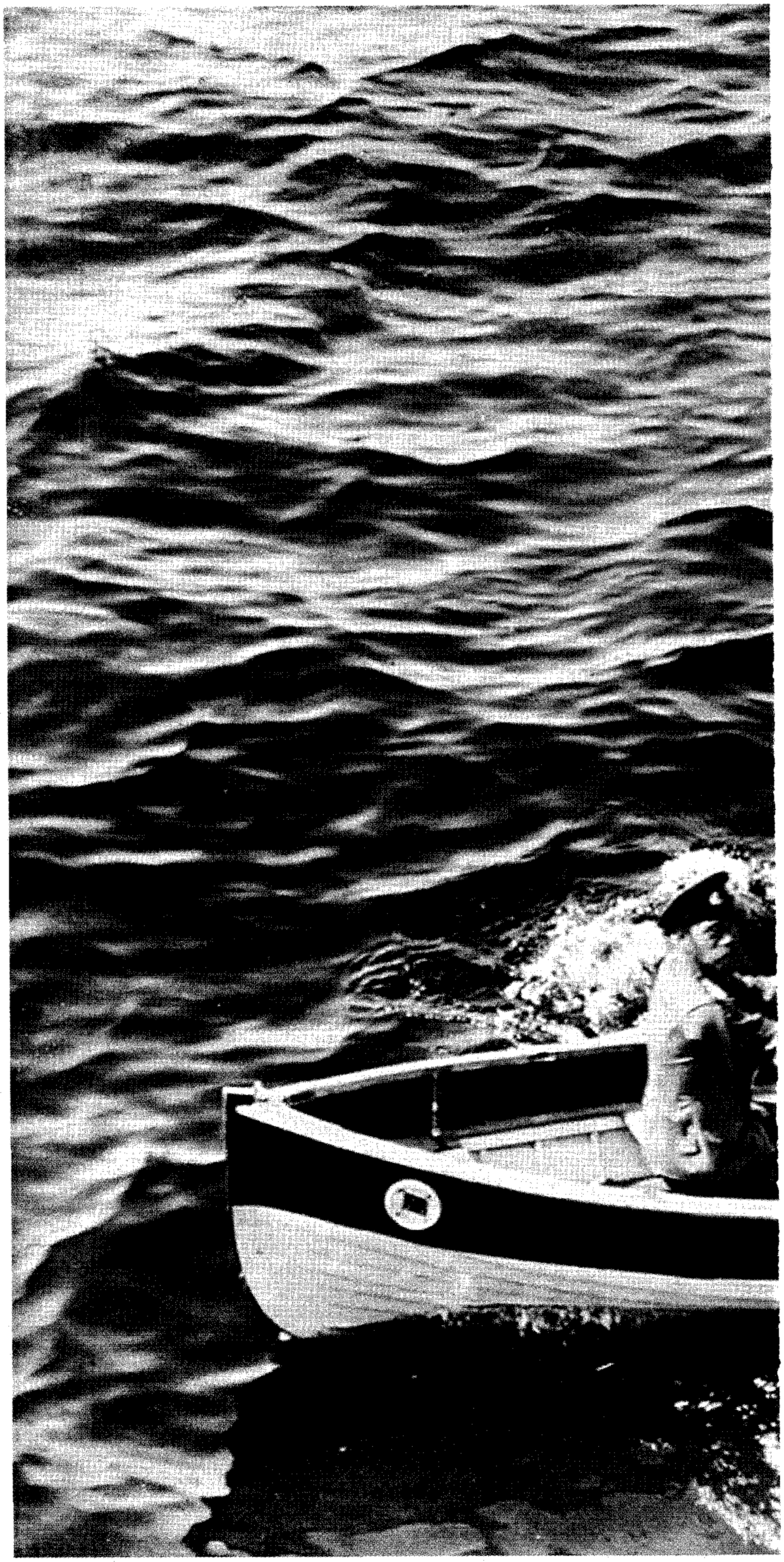
"You know," I said, "I have to tell you that you really don't look much like your grandfather Nicholas II."

"No, it's true," Dalsky said. "I don't look like Nicholas. But I'm the spitting image of Alexandra."

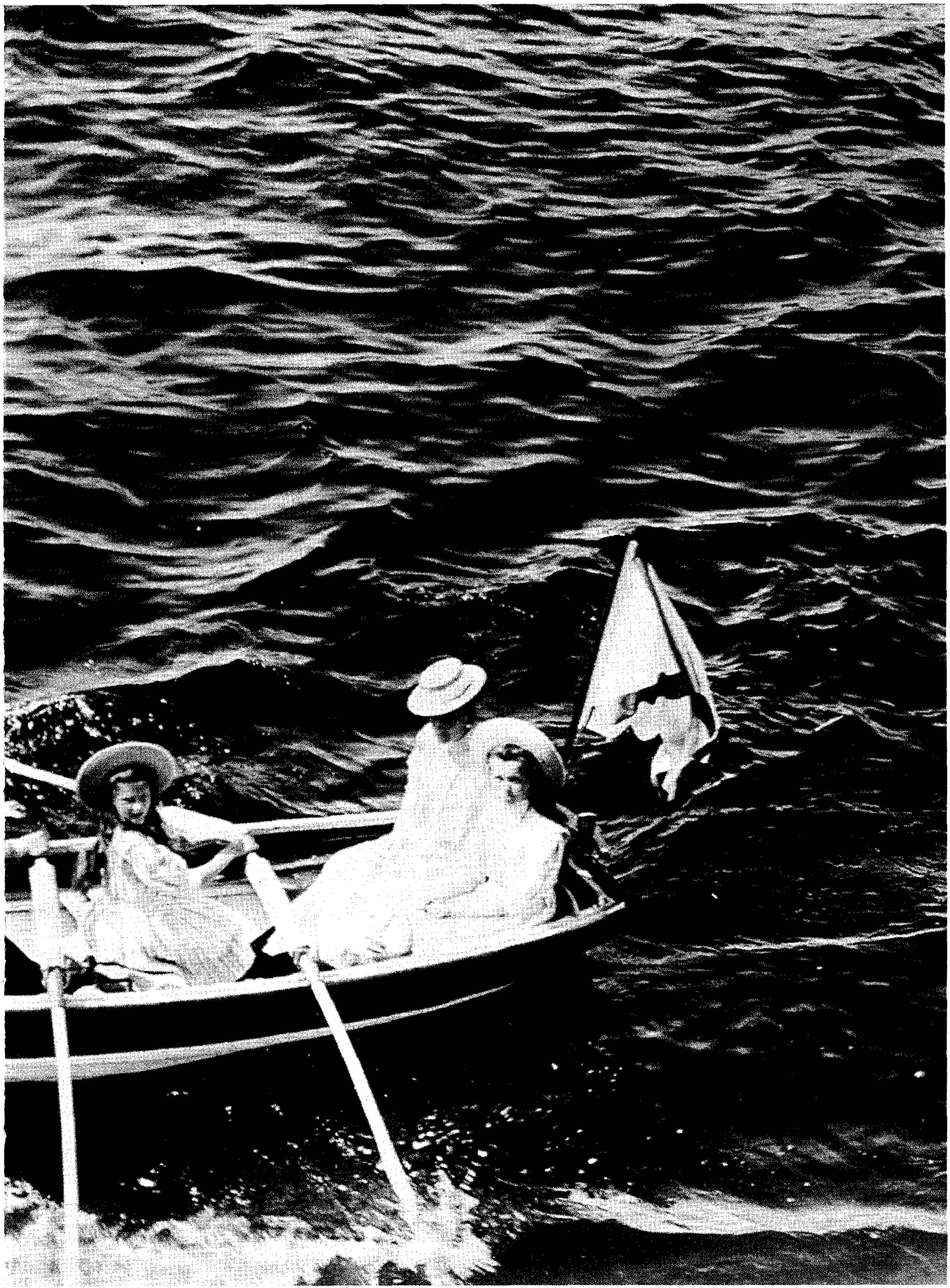
NEITHER Dalsky nor Filatov will attend the burial of the Romanov bones on July 17th. Nor will Alexy II, the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church. And, since the Patriarch and the Church hierarchy are not taking part, Boris Yeltsin, who craves the Church's political support, will also keep his distance. The reason for their nonattendance tells a great deal about the new Russian state and its profound crisis of identity.

To begin, there is no reasonable doubt that the remains being shipped from Ekaterinburg to St. Petersburg are those of the imperial family. That much has been established by two genetic-testing sessions, in England and the United States. The investigation has been led by a government-appointed commission that includes members of the government and the Russian legislature, scientists, an archeologist, a criminal investigator, the head of the state archives, and Metropolitan Juvenaly, a subordinate of the Patriarch.

The Church has decided neither to endorse nor to denounce entirely the commission's findings. "It's like playing a game of heads and tails and calling 'Edge,'" said Vladimir Solovyov, the investigator from the Russian state prose-



Nearly from the instant of the execution of the Romanovs, there have been reports of on



DAVID KING COLLECTION

r another member of the family who escaped the slaughter. The history of fraud is long and populous and never seems to stop growing.

cutor's office who has been on the commission from the start. "They won't deny that the genetic tests tell us beyond a shadow of a doubt that the bones are the Romanovs, but they do keep saying, 'Well, look at science in the nineteenth or eighteenth centuries. It was all overturned.' "

Pavel Ivanov, the chief geneticist on the panel, said, "The church people told me, 'We've waited seventy-odd years, and if you're not one hundred per cent sure, then we can wait another seventy years.' If you say it's ninety-nine-point-nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-per-cent certain, it's not enough for them. And as for two missing bodies, we can't say anything about them. Maybe they were killed and burned. It takes a long time to burn a corpse down to nothing, and the burial team did not have unlimited time. They didn't have enough gasoline, and the gas burns off quickly. So they refused to burn them all. There was no time."

The Russian Orthodox Church is an especially conservative church, filled with clerics dubious of science and of modernity in general, but its position is even more complicated than that. The Church, which was undermined and infiltrated by K.G.B. informers under Soviet rule, does not want to contradict too starkly the Orthodox Church Abroad, which has already canonized Nicholas and maintains that the July ceremony is a travesty. The Patriarch in Moscow has announced that he will send no representatives to the ceremony at Peter and Paul, and it is likely that only some local clerics will appear.

The Church's tactics have led to some bewildering behavior in the government. Yeltsin is no monarchist, of course, but for years he has tried to expropriate for himself and for the fledgling state the grandeur of the Tsarist past. He enjoys being called Tsar Boris by his aides in private, and would have loved to come to St. Petersburg for a grand burial ceremony. Such a ceremony would seem to Yeltsin almost like a coronation of himself, a passing of the torch after an eight-decade-long Communist interregnum. Yeltsin would also like to relieve a burden of guilt: in 1977, when he was the Sverdlovsk Party leader, he was put in charge of destroying the Ipatiev House. But without the Patriarch Yeltsin simply cannot go. He cannot afford to be out of synch with the one institution in the country that symbolizes Russianness at a deep level for tens of millions of people. And so the burial ceremony will be far less grand than originally planned, and many groups that were going to attend, such as the Russian Noble Assembly, will probably stay home.

In the meantime, some of the more extremist opponents of the ceremony are accusing scientists like Ivanov, the geneticist, of participating in a Judeo-Masonic-Bolshevik plot against Mother Russia which began with the overthrow of the Tsar in 1917. Among the chief doubters are Vladimir Osipov, a writer for a right-wing nationalist journal called *Moskva*, and a former dissident who was arrested and imprisoned for his Christian activism in the sixties and seventies. I met Osipov after we both attended a press conference given by various members of the commission in Moscow. Sitting off in a corner of the conference hall, Osipov said that the burial ceremony was the last step in "an ongoing plot" to destroy once and for all Russia's "innate path of development"—namely, monarchy.

"Ivanov is probably not a Chekist, just an ambitious professional," Osipov said, "but it all looks like a plot. Nicholas was a symbol of the state, and his abdication was pointless, crazy. They killed the Tsar of a great state, a great power. There are witnesses that the head of Nicholas II was taken to the Kremlin as proof of his execution! We know that Trotsky was shown this head as proof. The subject is almost mystical in character."

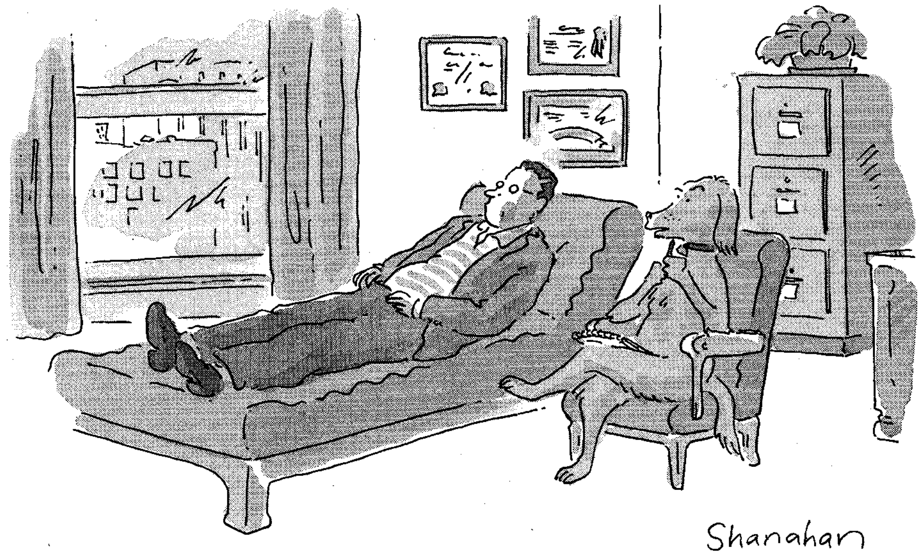
Then what, I asked, is behind the plot?

Osipov adopted the nodding of a sage. "One cannot rule out the idea that Yeltsin wants to get his hands on the Romanov money," he said.

In fact, money is an issue: the new tomb will be made not of marble but, rather, of wood covered with "marble pattern" paper. The writer Gely Ryabov, who was instrumental in uncovering the bones in the first place, said that perhaps the Yeltsin administration should sell off one of its Mercedes limousines and buy a real marble tomb, to insure the Romanovs a decent burial.

WHAT a confused and confusing place Russia is! This depressing spectacle—the seriocomic parade of pretenders, the implacable doubt about government motive and scientific result—goes back to hundreds of years of obscurantism and a lethal reign of history-obliterating Communism.

"Of course they're the real bones," Radzinsky told me. "But this is a typical Russian story. It's impossible to do anything serious correctly in Russia. Everything is about politics and delay. We are unable to make normal, legal decisions. This burial should



"I sense fear."

unite the country, and instead ends up dividing it. People are suspicious of anything done by the government, even a DNA test. Pavel Ivanov says these are the real bones of the Tsar, and yet intelligent people on the street still come up to me and, conspiratorially, they pull me over and whisper, 'Edvard, are these really the bones of the Tsar?' "

Vladimir Solovyov, the chief investigator, said ruefully that all the confusion is heightened because the execution of the Romanovs was the "point between the old Russia and the new Russia, an event that defines everyone: the Church, the Church's relations with the people, the Bolsheviks. All this goes back to the question Who are we? It may not be important to the average man on the street, but it is essential to intellectuals, patriots of a certain kind, royalists. But now we are ending in confusion, with no resolution. On July 17th, in St. Petersburg, we'll have something new: the Tomb of the Unknown Tsar."

But what about Oleg Filatov? I couldn't help thinking that his best claim to the throne of the Romanovs was his beard (which really had a fine shape to it, very much like that of Nicholas II) and his fantastic, if mistaken, loyalty to his father. "My father understood life in terms of the Russian prince's obligation to procreate and defend the family and the state," Filatov said. "He felt he had survived, procreated, and protected us."

With the help of a couple of local scientists, Filatov has collaborated on a book about his family's claim, which will soon be published in St. Petersburg. The book, which I read quickly one night at my hotel in St. Petersburg, is fairly dull and absolutely unconvincing. It has lots of pseudoscientific stuff about handwriting, appearance, genealogy, and the rest, but the most obvious element is completely missing: a DNA test. Wasn't it preposterous to think that anyone, much less a hemophiliac, could survive the Ipatiev House shootings? Did Filatov really believe that, in an era without clotting agents, his father could make do with bull's blood and nettles? Sure, Alexis's remains have not been found, but hadn't Yurovsky testified to putting two bullets in his head? And why hadn't Filatov had a genetic exam? (The only Romanov pretender who did was Anna Andersen; after she died, scientists tested a tissue sampling, and it proved her to be a fraud.)

When I asked Filatov these questions, he sighed. He'd heard them before, of course. He said he'd appealed to everyone from the Russian government to the international court in The Hague and been turned down for help. He is counting on a court decision and outside donations to help facilitate the tests he needs.

"Otherwise I'll be told how crazy I am," he said.

Filatov tried at times to soft-pedal his claim, saying that he was not really insisting on his inheritance so much as fulfilling a promise to his father. "It was his cross to bear, and I cannot free myself of it," he said. "The subject scares people off. Maybe there will be a time when we'll get private donations. The university, perhaps, or maybe your article will cause people to donate. I'm immune to insult now. The moment I give up is the moment I die."

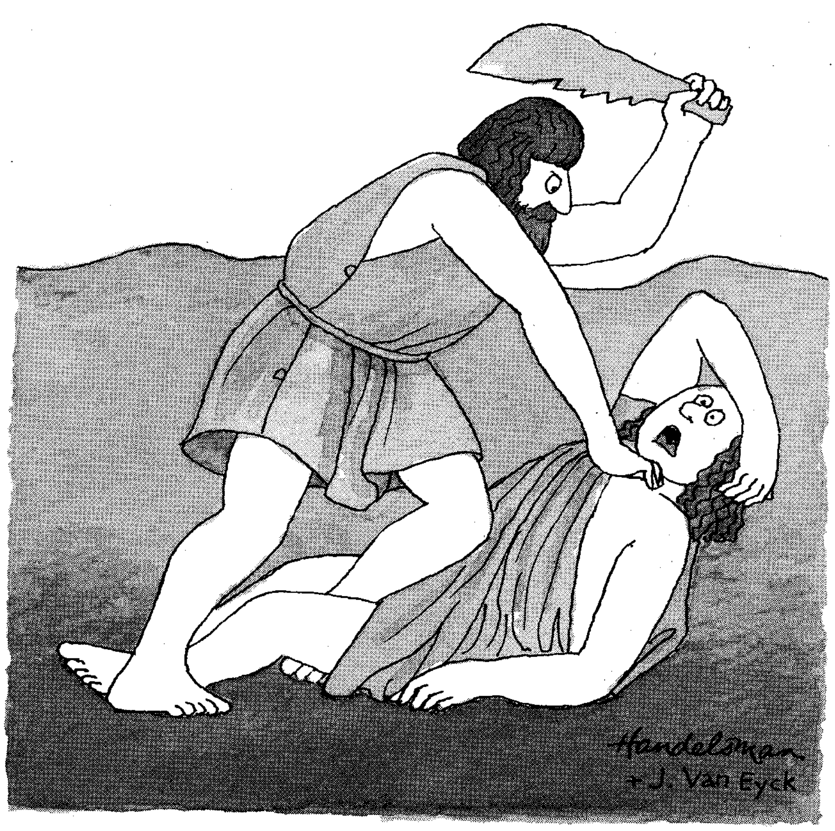
He went on to say, "My father had told me, 'When you're forty, you'll learn everything.' " In 1993, I was forty, and that's when I thought about all this seriously. On April 3, 1994, I had a vision of the Holy Virgin, and she told me, 'Have you forgotten what your father told you?' "

I asked him if he'd had other visions. Filatov looked as if he wanted very much to answer, but he didn't.

"I don't want to do myself any harm," he said. "Some will invariably say, 'Oh, he's another one, he's crazy.' "

The greatest price Filatov has paid for his loyalty to the dreams of his dead father is his estrangement from Maksim, his son from an earlier marriage.

"Maksim was born in 1981 and is being brought up in another family," Filatov said. "It's been a long time since I've seen him. They won't let me see him, because the family is against it. They don't want the boy to be traumatized. They're against it because I remain loyal to my parents. But I could not abandon them. The time will come, though, and he will know." ♦



And Cain rose up against Abel and violated his civil rights.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TRIUMPHALIST

Can Larry Summers keep the Asian economic crisis at bay?

BY JOHN CASSIDY

WHEN Lawrence Summers, the Deputy Treasury Secretary, recently landed in Tokyo, a few days after the proud Japanese had appealed to the United States for help in propping up the yen, his arrival was greeted as if he were General MacArthur. Vanloads of cameramen pursued him around town; the Japanese newspapers pictured his heavyset figure on their front pages three days running; and local commentators drew omens from his every utterance. In a country that is nuts about sports, the American visitor even managed to upstage the World Cup.

Summers, whose name is not widely known in this country, seemed uncomfortable in the spotlight. A decade ago, he was a Harvard academic renowned among fellow-economists not just for his intellectual brilliance, which is indisputable, but for his lack of social graces and his indifference to social conventions, such as whether his socks matched and his shirttail was tucked in. ("The professor I knew then couldn't have done this," a Harvard acquaintance of Summers's remarked to me about his current job. "He was a slob.") He has worked diligently to present a more cultivated appearance, but even his greatest admirers would never describe him as a natural diplomat. At the end of one long day in Tokyo, his shirt collar was open, his tie was at half-mast, and his suit, though it was hand-tailored, looked as if it had spent the day wrapped around a mating seal.

To be fair, even a Talleyrand might have wilted in Summers's position. The White House had dispatched him, at a few hours' notice, to deliver the message that the United States, in return for spending billions of dollars to boost the yen, expected the Japanese government to introduce radical measures for reviving the country's stagnant economy. In the event, the Japanese officials he conferred with didn't say or do anything during his visit that they hadn't said or done before he arrived, and he was left to repeat, doggedly but forlornly, that the currency intervention had created a "window of opportunity," which the Japanese government should hurry up and exploit. On the day of his departure, over breakfast at the American Ambassador's ornate residence, Summers insisted to me that his trip had sent a strong message to the Japanese.

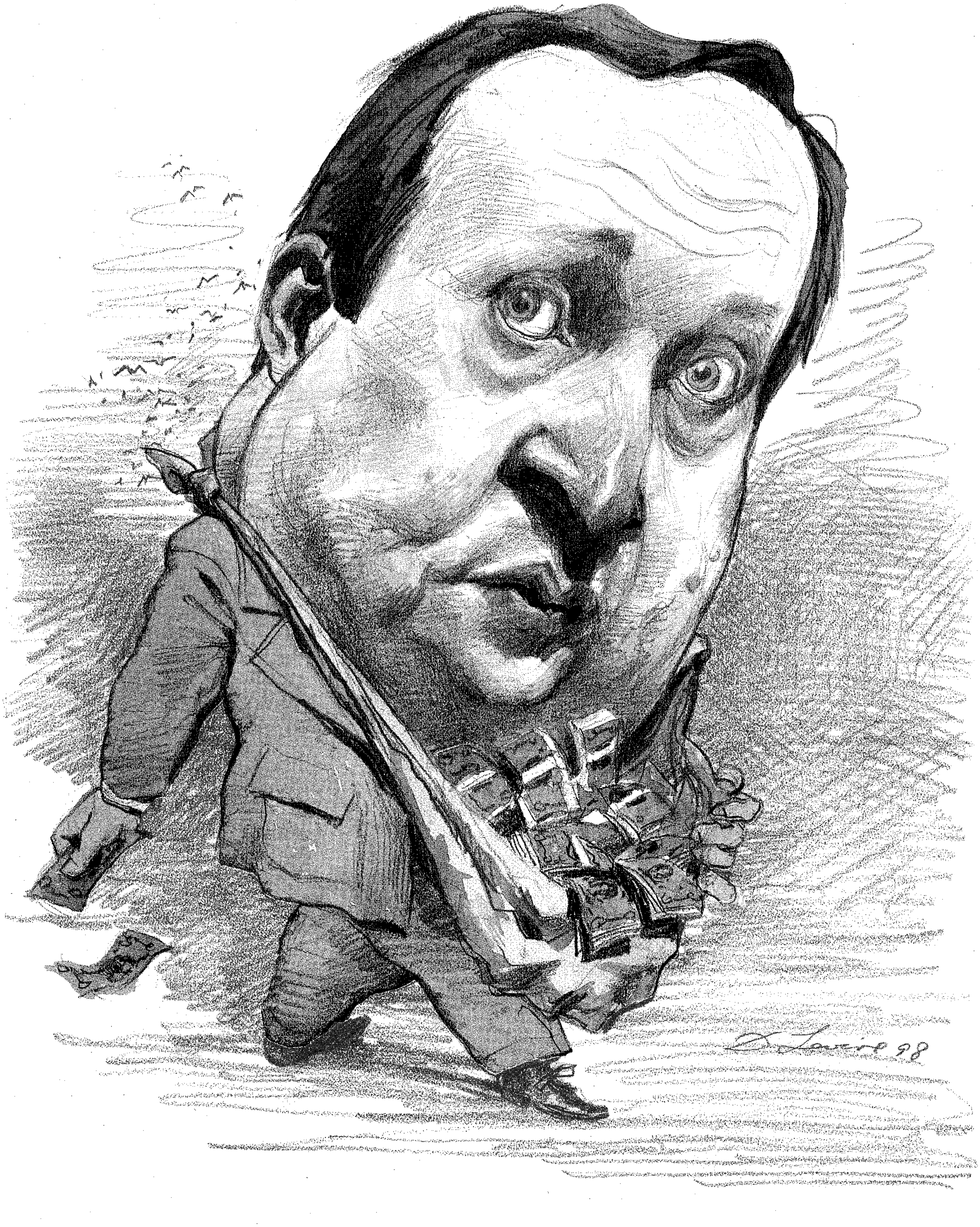
Summers, who is forty-three, has become the American government's point man on the Asian financial crisis and has built a reputation as one of the most influential figures in the Clinton Administration. After toiling for months to contain the brushfire that started last summer in Thailand and subsequently swept through Hong Kong, Indonesia, Malaysia, and South Korea, he now finds the flames threatening to engulf three much bigger and more important countries: China, Russia, and Japan. The crisis, especially if it takes firmer hold in Japan, could easily spread to the United States—and, indeed, a few sparks are already visible on Wall Street. If it does, the Deputy Treasury Secretary's hard-earned reputation won't be the only thing to suffer, but it will be one of the first.

THE night before I interviewed Summers in Tokyo, he had been up late talking by phone to his boss, Robert Rubin, the Treasury Secretary. The relationship between the two men is widely viewed as one of the closest and most effective in Washington. "Larry is seen as half of the dynamic duo," Gene Sperling, the director of the National Economic Council, told me. "The combination of Bob's feel for the markets and Larry's economic analysis makes them an incredibly effective pair." Summers's growing portfolio already extends well beyond matters of international finance. As the only sub-Cabinet-level member of the National Economic Council, he is playing a pivotal role in issues such as global warming, tobacco legislation, and the future of Social Security. He is also, perhaps, the leading intellectual exponent of "the Third Way," a nascent, and occasionally derided, political philosophy that is associated with the names of both Bill Clinton and Tony Blair; he has attended three Anglo-American wonkfests at which officials swapped notes on how to reconcile the free market with a social conscience.

The Economist recently compared Summers to another Harvard academic who moved to Washington: Henry Kissinger. Although Summers dismisses this comparison as "badly overdone," his rising stature shows that in many ways dollars and cents have become more important as components of global affairs than troops and missiles. The Clinton White House has placed the opening of markets at the center of its foreign policy, and Summers is the Administration's most articulate defender of that shift. "If the past generation tended to produce soldier-statesmen, the next generation will have to produce economist-statesmen, and that's what Larry is," Stanley Roth, the Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, told me recently. Summers has been in his current job for three years, and he is frequently mentioned as a likely successor to Rubin if the Treasury Secretary decides to quit after this year's midterm congressional elections. "I think he is the natural choice," said Roger C. Altman, the investment banker who held Summers's job during the first Clinton Administration. "He's already there, he's done well, he's involved in all the issues." Rubin apparently agrees. "He would make a very good Treasury Secretary," Rubin said of his deputy. "That has nothing to do with my plans, or with what the President might or might not do, but I think he would make a very good Treasury Secretary."

The transformation from Harvard geek to Washington player surprises many people, and not just Summers's

DAVID LEVINE



Summers's dramatic ascent has led to comparisons with another academic who moved to Washington: Henry Kissinger.

"No, thanks. I'm still hoping for a trip to the moon on gossamer wings."

former colleagues in Cambridge. During his first few years in Washington, he was widely written off as an abrasive academic who was too rough around the edges to move beyond the traditional role of economists in Washington, which is to provide expert advice that nobody much notices. A 1995 *Wall Street Journal* column by Paul Gigot declared, "Larry Summers is to humility what Madonna is to chastity," and many Democrats shared Gigot's feelings. On one occasion a few years ago, Summers delivered an upbeat briefing on the American economy to the Senate Democratic Caucus which was so out of touch with sentiment on Capitol Hill that it provoked an explosion. A person who attended the meeting told me, "I remember Ted Kennedy standing up and saying, 'Well, I don't think you ought to be popping the champagne corks just yet. When we go back home, all we hear is people are scared of losing their jobs and losing their incomes. You guys had damn well better understand that this is how people are feeling.' "

Summers's recent success is partly the result of a determined effort to reinvent himself ("Larry just got sick of being called a bull in a china shop," a close colleague of his told me), but it is mainly due to his handling of the Asian crisis. In the current state of affairs, diplomatic niceties count for nothing next to the mental ability to monitor financial developments in a dozen countries simultaneously while keeping a clear view of the over-all situation and what American policy can do to influence it. Summers is able to do all this without any apparent effort, and, since he can sometimes explain things in what, by the standards of professional economists, is plain English, he has become invaluable to the Clinton Administration. At the end of one recent Oval Office meeting on another subject, the President stopped Summers on his way out and asked him for a short rundown on Russia, Indonesia, and South Korea. Without hesitation, Summers launched into a quick but detailed sketch of the economic situation in each country. Al Gore, too, has taken a major interest in the Asian crisis, and Summers recently gave him a couple of long briefings on its causes and consequences. After the first briefing, Stanley Roth, who was also present, said that it was the single best presentation he had witnessed during twenty years in government.

THE Deputy Treasury Secretary's role isn't confined to making sure that Clinton and Gore know their ringgits from their renminbi. (The former is the Malaysian currency, the latter the Chinese.) With Rubin and a small but dedicated staff, Larry Summers has fashioned a practical response to the Asian crisis which attempts to chart a middle ground between those who believe the global financial markets should be left to their own devices and those who would try to limit the way money races around the world at the flick of a computer switch. The thinking underlying this approach—it might even be termed the Summers doctrine—has three elements: a faith in the power of global capitalism to improve the livelihood of humankind; an acknowledgment that free markets, nonetheless, occasionally need government intervention to lead them in the right direction; and a belief that only the United States has the power and inclination to provide that leadership on a world scale.

On the surface, at least, the Asian crisis appears to undercut the arguments for globalization. The details differ in each country, but the essential cause of the crisis was the unrestricted flow of capital: during the early years of this decade, when Asia's prospects appeared bright, investors from Tokyo to New York poured hundreds of billions of dollars into countries like Thailand, Indonesia, and South Korea; last year, when the same investors' assessments of the future changed, they tried to pull their money out en masse, prompting a collapse in currency markets and stock markets throughout Asia. Faced with a panic that threatened to sink their banking systems, the Asian governments were forced to appeal for help, and it arrived in the form of a hundred and fifteen billion dollars in loans negotiated by the International Monetary Fund, the Washington-based lending agency. In return for these credits, which the recipient governments used to support their currencies and pay down loans, the Asian countries agreed to undertake a series of economic reforms that, if fully enacted, will amount to dismantling the so-called "Asian model" of state-led economic development and replacing it with an Anglo-American form of capitalism.

Although the I.M.F. is nominally an international institution, Summers, under Rubin's direction, has orchestrated the Asian bailouts. (The United States is the I.M.F.'s biggest single shareholder, and the Treasury Department has an effective veto on its policies.) At a meeting in Manila last year, Summers successfully pushed for a substantial relaxation of the I.M.F.'s lending limits. Since then, he has been in constant contact with both the I.M.F. and the Asian governments about the details and implementation of the programs. In January, when the financial markets were gyrating wildly, he visited seven places—China, Hong Kong, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, and South Korea—in six days to offer reassurances about the American government's intentions. "It is fair to say that there was a lot of trepidation in the White House about Larry's trip, but in the end it went a lot better than expected," a senior figure in the Treasury Department told me. "He surprised me. I didn't realize he had the skills to handle such a delicate mission."

A number of conservatives, including George Shultz, the former Secretary of State, have attacked the very idea of I.M.F. bailouts, which, they say, encourage irresponsible policies by governments and irresponsible lending by investors. Summers concedes that this phenomenon—economists call it "moral hazard"—is a theoretical possibility, but he believes it would have been much more dangerous to stand by and let the Asian financial systems collapse as foreign investors stampeded for the exits. "The laissez-faire approach to these things has been tried before, and it is the kind of thinking that made the Great Depression great," he told me. Summers has been reading about the interwar economy, and he has compared the nineteen-nineties to the nineteen-twenties, pointing out that the earlier decade was also a period of general prosperity and buoyant financial markets, which was followed by "the twenty darkest years in the history of humanity." While acknowledging that the comparisons are by no means exact, he reminded me that it was the failure of the Austrian bank Credit-Anstalt that sparked Europe's financial crash, and added, "I don't think Asia is inherently more stable now than Europe was during the nineteen-twenties."

The comparison to the nineteen-twenties also allows Summers to attack the Republicans in Congress who are refusing to raise the government's budgetary contribution to the I.M.F., a policy he compares to Calvin Coolidge's fateful decision not to bail out the war-stricken European countries. In that sense, Summers is a familiar figure in American history: the internationalist Ivy Leaguer who goes to Washington and fights the isolationists. When I asked him to tell me the most important lesson he had learned during his five years in the Administration, he replied, "That at this point in the world the United States has a very special role. We are not just another country." The same answer could have come from Woodrow Wilson, Dean Acheson, or George Kennan.

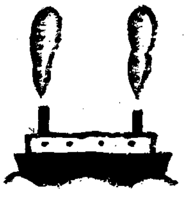
After leaving Tokyo, Summers flew to Jakarta for a day, where he met B. J. Habibie, the new Indonesian President, and then stopped off in Singapore for a few hours on the way back to Washington. Long flights and juggling time zones are a regular part of his job; he sleeps well on planes, but his itinerary changes constantly, and even when he is in Washington he is usually running behind schedule. ("Larry is the only person who could be late on a Sunday," one official remarked when the Deputy Secretary trailed into a recent weekend meeting.) Colleagues say the best time to speak to him is after 11 P.M., when his wife, Victoria, and their three young children have gone to bed. "At one point, Larry came to me and said sheepishly that Vicky had decided he couldn't accept any more calls after ten o'clock," a Treasury official told me. "But it didn't last very long."

When not on the road, Summers is an enthusiastic tennis player and a doting parent. He is also a former cancer patient. In 1983, he was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease and underwent almost a year of chemotherapy. The cancer has been in remission for more than a decade, but Summers, who is not given to introspection, acknowledges that the experience may have subconsciously prompted him to make the most of the present. "It is not an accident that I take a long vacation with my family every summer," he told me. No accident, either, that Summers is one of the most aggressive Clinton Administration critics of the tobacco companies. The doctor who treated him during his illness, David Rosenthal, is now the president of the American Cancer Society, and the two of them worked together on the ill-fated tobacco legislation.

Although Summers has been in Washington for seven years, in some ways he still hasn't fully adjusted to the world outside academia. When his special assistant, Sheryl Sandberg, turned twenty-eight last year, Summers said to her, "Congratulations, you are now a perfect number." She looked at him blankly. "Twenty-eight," he explained. "It's the sum of its divisors. The next perfect number is four hundred and ninety-six, and you won't be around then." Sandberg, who met Summers when she was an economics major at Harvard, said, "Larry, who cares about these things?" To which he replied, "How can you not care about these things?"

Summers, who was born in 1954 and grew up just outside Philadelphia, comes from a distinguished family of economists. His father, Robert, was a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, and his mother, Anita, was on the faculty of the Wharton School of Business. An uncle on his father's side, Paul Samuelson, is a Nobel Prize-winning economist at M.I.T., and his mother's brother, Kenneth Arrow, is a Nobel laureate in economics at Stanford. Summers's early passion was mathematics, not economics. At the age of eleven, he designed a study to determine if a baseball team's standing on July 4th was an accurate predictor of whether the team would make it to the World Series. After eleventh grade, he went to M.I.T., where he found that by the august standards of that institution he wasn't a standout mathematician. He therefore switched to economics, and was quickly hailed as a prodigy. In September of 1975, he entered the Harvard Ph.D. program; eight years later, at twenty-eight, he became the youngest full professor ever appointed by the Harvard economics faculty. He was already renowned as a one-man research department, producing academic papers by the dozen on such subjects as joblessness, tax policy, and the stock market.

In retrospect, Summers's most enduring intellectual contribution was methodological. At a time when most bright young economists were constructing abstract theoretical models, he was helping make it respectable to do work that, while grounded in mathematics, tackled important practical questions, such as whether the tax code inhibits investment. Some economists, including Janet Yellen, who heads the White House Council of Economic Advisers, believe the stature of his academic work could eventually win him a Nobel. (He has already won the John Bates Clark Medal, which is the top prize for economists under forty.) Others are not so sure. "If you ask me, 'What is the one fabulous thing that Larry Summers did that changed the face of economics?' I can't answer that question, and I don't think anybody can answer it," Alan Blinder, a Princeton professor and former vice-chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, told me.



In the early eighties, Summers spent a year at the White House working for his Harvard thesis adviser, Martin Feldstein, who was the chairman of Ronald Reagan's Council of Economic Advisers. "It was an apolitical, technical position—otherwise, I wouldn't have done it," Summers told me, adding that he had never voted for Reagan. When I asked him to describe his political views, he replied, "I would describe myself as a market-orientated progressive. My belief is in a middle ground—not the invisible hand, not the heavy hand, but the helping hand of government is one way to put it. Another way of putting it is that what should constrain the size of government is not the importance of its objectives but whether it can be effective in achieving them."

His political views have been questioned before. In 1991, he left Harvard to become chief economist at the World Bank. The following year, an internal memorandum that was signed by him was leaked to the press. It read, in part, "The economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest-wage country is impeccable," and also said that "underpopulated countries in Africa are vastly underpolluted . . . compared to Los Angeles." The World Bank's president at the time, Lewis T. Preston, denounced the memo as "outrageous," and Summers issued a public apology. When I asked him what he had learned from these events, he gave me a sharp grin. "I learned to read a lot more carefully what I sign," he said. It turns out that the memo was composed by a young economist who worked for him, and that Summers, after a cursory review of it, co-signed it to stimulate internal debate. "The basic sentiment, that it is good to ship toxic wastes to poor countries, is obviously all wrong," he told me. "Are there real issues about trade-offs between growth and the environment? Sure. But the way those thoughts were expressed wasn't constructive in any sense."

The toxic-memo scandal, as it came to be known, dogged Summers. In 1992, he was widely expected to be appointed as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. Instead, the job went to Laura D'Andrea Tyson, and he had to settle for Under-Secretary of the Treasury for International Affairs. (He was promoted in 1995.) Damaging as the World Bank incident was, it did gain Summers one lasting admirer: Lant Pritchett, the young economist who wrote the controversial memo. "Larry was just an extraordinarily standup guy about this," Pritchett, who is still at the World Bank, told me. "The obvious thing for him to do was distance himself from the whole thing. I strongly recommended that he say I had written it and he had just signed it. Larry said no, that wasn't his style. Whatever he signed he would take responsibility for. He took the flak, and for years it never came out that I had written the memo."

THE Deputy Secretary's office is a large, airy room on the third floor of the Treasury Department. One morning recently, Summers was sitting at a long table with David Lipton, the Under-Secretary for International Affairs, and Tim Geithner, the Assistant Secretary for International Affairs, and the three of them were discussing Russia. A peculiarity of the Asian crisis is that occasionally it spreads farther afield, to Europe or Latin America. (Economists refer to this phenomenon as "contagion.") In the days leading up to my visit, the Moscow stock market had been slumping as investors sought to unload their ruble-denominated investments. The newspapers had been full of stories about the White House's likely support of a new I.M.F. rescue package for the Yeltsin government, but shortly before the meeting Stanley Fischer, the first deputy managing director of the I.M.F., had downplayed the possibility in a press briefing.

"The I.M.F. seems to have said they don't think the Russians need any more money," Geithner, a youthful-looking thirty-six-year-old, said.

Summers's top shirt button looked as if it were ready to pop. If the I.M.F. and the Administration couldn't keep their signals straight, how could they present a united front? "Why did they do that?" he said. "I don't see why it makes any sense to do that now."

He asked an aide to call Fischer, who, as it happens, was once a teacher of his at M.I.T. While Lipton and Geithner pored over a draft press release from the White House which welcomed the Russian government's renewed commitment to economic reform and indicated the Clinton Administration's willingness to support expanded lending by the I.M.F., he took the call to Fischer at his desk and asked what was going on. After a few minutes, he returned to the table.

"He said he was just replying to questions from reporters," Summers said. "If he had said the money was necessary, they would have reported it was a done deal. He was just being cautious."

That problem out of the way, Summers turned his attention to the press release. After reading it through, he grimaced. Summers may be an international player, but he's also a No. 2. "I don't think Bob would be comfortable about this," he said slowly.

SUMMERS first met Rubin eleven years ago, when he was advising Michael Dukakis on economics and Rubin was raising money for Dukakis. Rubin was so impressed by the young Harvard professor that he hired him as a consultant for Goldman, Sachs, the Wall Street firm of which he was vice-chairman. "Larry, in many ways, may be the most extraordinary intellect I have ever worked with, and I've been around a lot of places and met a lot of people," Rubin, who is fifty-nine and slight, with dark rings around his eyes, told me an hour later. We were sitting in his office, which is just down the hall from Summers's. "He conceptualizes extraordinarily well. He analyzes with enormous rigor. And at the same time he has a tremendous practical feel. It's very rare to find all these things together in any measurable degree in one person."

Washington insiders often describe the relationship between Rubin and Summers as a teacher-pupil arrangement, but Rubin described it as "a partnership," designed to "get the broadest range of output out of two people working together." Certainly it is a case of opposites attracting. Rubin is a low-key pragmatist with a taste for expensive wines and a reputation as an astute political operator. Summers—until he met Rubin, anyway—was widely seen as an intellectual bully who subsisted largely on diet Coke and was deaf to political nuances. "I think Larry has grown a lot in this job," Rubin went on. "He has learned to present his views, and even to think about his views, with a recognition of other people's different views and the possible legitimacy of views different from his. Sometimes he comes on too strong, but basically he has learned to handle that quite well."

Summers's friends say that he has studied Rubin's methods like a textbook and has altered his own behavior accordingly. Summers doesn't deny it. "I think I have learned a great deal from watching how he handles all kinds of situations, and I am much wiser for having worked closely with him," he told me. Despite their different personalities, the two get along well, and often share jokes at each other's expense. When Summers told reporters he thought the Republicans were "selfish" for wanting to eliminate the inheritance tax, Rubin, who is worth upward of a hundred million dollars, came in the next morning and said that although he didn't mind what Summers had said, his kids certainly did.

Rubin insists on openness and informality in decision-making, and the decision to support the yen was a case in point. It was debated vigorously for several hours in the Deputy Secretary's office by Summers, Lipton, Geithner, and another Treasury official, Caroline Atkinson. Rubin joined the meeting only at seven-thirty in the evening, and it ran another two hours before the Treasury Secretary made his final decision. Initially, Rubin and Summers were skeptical; they believed that intervention in the currency markets would not work unless it was backed up by new policy initiatives from the government in Tokyo. It was Geithner who steadily maintained that the Japanese were serious about reform and that doing nothing was an even worse option, because it might well provoke renewed chaos in other Asian markets.

RUBIN'S glowing assessment of Summers's performance isn't shared by everybody in the Department of the Treasury, which oversees the Internal Revenue Service, the Customs Service, the United States Mint, and the Secret Service. The Deputy Treasury Secretary is traditionally a hands-on manager, but Summers had minimal experience in that area, and, according to one former senior official at the department, his brusque manner alienated many of the department heads. "What was fascinating was to watch how people just shut down after a couple of meetings with him," the official told me. "No matter what people said, he would take them on, or demean them in some way. Eventually, people would just have nothing to say. It was directly attributable to how people felt they were being received."

Summers's biggest management test came in 1997, in handling the I.R.S., which was being attacked for abusing taxpayers and bungling its technology upgrades. He hired an outside expert to review and revamp the agency's technology programs and recruited an able manager from the private sector, Charles Rossotti, to become commissioner, but critics say this was too little too late. "Larry does not like to make decisions. He will not make a decision, or he will make it and change his mind an hour later," a person familiar with relations between the I.R.S. and the Treasury Department told me. "He would send

GODZILLA
VS.
THE ANGRY MOVIE EXECUTIVES
I'M SORRY! I'M SORRY!
Do you have ANY IDEA how much money you cost us?
You could have tried just a little bit harder, pal.
GODDAM FAT, STUPID HAS-BEEN LIZARD!

one group at Treasury to look at one issue, and another group to look at the same issue, but not tell them they were doing the same thing. You had people falling all over each other." Late last year, Summers and Rubin suffered a humiliating defeat on the supervision of the I.R.S. when, after a series of sensational congressional hearings, the White House abruptly reversed course and accepted calls for an external board of directors to oversee the agency. "Summers and his team just adopted a very confrontational line," Jeff Trinca, who was the staff director of the National Commission on Restructuring the I.R.S., told me. "What Treasury didn't understand is that for politicians on the Hill this is like shooting fish in a barrel."

Ultimately, of course, Summers's strengths or weaknesses as an administrator are far less important than his success or failure as a policymaker. That outcome rests largely on Japan, which makes up almost seventy per cent of the entire Asian economy. If Japan were to take another downward lurch, the consequences for the rest of the world could be disastrous. Summers remains hopeful about the Asian situation, but he concedes that there are still "very substantial uncertainties." Ultimately, he will be judged, as all economists should be, on the correctness of his analysis and policy prescriptions. Some in the profession, notably Jeffrey Sachs, a former colleague of Summers's at Harvard, argue that the I.M.F. programs have made things worse, not better. Others, including James Tobin, of Yale, think the best way to restore stability to the world economy is to limit the flow of speculative capital—something the Treasury Department is unwilling to countenance.

Summers compares the arrival of global financial markets to the invention of the jet engine. Most of the time, he says, the free flow of capital brings higher rates of economic growth in developing countries, but it also means that crashes, when they occur, are more dramatic. He argues that the best way to prevent such crashes is not to stop jets flying, or to try to disinvent them, but to lengthen airport runways—by which he means that places like Indonesia and South Korea should adopt American-style legal and banking systems so they are less vulnerable to panics.

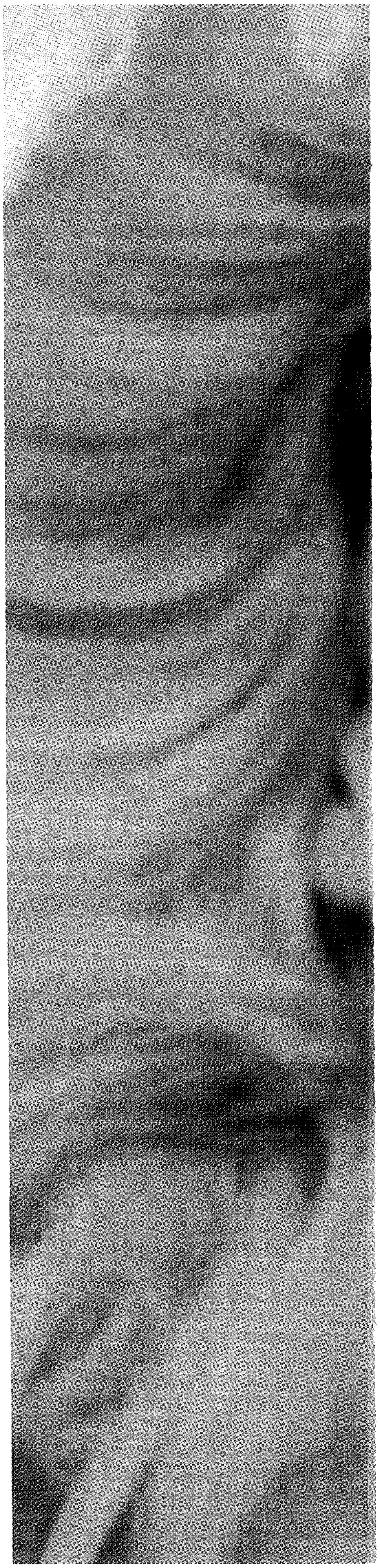
Some observers like to point out that Summers is essentially an American triumphalist, who preserves his country's international hegemony not by gunboat diplomacy but by economic manipulation. And it is true that in public appearances Summers is given to referring to "the power of the American idea" and making comments like "Only in America can you make your first one hundred million before you buy your first suit." Many critics, especially foreign critics, find such comments arrogant and galling. After Summers appeared recently before the Council on Foreign Relations, in New York, I asked him how the pronouncements of a Democratic Administration official could resonate with such a Reaganesque tenor.

He disputed my characterization, and insisted that his faith in the American way is based on practical, not ideological, grounds. "It has turned out that the greater American emphasis on incentives and the lesser emphasis on coördination are better adapted to this constellation of circumstances than the dirigiste model," he said, sounding like the Harvard professor he used to be. "That may not always be the case, but it is the case now." ♦

EVERYWOMAN

"Hedwig and the Angry Inch"—the wildly popular rock-and-roll nightclub act that makes "Rent" look like a fairy tale—has turned the actor and playwright John Cameron Mitchell into a star. But he's not just another guy in a dress. Between songs (accompanied by the band Cheater, whose leader, Stephen Trask, wrote the excellent score), Hedwig tells her forlorn story: a sex-change operation (botched, hence "the angry inch") to win an American soldier stationed in East Berlin; life as a prostitute after he abandons her in a Kansas trailer park; her unrequited love for a rocker she taught to sing, whose career goes global while she works a seedy club. Hedwig has led a sad, trashy life, and yet she is somehow noble—and preposterously funny. Mitchell attributes his show's appeal to our "post-gay, post-sexual" society. "Everyone can relate to Hedwig sitting alone in that trailer park," he says. Mitchell goes on hiatus for a month starting July 6th, but Michael Cerveris will step in and Hedwig will soldier on: Mitchell won't have been the first man to leave her behind.

Photograph by Max Vadukul

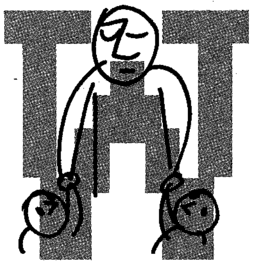


FICTION

THE BOYS

A father and his sons and the ineffable value of Smucker's plum jelly.

BY ETHAN COEN



WHY the Crazy Horse Pageant? The father surmised that the word "pageant" had tripped something in Davey's brain, and now he had even managed to get his younger brother, Bart—phlegmatic Bart—worked up about it. The poster said that it would take place at the fairgrounds in Sturgis, South Dakota, at 9 A.M. on August 17th—in three days' time, just at the end of their camping trip. The poster had been up for so long that it was difficult to make out the list of events that constituted the day-long show, but apparently it would be a celebration in drama, recitation, and Native American song of the life and times of the great Lakota war chief.

The father tasted bile in the back of his throat as soon as Davey started talking about it. When he told the boy that they couldn't go, Davey kept repeating, "Dad, I'd understand if there was a *reason*." The father was infuriated both by the insufferable expression and because, although there *was* a reason, it was one of pure, punishing inconvenience, and that was a concept which no eight-year-old could be made to understand. Going to the pageant would mean getting up at six o'clock on their last day, to strike the tent and pack the camping gear, and driving an hour and a half in the wrong direction, away from home. Then, if they did, in fact, stay all day, the three of them would have to spend another night sleeping in a crummy motel on the way back.

He remembered the chlorine-scented motel room they'd stayed in on the way to the Black Hills, where he'd sat rigidly in a chair damped by one of the boys' swimsuits trying to read a book but managing only to stare endlessly at the same page while listening to the clunk and hum of a distant ice machine. He had been thinking about the series of irritating tasks the camping trip held in store: he would have to blow up air mattresses, clear stones from beneath one child's mattress, pretend to clear stones from beneath the aggrieved other child's mattress, build a fire, make the fire bigger, make the fire smaller, make the fire a different shape, accompany each child to the latrine in the middle of the night, hyperextend his shoulder groping beneath the car seat for important toys and fetishes, swab soda pop and sick-up off the upholstery, and otherwise cater to the children's needs, real and imagined, while listening to Davey's non-stop suggestions and complaints. He had just managed to work himself into a vibrating rage of self-recrimination for having agreed to take the boys to the Black Hills when a man in the room next door had a trumpeting bowel movement. Davey had screamed with laughter. Later, the three of them had had dinner in a café attached to the motel, Bart eating rice, Davey slurping down a mucilaginous beef Stroganoff, and the father picking at a club sandwich. Later still, with the children asleep next to him, their arms outflung and mouths agape, the father had sat in bed watching a fuzzed-over TV talk show with the volume turned low. The guests—the usual show-business whores and crybabies—did not interest him, but the inane program did somehow turn his leaping fury into smaller waves of anger and depression that rippled across his body like water over a smooth flat stone.

Bart, who had finally learned to talk but chose to do so only at odd moments, was three years younger than Davey and had developed an obsessive interest in "Sesame Street." He enjoyed all the books and videos, but for some months now his chiefest interest had been a catalogue of Sesame Street products. He preferred the catalogue to any of the products themselves and would sit hunched over it for hours at a time, carefully examining each page. When he reached the last page, he would gaze at it, turn it, study the back cover at length, then flip the catalogue over and start again. He insisted that his parents mend each small tear with Scotch tape, and, by virtue of this and the many dog-ears and wrinkles that had accumulated over the months, the catalogue was now about twice its original thickness.

When Bart learned that there was a Sesame Street theme park, called Sesame Place, in Pennsylvania, he had agitated to visit it and, when he was told that it was too far to visit, had had a disturbing tantrum. He went rigid and the cords in his neck stood out, and first his face and then his entire body turned red. Temper tantrums like this, worse than any he had ever had before, became chronic. They began to overwhelm his body to such an extent that his parents worried that they were seizures of some sort. They took Bart to the pediatrician and triggered one by prying the Sesame Street catalogue out of his hands. The doctor observed the fit and told them that it was not dangerous but suggested that the child was perhaps immature. Everyone except Bart had felt foolish.

But the lobbying to visit Sesame Place had consisted of more than tantrums. When Bart did speak, it was of nothing else. Family life became a hellishly endless argument about Sesame Place. Bart was a rock—small, stolid, immovable, diverting the stream of every conversation toward one Nirvana-like end. Finally, the parents gave in and took a weekend holiday there, both of them bored, Davey indifferent, Bart in a trance. He wandered around clutching his catalogue, eyes wide, soaking it in. His head made jerky robotic swings here and there to focus on each Sesame Street character that swam into view, depicted on signs, rides, gift displays,

ANDERS WENNGREN

other visitors' T-shirts. Although Bart never smiled or in any other way appeared to be enjoying himself, he did leave the park with a deep air of soul satisfaction.

THE camping trip went about as expected. The second-to-last night Davey did indeed wake his father to help him find his robe and escort him to the latrine; for some reason, he would not urinate out-of-doors against a tree. Even in the latrine, Davey would pee only once the father had found a stick to shoo away the sluggish and elaborately armored bugs that feast on dung, and then the father had to keep his flashlight trained on Davey's penis so that he could see what he was doing. When they got back to the tent and the father had crawled back into his sleeping bag, he was immediately called upon to rise again and return to the latrine path with the flashlight to find a card depicting the Indian tribes of the Dakotas which had been in the pocket of Davey's robe, and as soon as he got back again Bart decided that he, too, had to go to the latrine. Halfway there, the father, fearing that he would have to spend another ten minutes patting the shells of dung bugs with a stick, persuaded Bart to pee against a tree, but Bart ended up peeing largely into a flap of his robe, which then dripped down onto his shoe. The father had to rise early the next morning—not a problem in itself, as he had never managed to fall back to sleep—in order to rinse the robe and the shoe in the river before preparing breakfast.

Breakfast involved the use of multiple pots and pans, because Davey would eat only oatmeal and Bart would throw a tantrum if he didn't have a jelly omelette. As the father waited for the eggs to cook, he tried to puzzle out which of his life's missteps had brought him to the point where he could venture into the wild only if he was armed with an omelette pan and a large jar of Smucker's plum jelly. He tended to see himself, in these bitter and paranoid moments, as a rat in an elaborate and cruelly pointless behavioral experiment. Marriage, child rearing, even the physical act of sex appeared as quivering compulsions subject to the cool scrutiny of some higher clinician. His smoldering alienation reached a climax the next morning when, after he had struck the tent, packed the car, and got about halfway to Sturgis for the Crazy Horse Pageant, Davey said, "Dad, car's burning."

It was true. Whenever they came to a stop, smoke would plume from the undercarriage; resumed motion would whip the smoke away so that it was no longer visible. The father's jaw became rigid and his grip tightened on the wheel. He reduced his speed for the rest of the drive to Sturgis and eased the car into what seemed to be the town's only service station. A lined and grizzled man with the name "EGON" stitched onto his engineer's overalls stared at the father through pale-blue eyes as he described the problem. The mechanic told the father curtly that he would "diagnose it," and the father pulled Bart out of the back seat, where he was studying his Sesame Street catalogue. Egon got into the car and, with the door still open and his left leg trailing outside, pulled it onto the hydraulic lift, leaving the father and Bart to sit in the service-station office on two metal chairs, whose torn mint-green upholstery sprouted dirty white stuffing. As Bart resumed his study of the Sesame Street catalogue, the father picked up a copy of a Rapid City newspaper. He noted with irritation that it contained no news, only stories headlined "INVESTORS STAND BY LANDFILL DEVELOPER" and "COUPLE'S GENEROSITY WILL SEND CHILD TO SUMMER CAMP" and the like, and that its two-page arts section consisted of a half page of small ads for hair-loss remedies and abridged wire-service profiles of the usual show-business whores and crybabies. While he leafed through the paper, a loud bell periodically clanged in the office as Davey, outside, hopped up and down on the tire belt.

Egon soon came in, wiping his hands on a dirty rag, his crinkling gray hair spotted with black oil. Davey ran in after him and stood next to his father's chair, laid one hand on the armrest, and stared up as Egon tersely explained the problem. The transmission, it seemed, was leaking fluid onto the exhaust pipe and the fluid burned off as the pipe heated up. It was a slow leak, and Egon had put in a quart of transmission fluid; they could continue to use the car until it was convenient to get the leak fixed so long as they kept an eye on the fluid level. The father thanked him, paid him, and got, he thought, a particularly sour look when he asked for directions to the fairgrounds.

"Dad," said Davey when they were back in the car and driving again, "that guy had gunk in his hair."

It was after nine-thirty when they pulled into the large rutted field that was the fairgrounds parking lot. It was empty. A low stake fence separated the lot from the fairgrounds proper, which was another large, rutted field, equally empty.

As Bart sat reading and the idling car plumed smoke, the father and Davey stared out at the bare field. Songbirds twittered.

"Dad, what's goin' on?"

On the drive back into town the scenery seemed to pulse as blood pounded behind the father's eyeballs. He pulled into the service station, and Egon emerged from the office, his expression blank.

The father rolled down his window, stuck his head out and sucked in the hot air that wafted back across the hood, all its oxygen burned away. "Isn't there an Indian pageant out at the fairgrounds?"

Egon stared at him. "Last year," he said.

MORNING sun glared on the Formica and kicked off the chrome of the Sturgis Diner, where they decided to have breakfast before starting back. The father squinted up as the waitress arrived, and asked if she had any aspirin.

"We're not allowed to give customers aspirin."

He gazed at her. "Why?"

"We could be sued."

The father nodded, as if acknowledging the statement's sense. At length he said, "I'll have the fruit salad." He nodded at Davey. "Oatmeal for him." He nodded at Bart. "And he'll have a two-egg omelette."

"He wants two eggs?"

"Yes."

"How does he want them?"

"Huh? An omelette."

"In almlet?"

"*An* omelette, a two-egg omelette."

"Um . . ."

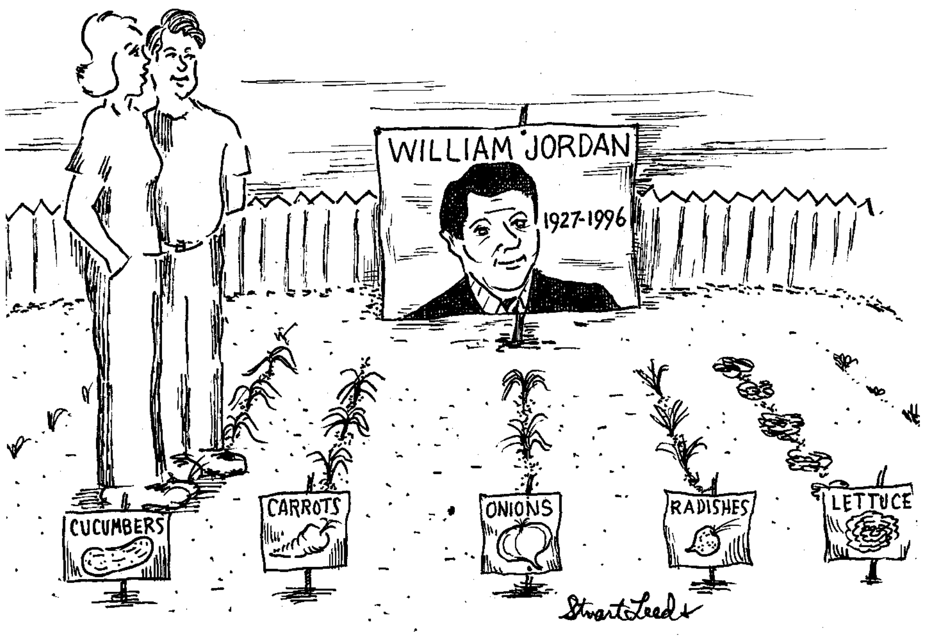
"You know, an omelette."

"What's that?"

"You don't know what an omelette is?"

"No."

"Well, just tell the cook. He'll know. It's eggs, like scrambled eggs, but you



"Bill wanted to be buried in the garden."

• •

don't squish them around in the pan. An omelette."

"I'll ask." Her voice was tight, as if she suspected a put-on.

When she left, Davey said, "Can't they make Bart an omelette, Dad?"

"They'll make an omelette." At home, Bart's mother would slather the Smucker's plum jelly onto the nearly cooked eggs before folding them over, but they found that at restaurants—which, as a rule, would not prepare jelly omelettes—Bart would allow them to order a plain omelette and then spread jelly on top of it. But here, for the first time, was a place that did not serve omelettes at all. And worse still, as if in a preposterously banal episode of "The Twilight Zone," they had not even heard of them.

Bart liked rice as well. In fact, jelly omelettes aside, Bart liked only rice. He would pour ketchup onto his rice and mash it in with a fork. They called it Spanish rice and once at a Spanish restaurant they had ordered Bart the real thing. He took one forkful, spat it out, and started screaming. The father slapped him, and Bart shrieked louder and flung his plate to the ground. The father yanked him up and hustled him out of the restaurant, stomping Spanish rice into the deep red carpet, Bart tucked under one arm like a football.

The waitress came back. "Well, the cook knows what it is, but we don't have it on the menu."

"O.K., but he can make one?"

"It's not on the menu."

"But the cook knows how to make one."

"I'm sorry, sir, it's not on the menu."

"Wait a minute. You went back there to see if he could make an omelette. He told you that he *could* make an omelette. In fact, if anything, it's *less* work than scrambled eggs."

"I don't know about that." She matched the slowness of his speech. "He does say he knows what they are. But. It's not on the menu, sir. We don't serve the almlet."

Davey was sniggering; Bart was still absorbed by his catalogue.

"You knew it wasn't on the menu before. And yet you entertained the idea of serving one. You went to find out if you could. So, you were then entertaining the idea of serving something not on the menu."

The waitress squinted incomprehension. "I *what*?"

The father choked down his rage. "All right," he said. "All right." He tried to concentrate. What would Adolf Hitler do in this situation? Or Joe Stalin? He tried to picture Hitler at the counter in a feed cap and overalls, stirring coffee, buttocks squashed against a stool. But it was hard to imagine what, exactly, Hitler would do. There were so many cultural differences.

"All right," said the father. "He'll have two scrambled eggs. And just ask the cook not to squish them around in the pan."

The waitress looked at him narrowly and, after a wordless moment, snapped the menu out of his hand and left.

"Are they gonna make Bart an omelette, Dad?"

"Yes."

The waitress was talking with the cook behind the counter as she clipped the order ticket onto a revolving metal wheel. The cook must have been a very short person—all that was visible of him was the top of a nodding white hat.

"She said they wasn't."

"She said they weren't. But they will."

"What's wrong? Are they dumbbells?"

The father sipped his coffee. The pain behind his eyes had dulled and the wave of irritation was receding. He waited patiently for it to disappear, concentrating on it as it ebbed away, no longer threatened by it. He was in control now. It was faint, very faint; he was like a great yogi listening to his own heartbeat.

Eventually, the waitress returned. She put a bowl of oatmeal in front of Davey, a fountain glass filled with canned fruit in front of the father, and two eggs, fried, sunny-side up, in front of Bart. She left.

Bart looked up from his Sesame Street catalogue and stared at the glistening eggs. They vibrated slightly as a truck rumbled by outside.

The father watched with a cold clutch of fear, bracing himself for Bart's tantrum. He tried to still his dread by picturing himself muscling the waitress back through the swinging doors into the kitchen and, with one hand bending her arm back behind her, forcing her face down into a panful of frying eggs, and then giving her neck a vigorous whisking motion so that her nose whipped the eggs while she loudly blubbered.

But then, that would not be an omelette, either.

As Bart continued to stare at the eggs, the waitress returned with a small plate holding two pieces of limp white buttered toast, cut diagonally in half. "Comes with the eggs," she said, and walked away.

Bart, oddly, had not lost his equanimity. His eyes wandered over the table seeking, as it turned out, jelly; he pulled a packet of it from the plastic caddy on which several were stacked. He picked up a piece of toast and carefully spread the jelly on it as it drooped around his hand; he rotated the hand in order to cover the entire piece. This done, he turned the piece over to spread jelly on its other side.

Davey was eating his oatmeal, his eyes on his brother's plate. "That's not an omelette," he said. "Are we gonna complain, Dad?"

Bart started eating the toast and went back to his catalogue. The father sipped his coffee.

"Dad? That's not an omelette."

WHEN Bart had eaten all his toast, he started drinking the syrup out of the father's fruit salad. He choked on it rather theatrically and got a great deal of both the syrup and his own drool on his T-shirt, so the father helped him to take it off, Bart holding his catalogue first in one hand and then the other as each arm was pulled free.

He ambled on ahead to the car as the father and Davey went to the register to pay. The waitress rang up the bill and, while accepting the money, gave them a rote "Was everything satisfactory?"

The father stared at her.

Davey looked at his father, looked at the waitress, grasped that the bridge of communication had been blown, and tossed his own rope across the chasm: "Nuh-uh, lady—that wasn't an omelette."

The father grimaced as contempt gave way to pity in the woman's face. Clearly, she was thinking that Davey was a brat, but that little more could be expected from a child with such a boorish parent. The father felt his muscles knot. He wanted to strike both her and the child.

This, though, was Davey. More mysterious were his screaming nightmares, which he was never able to describe. They suggested that some of his stranger behavior was terror-averting. He had once meticulously copied the periodic table out of an encyclopedia, all the elements properly arranged and listed, each with its symbol and atomic number. He had shown his father the paper, saying, "Look, Dad, these are all the elements in the world." The father had been touched by the careful lettering and the neat enumeration of every element, from hydrogen down to californium and einsteinium. Wanting to encourage the boy, he had asked if he would like to have a chemistry set. "Sure, Dad." The father himself had had a chemistry set as a child. He could remember using it to make bluing, though he could no longer remember what bluing was.

He had bought the chemistry set for Davey, but it sat in his room unopened, and the father realized that Davey's copying the periodic table had not been due to any intellectual curiosity—for the child had none—but had simply been an obsessive act. It was the sort of thing that Bart might also do in three years' time, except that Bart would not seek praise. And not only would he never show his father his periodic table, he would probably shriek if anyone tried to look at it.

When they stepped out into the parking lot, Davey said, "Boy, is this a one-horse town, huh, Dad!"

It was sunny and warm. Bart was standing shirtless by the back door of the car, waiting patiently, dwarfed by the white-capped mountains. He was gazing down at the open catalogue, the spine of which rested upon the slope of his jutting belly. He studied it, jam and syrup shining on his chin, as it rose and fell with his breathing.

Davey repeated, "This is a one-horse town, huh, Dad?"

The car was not locked, but one of Bart's peculiarities was that he would not climb into a car. The door had to be opened for him, and he would then allow himself to be clumsily hoisted in, like an effigy of Prince Charles on its way to Madame Tussaud's. Tables, chairs, counters he would clamber onto, under, and around—anywhere but into a car. The father wondered at this, not for the first time. He felt a congestion in his chest. What was it about the boys? His anger swelled at them and at a world he was certain would make losers of both of them, the one a suck-ass, the other a mute. Why should disappointment be propagated through another generation, a cruel snap traveling down an endless rope?

"Dad, can we go camping again today? Drive back tomorrow?"

What did they want with him? Who were they?

"Dad?" ♦

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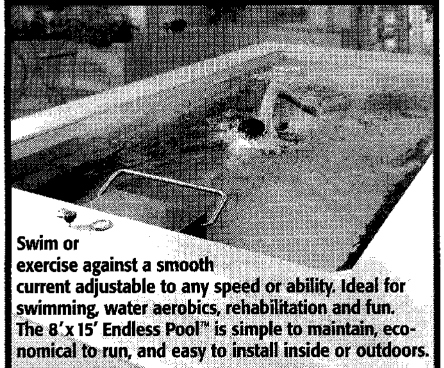
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A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE SPIN MYTH

Are our spin meisters just spinning one another?

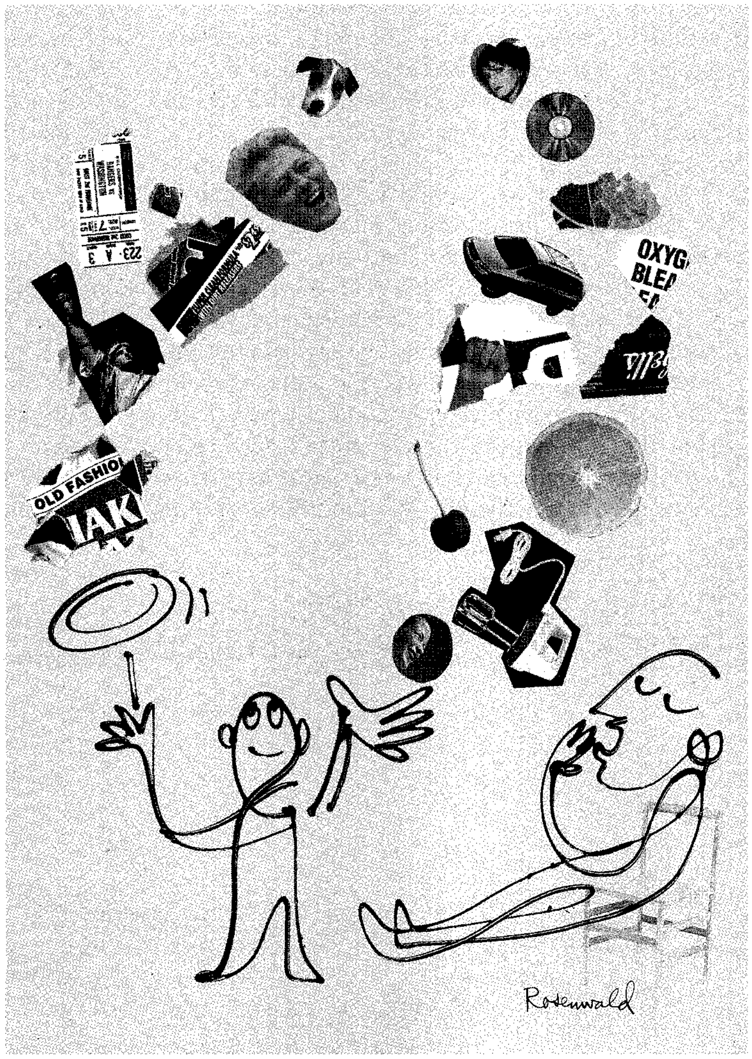
BY MALCOLM GLADWELL

On Easter Sunday, 1929, the legendary public-relations man Edward L. Bernays rounded up ten carefully chosen women, put cigarettes in their hands, and sent them down Fifth Avenue in what was billed as the Torches of Freedom march. The marchers were given detailed instructions, including when and how their cigarettes should be lit. Spokeswomen were enlisted to describe the protest as an advance for feminism. Photographers were hired to take pictures. It was an entirely contrived event that nonetheless looked so "real" that the next day it made front-page headlines across the country, prompting a debate over whether women should be allowed to smoke as freely as men, and—some historians believe—forever changing the social context of cigarettes. What Bernays never told anyone was that he was working for the American Tobacco Company.

It is difficult to appreciate how brazen Bernays's ruse was at the time. In the twenties, the expectation was that if you were trying to sell people something—even if you were planning to deceive them in the process—you had at least to admit that you were trying to sell them something. Bernays was guided by the principle that this wasn't true: that sometimes the best way to sell something (cigarettes, say) was to pretend to be selling something else (freedom, say).

Bernays helped the brewing industry establish beer as "the beverage of moderation." For Dixie cups, he founded the Committee for the Study and Promotion of the Sanitary Dispensing of Food and Drink. For the Mack truck company, he drummed up national support for highway construction through front groups called the Trucking Information Service, the Trucking Service Bureau, and Better Living Through Increased Highway Transportation. In a torrent of books and articles (including one book, "Crystallizing Public Opinion," that was found in Joseph Goebbels's library) he argued that the P.R. professional could "continuously and systematically" perform the task of "regimenting the public mind." He wasn't talking about lying. He was talking about artful, staged half-truth. It's the kind of sly deception that we've come to associate with the Reagan Administration's intricately scripted photo ops (the cowboy hats, the flannel shirts, the horse), with the choreographed folksiness of Clinton's Town Hall meetings, with the "Wag the Dog" world of political operatives, and with the Dilbertian byways of boardroom euphemism, in which firing is "rightsizing" and dismembering companies becomes "unlocking shareholder value." Edward L. Bernays invented spin.

Today, we're told, Bernays's touch is everywhere. The advertising critic Randall Rothenberg has suggested that there is something called a Media-Spindustrial Complex, which encompasses advertising, P.R., lobbying, polling, direct mail, investor relations, focus groups, jury consulting, speechwriting, radio and television stations, and newspapers—all in the business of twisting and turning and gyrating. Argument now masquerades as conversation. Spin, the political columnist E. J. Dionne wrote recently, "obliterates the distinction between persuasion and deception." Should P.R. people tell "the whole truth about our clients? No sirree!" Thomas Madden, the chairman of one of the largest P.R. firms in the country, declares in his recent memoir, entitled "Spin Man." In the best-seller "Spin Cycle: Inside the Clinton Propaganda Machine," Howard Kurtz, the media critic for the Washington *Post*, even describes as spin the White House's decision in the spring of 1997 to release thousands of pages of documents relating to the Democratic fund-raising scandal. This was the documentation that the press had been clamoring for. You might have thought that it was full disclosure. Not so, says Kurtz, who dubs the diabolical plan Operation Candor. In playing the honesty card, he argues, the White House preëmpted embarrassing leaks by congressional investigators and buried incriminating documents under an avalanche of paper. Of course, not releasing any documents at all would also have been spin (Stonewall Spin), and so would releasing only a handful of unrepresentative documents (Selection Spin). But, if you think that calling everything "spin" renders the term meaningless (if this is all spin, then what is not spin?), you've missed the point. The notion that this is the age of spin rests on the premise that everything, including the truth, is potentially an instrument of manipulation.



Spin sets in motion a never-ending cycle of skepticism.

LAURIE ROSENWALD

In "P.R.!: A Social History of Spin," the media critic Stuart Ewen describes how, in 1990, he went to visit Bernays at his home near Harvard Square, in Cambridge. He was ushered in by a maid and waited in the library, looking, awestruck, at the shelves. "It was a remarkable collection of books, thousands of them: about public opinion, individual and social psychology, survey research, propaganda, psychological warfare, and so forth—a comprehensive library spanning matters of human motivation and strategies of influence, scanning a period of more than one hundred years," he writes. "These were not the bookshelves of some shallow huckster, but the arsenal of an intellectual. The crosshairs of nearly every volume were trained on the target of forging public attitudes. Here—in a large white room in Cambridge, Massachusetts—was the constellation of ideas that had inspired and informed a twentieth century preoccupation: the systematic molding of public opinion."

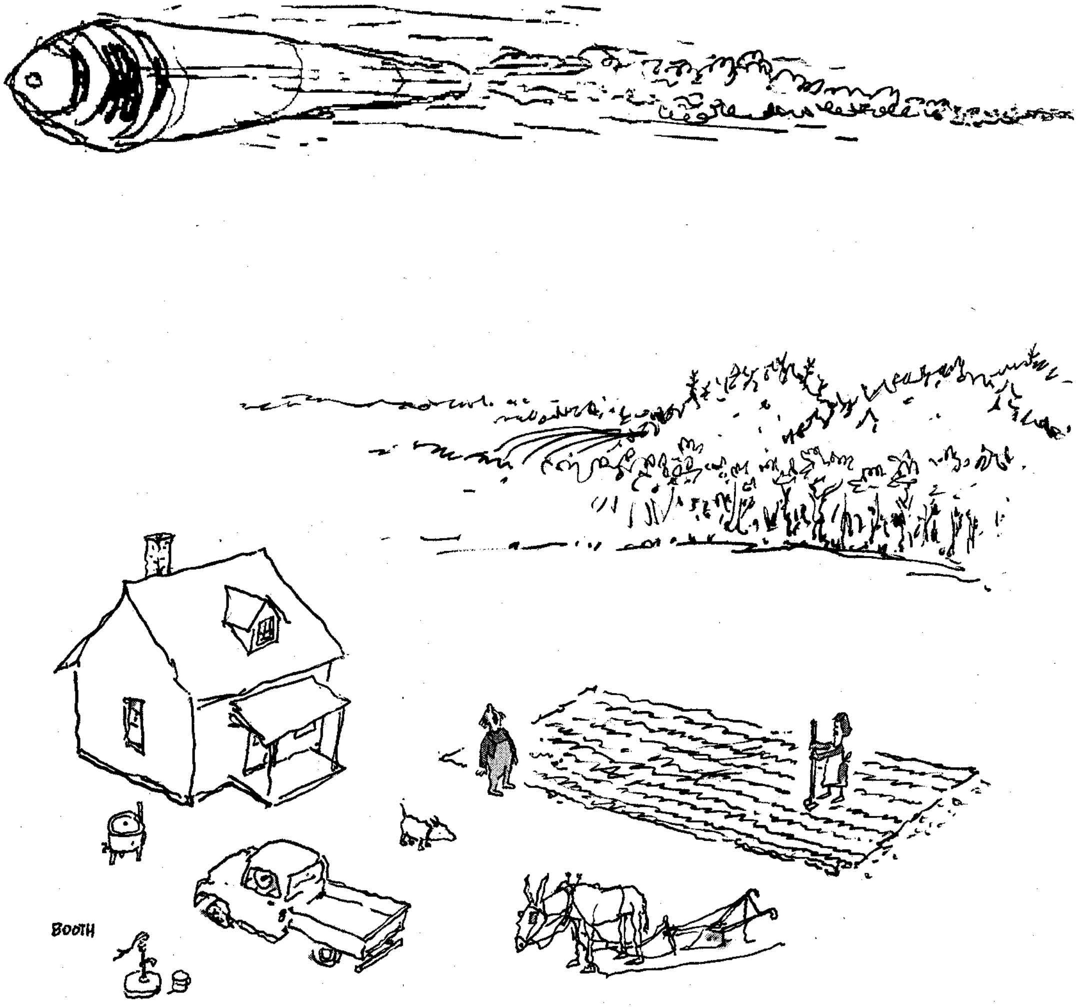
Suddenly, Ewen's reverie was broken. In walked Bernays, a "puckish little man" of ninety-eight, with "swift eyes," who looked like "an aged Albert Einstein." Bernays led Ewen past his picture gallery—Bernays and Henry Ford, Bernays and Thomas Edison, Bernays and Eisenhower, Bernays en route to the 1919 Paris Peace Conference, an autographed photo of Sigmund Freud, who was Bernays's uncle. And for four hours Bernays and Ewen talked. Ewen was "entranced": he had located the fountainhead of all spin. At one point, Bernays hypothesized about how he might have promoted Ewen's previous book, which was an account of consumer imagery in the modern economy. He would, he said, have called the big consumer organizations and suggested to them that they devote one of their annual meetings to a discussion of consumers and images. Ewen thought nothing of it. Then, three months later, he got a call from the president of the Consumer Federation of America asking him if he wanted to be the keynote speaker at its annual meeting. Was Bernays behind it? Was he still spinning, even as he approached his hundredth birthday? Ewen never found out. "Yet the question remained, and remains, open," he writes, in the breathless opening chapter of his book. "Things had uncannily come to pass much as Bernays had described in his hypothetical disquisition on the work of a P.R. practitioner, and I was left to ponder whether there is any reality anymore, save the reality of public relations."

THE curious thing about our contemporary obsession with spin, however, is that we seldom consider whether spin works. We simply assume that, because people are everywhere trying to manipulate us, we're being manipulated. Yet it makes just as much sense to assume the opposite: that the reason spin is everywhere today is that it *doesn't* work—that, because the public is getting increasingly inured to spin, spinners feel they must spin even harder, on and on, in an ever-escalating arms race. The Torches of Freedom march worked because nobody had ever pulled a stunt like that before. Today, those same marchers would be stopped cold at ten feet. (First question at the press conference: Who put you up to this?) Once spun, twice shy. When, last week, the Clinton spokesman Rahm Emanuel called Steven Brill's revelations about Kenneth Starr's leaking to the press a "bombshell," that was spin, but we are so accustomed to Rahm Emanuel's spinning that the principal effect of his comment was to prompt a meta-discussion about, of all things, his comment. ("If the wonderful word oleaginous didn't exist," Frank Rich wrote in the *Times,* "someone would have to invent it to describe Rahm Emanuel.") Emanuel might have been better off saying nothing at all, except that—under the Howard Kurtz rule—this, too, would have been decoded as an attempt to spin us, by ostentatiously letting the Brill revelations speak for themselves: Silent Spin, perhaps. Spin sets into motion a never-ending cycle of skepticism.

There is a marvellous illustration of this arms-race problem in the work of two psychology professors, Deborah Gruenfeld and Robert Wyer, Jr. They gave people statements that were said to be newspaper headlines, and asked them to rate their plausibility, on a scale of zero to ten. Since the headlines basically stated the obvious—for example, "BLACK DEMOCRATS SUPPORTED JESSE JACKSON FOR PRESIDENT IN 1988"—the scores were all quite high. The readers were then given a series of statements that contradicted the headlines. Not surprisingly, the belief scores went down significantly. Then another group of people was asked to read a series of statements that supported the headlines—statements like "Black Democrats presently support Jesse Jackson for President." This time, the belief scores *still* dropped. Telling people that what they think is true actually is true, in other words, has almost the same effect as telling them that what they think is true isn't true. Gruenfeld and Wyer call this a "boomerang effect," and it suggests that people are natural skeptics. How we respond to a media proposition has at least as much to do with its pragmatic meaning (why we think the statement is being made) as with its semantic meaning (what is literally being said). And when the pragmatic meaning is unclear—why, for example, would someone tell us over and over that Jesse Jackson has the support of black Democrats—we start to get suspicious. This is the dilemma of spin. When Rahm Emanuel says "bombshell," we focus not on the actual bombshell but on why he used the word "bombshell."

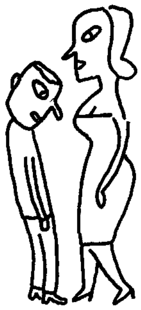
The point is that spin is too clever by half. In a forthcoming biography, "The Father of Spin," Larry Tye writes that in 1930 Bernays went to work for a number of major book publishers, including Simon & Schuster and Harcourt Brace: "'Where there are bookshelves,' he reasoned, 'there will be books.' So he got respected public figures to endorse the importance of books to civilization, and then he persuaded architects, contractors, and decorators to put up shelves on which to store the precious volumes—which is why so many homes from that era have built-in bookshelves."

This is the kind of slick move that makes Bernays such an inspiration for contemporary spin meisters. (Tye, admiringly, calls it "infinitely more effective" than simply promoting books one by one, in the conventional way.) But wait a minute. Did Bernays *really* reach all these architects and contractors? If so, how? Wouldn't there have been thousands of them? And, if he did, why would they ever have listened to him? (My limited experience with contractors and architects is that advice from someone outside their field has the opposite of its intended effect.) And, even if we assume that he did cause a surge in bookshelf building, is there a magical relationship between built-in shelves and the purchase of books? Most of us, I think, acquire books because we like books and we want to read them—not because we have customized space to fill in our apartments. The best way to promote cigarettes probably isn't to subsidize ashtrays.



"'Nother load of tobacco money headin' north, Ma." "Yep."

People who worry about spin have bought into a particular mythology about persuasion—a mythology that runs from Tom Sawyer to Vance Packard—according to which the best way to persuade someone to do something is to hide the act of persuasion. The problem is, though, that if the seller is too far removed from the transaction, if his motives are too oblique, there's a good chance that his message will escape the buyer entirely. (People don't always think books when they think shelves.) In fact, successful persuasion today is characterized by the opposite principle—that it is better to be obvious and get your message across than it is to pull invisible strings and risk having your message miss the mark. Bernays sacrificed clarity for subtlety. Most effective advertising today sacrifices subtlety for clarity. Recently, at a Robert Wood Johnson Foundation conference on how to fight teen-age smoking, one prominent California ad executive talked about the reason for the success of the Marlboro and the Camel brands. It was not, he said, because of any of the fancy behind-the-scenes psychological tricks that Big Tobacco is so often accused of by its critics. On the contrary. The tobacco companies, he said, understand what Nike and Coca-Cola understand: that if they can make their brands ubiquitous—if they can plaster them on billboards, on product displays inside grocery stores, on convenience-store windows, on the sides of buildings, on T-shirts and baseball caps, on the hoods and the roofs of racing cars, in colorful spreads in teen magazines—they can make their message impossible to ignore. The secret is not deception but repetition, not artful spinning but plain speaking.



THERE'S a second, related difficulty with spin—one that people in the marketing business call the internal-audience problem. Let's say you are the head of the ad agency that has the Burger King account. Your ultimate goal is to make ads that appeal to the kind of people who buy Burger King burgers. But, in order to keep Burger King's business and get your commercials on the air, you must first appeal to Burger King's marketing executives, who are probably quite different in temperament and taste from the target Burger King customer. Ideally, your ads will appeal to the folks at Burger King because they appeal to the Burger King customers; that is, the internal audience will be pleased because the external audience is pleased. But it has always been extremely difficult to measure the actual impact of a television commercial (especially, as is the case with many ads, where the aim is simply to maintain the current market share). Unless you're careful, then, you may start creating ads that appeal only to your internal audience, with the unfortunate result that the relationship between ad agency and ad buyer becomes a kind of closed loop. The internal audience supplants the real audience.

The internal-audience effect can be seen in all sorts of businesses. The reason so many magazines look alike is that their Manhattan-based editors and writers end up trying to impress not readers but other Manhattan-based editors and writers. It was in an effort to avoid this syndrome that Lincoln Mercury recently decided to move its headquarters from Detroit to California. The company said that the purpose was to get closer to its customers; more precisely, the purpose was to get away from people who *weren't* its customers. Why do you think it took so long to get Detroit to install seat belts? Because to the internal audience a seat belt is a cost center. It is only to the external audience that it's a life saver.

Edward Bernays was a master of the internal audience. He was intellectually indefatigable, a diminutive, mustachioed, impatient dervish. Larry Tye writes that as Bernays sat in his office "four or five young staff members, their chairs pulled close, would have been listening to him spew forth a stream of thoughts about peddling Ivory or keeping Luckies number one. With each new idea he'd scratch out a note, wad it up, and toss it on the floor." Afterward, the floor looked blanketed by snow. But it was all an inside joke. The wadded-up pieces of paper were, Tye quotes one former employee as saying, "a trick to demonstrate all the ideas he was generating." To promote bacon, Bernays persuaded prominent doctors to testify to the benefits of a hearty breakfast. His client, a bacon producer, no doubt regarded this as a dazzling feat. But does a hearty breakfast mean bacon? And does bacon mean his client's bacon? Bernays's extraordinary success is proof that in the P.R. world, where no hard-and-fast measures exist

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to gauge the true effectiveness of a message, he could prosper by playing only to his internal audience. But often the very things that make you successful with that audience prevent you from being successful with your real audience. To Simon & Schuster—to people in the book business—bookshelves really do mean books. To the rest of us, a bookshelf may be no more than a place to put unopened mail.

This is the mistake Howard Kurtz makes in "Spin Cycle." His book is a detailed account of how in the year following the 1996 elections Clinton's spokesman Mike McCurry successfully spun the White House press corps during the fund-raising and Whitewater scandals. Kurtz tries to argue that this, in turn, reflects Clinton's ability to manage his image with the wider public—with the external audience. In fact, "Spin Cycle" reads more like an extended treatise on the internal-audience problem, a three-hundred-page account of how McCurry's heroic attempts to spin the White House press corps had the effect of, well, spinning the White House press corps.

For example, Kurtz recounts the story of Rita Braver, a former White House correspondent for CBS television. Braver believed that the Clinton Administration would go to "unbelievable lengths" to keep her from breaking a story—on the ground, Kurtz says, that "bad stories came across as more sensational on television." In one instance, early in Clinton's second term, the White House announced that it was turning over a large number of Whitewater documents to the Justice Department. Braver, according to Kurtz, smelled a rat. She knew that you don't just turn over documents to the Justice Department. She made some calls and found out that, sure enough, the White House had actually been subpoenaed. Braver wrote a script: "CBS News has learned . . . " Then disaster struck. "Half an hour before the evening news began," Kurtz writes, "White House officials publicly announced the subpoena. No way they were going to let her break the news and look like they were hiding something, which they had been. They were determined to beat her to the punch."

Let's deconstruct this episode. Braver wanted to write a story that said, in effect, The documents the White House said it is handing over to the Justice Department today are, I have learned, being handed over because of a subpoena. Instead, she was forced to say, The documents that the White House is handing over to the Justice Department today are, the White House said, being handed over because of a subpoena. To the internal audience—to Braver and her colleagues—there is a real distinction between Statements A and B. In the first case, the White House is seen as reluctant to disclose the existence of a subpoena. In the second, it is not. More important, in the first case it is clear that the subpoena story is the result of the efforts of Rita Braver—of the efforts, in other words, of the White House press corps—and in the second that role has been erased. This distinction also matters to Clinton, McCurry's other internal audience. But why does this matter to the rest of us? The news of interest to the external audience is not the nuance of the White House's reaction to a subpoena, or the particular reporting talents of Rita Braver; it is the fact of the subpoena itself. Kurtz is entirely correct that the Braver episode is an example of the ascendancy of spin. But the only thing that's being spun here is ten

HIGH JINKS

"Twelfth Night, or What You Will" may have originally been a Christmas crowd-pleaser, but it's also a kind of Shakespearean beach party. Music fills the air, love is cruelly lost and happily found, and irresistible folderol buffers "the wind and the rain" of ordinary life. Under the direction of Nicholas Hytner, it opens Lincoln Center's new season, in mid-July, with an unusually luminous cast that includes a dab hand at comedy, Helen Hunt, as Viola; Paul Rudd, who plays the lovelorn Duke Orsino; Philip Bosco as the cross-gartered and gulled Malvolio; Kyra Sedgwick as Olivia, the haughty object of Orsino's affections; Brian Murray as the blustering Sir Toby Belch; and Max Wright as Belch's timid partner in absurdity, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. David Patrick Kelly plays the capering and cunning Feste.

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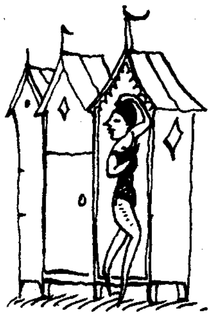
THE irony of Edward L. Bernays's enshrinement in the spin literature is that, in fact, he is not the father of contemporary persuasion. That honor belongs—if it belongs to anyone—to the wizard of direct marketing, Lester Wunderman. Wunderman was Bernays's antithesis. He was born in a tenement in the East Bronx, far from the privilege and wealth of Bernays's Manhattan. While Bernays was sending women marching down Fifth Avenue, Wunderman was delivering chickens for Izzy, a local kosher butcher. He started off in advertising making twenty-five dollars a week at Casper Pinsker's mail-order ad agency, in lower Manhattan, and in one of his first successes he turned the memoirs of Hitler's personal physician into a wartime best-seller by promoting them on the radio with some of the first-ever infomercials. If Bernays was the master of what Tye calls Big Think—splashy media moments, behind-the-scenes manipulations, concocted panels of "experts"—Wunderman, in the course of his career, established himself as the genius of Little Think, of the small but significant details that turn a shopper into a buyer. He was the person who first put bound-in subscription cards in magazines, who sold magazines on late-night television with an 800 number, who invented the forerunner of the scratch-'n'-sniff ad, who revolutionized the mail-order business, and who, in a thousand other ways, perfected the fine detail of true salesmanship.



In "Being Direct," his recent autobiography, Wunderman relates the story of how he turned the Columbia Record Club into the largest marketing club of its kind in the world. It's a story worth retelling, if only because it provides such an instructive counterpoint to the ideas of Edward Bernays. The year was 1955. Wunderman was already the acknowledged king of mail order, long since gone from Casper Pinsker, and by then a senior vice-president at the ad firm Maxwell Sackheim & Company, and Columbia came to him with a problem. Independent mail-order companies, using the model of the Book-of-the-Month Club, were starting to chip away at retail sales of records. (In those days, record companies sold records through dealers, the same way that car companies sell cars.) To stem the tide, Columbia wanted to start a club of its own.

Wunderman's response was to create a kind of mail-order department store, with four sections—classical, Broadway, jazz, and listening and dancing—and a purchase plan that offered a free record for joining. The offer was then advertised in magazines, with a coupon to clip and mail back. This initial campaign did respectably, but not well enough to break even. Wunderman went back to the drawing board. In 1956, he began testing hundreds of different kinds of ads in different publications and in different markets, comparing the response rate to each. The best response was to a plan that allowed the customer, for every four records purchased, to choose three free records from a list of twelve options. He went with that nationwide. By 1957, the club had a million members. But that summer the club-advertising response rate suddenly fell off by twenty per cent. Wunderman, who was travelling in Europe at the time, had another brainstorm:

> What I had discovered in Italy was antipasto. . . . The idea of so many choices intrigued me, and the larger the selection, the longer the line at the antipasto table. Restaurant owners seemed to know this, because antipasto carts and tables were usually displayed prominently at the entrance. I made a point of counting the number of individual antipasto choices people took in relation to the number that were offered, and I discovered that they helped themselves to about the same number of dishes no matter how many were set in front of them.

Wunderman rushed back to New York with the solution. The free records Columbia offered to new members were "antipasto." But three free records from a list of twelve weren't enough, Wunderman argued. That wasn't a true antipasto bar. He persuaded Columbia that it should test an ad that increased the choice from twelve records to thirty-two. The response rate doubled. (Today, Columbia members get to choose from more than four hundred albums.) Columbia scrapped its old ad run, and re-placed it with the antipasto campaign. The year 1958 was the best one in the club's history.

The next challenge Wunderman faced was that the club seemed stalled at a million members, so he began searching for new ways to get his message across. Taking an idea he had pioneered several years earlier, while he was selling mail-order roses for Jackson & Perkins, he persuaded a number of publishers to put post-paid insert cards in magazines—the now familiar little cards that are an ad on one side and a coupon on the other. Columbia jumped to two million members. In *Life* he inserted a sheet of "value stamps," each with the title of an album on it, which readers could stick to a response card. He was also the first to use an "answer card" in newspapers, and among the first to get newspapers to insert freestanding four- and eight-page special advertising sections in their Sunday editions. On another occasion, he put a little gold box in the corner of all Columbia's print ads, and, in a series of television commercials, instructed viewers to look in the ads for the "buried treasure"; if they found the box, they could get another free record. The gold-box campaign raised responses by eighty per cent. "The Gold Box," he writes, "had made the reader/viewer part of an interactive advertising system. Viewers were not just an audience but had become participants. It was like playing a game."

All these strategies amount to a marketing system of extraordinary sensitivity. Answer cards and gold boxes and antipasto and the other techniques of Little Think are sophisticated ways of listening, of overcoming the problems of distance and distortion which so handicap other forms of persuasion. There are times when we all get annoyed at the business reply cards that Wunderman invented. But at a conceptual level, surely, those cards are a thing of beauty. To the consumer—to us—they offer almost perfect convenience. Is there an easier way to subscribe to a magazine? To the client, they offer ubiquity: it *knows* that every time a magazine is opened a response card falls on someone's lap. And to the ad agency they offer a finely calibrated instrument to measure effectiveness: the adman can gauge precisely how successful his campaign is merely by counting the number of cards that come back. Much of the apparatus of modern-day marketing—the computer databases, the psychographic profiles, the mailing lists, the market differentiations, the focus groups—can be seen, in some sense, as an attempt to replicate the elegance and transparency of this model. Marketers don't want to spin us. They want to hold us perfectly still, so they can figure out who we are, what we want, and how to reach us.

There is a moment in Kurtz's book in which he stumbles on this truth: that it isn't spin, after all, that accounts for Clinton's popularity but, rather, the opposite of spin—the President's ability to listen, to offer his agenda like antipasto, to sidestep the press and speak directly to the public. Kurtz writes that the former White House communications director Don Baer believed that Clinton "cut through what was said about him":

> He was having his own conversation with America, one that, if all went well, sailed over the heads of the journalists, who were nothing but theater critics and did little to shape public opinion. Baer saw the phenomenon time and again. When Clinton unveiled his plan for HOPE scholarships, which would give parents of college students up to $1500 a year in tax credits, the media verdict was swift: cynical political ploy to pander to middle-class voters. But what the public heard was that Clinton was concerned about the difficulty of sending kids to college and was willing to help them with tax credits. Voters got it. They liked constructive proposals and hated partisan sniping.

But Kurtz doesn't believe Baer, and why would he? The spin fantasy offers a far more satisfying explanation for the world around us. Spin suggests a drama, a script to decode, a game played at the highest of levels. Spinning is the art of telling a story, even when there is no story to tell, and this is irresistible (particularly to journalists, who make a living by telling stories even when there is no story to tell). In truth, the world of persuasion is a good deal more prosaic. Ideas and candidacies—not to mention albums—are sold by talking plainly and clearly, and the louder and faster the whirring of the spinners becomes, the more effective this clarity and plainspokenness will be. We think we belong to the world of Edward L. Bernays. We don't. We are all Wundermanians now. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Half-Life of Happiness, by John Casey (Knopf; $25). The question Casey asks in this generous and indelible novel is whether if the whole is a lost cause—in this case, a marriage that has snapped under the strain of too many and too few expectations—its parts can survive. Mike Reardon, Casey's despairing Jimmy Stewart character, is sensitive, manic, and obtuse; seen here both through his own eyes and those of his canny daughter Edith, he is as clueless as the rest of us. He's both waving *and* drowning.

The Antelope Wife, by Louise Erdrich (HarperFlamingo; $24). Destiny and desire are the brightest threads in this densely woven tale of two mixed-blood Native American families: the Roys, who bear a set of twin girls in every generation, and the dogged Shawanos, ruled by the dual gods of coercion and love. Erdrich's shamanlike storytelling powers are in evidence from the start, when an Ojibwa baby vanishes during a cavalry raid; although she occasionally trips on the line between tragedy and farce, her smoky, resonant voice never falters.

Flawed Giant: Lyndon Johnson and His Times, 1961-1973, by Robert Dallek (Oxford; $35). The second, and concluding, volume of this poised, scholarly, and readable biography recounts Johnson's career from his service as Kennedy's Vice-President to his retirement, in 1968, after he decided not to run for President again. Dallek finds his subject a collection of incompatible traits—gross and cruel but also generous and compassionate—who often used squalid means to pursue noble ends. Johnson was fascinated by the details of politics, and the book offers a panorama of the problems that Presidents confront but also reminds us of this President's political successes, such as Medicare and voting rights.

Picnic, Lightning, by Billy Collins (Pittsburgh; $12.95). Accessible and wry, the poems in this book belie a complicated sadness. What Collins does best is turn an apparently simple phrase into a numinous moment, as with a dream "like a fantastic city in pencil," which, come morning, "erased itself." Collins brings to mind the elegant wit of the sorely missed William Matthews, another poet of plenitude, irony, and Augustan grace.

Dreamland, by Michael Levy (New Press; $40). During the first decade of the century, the Detroit Publishing Company's men crisscrossed the country taking millions of photographs to sell as picture postcards. Here Levy collects almost two hundred of these images, rendering America as a kind of post-industrial-revolution Brigadoon; towering new office buildings, opulent railroad terminals, and sprawling ironworks radiate the same wondrous majesty as Western landscapes and natural scenery. Poignantly contrasting with the serenity of the photos are thumbnail histories of the time's roiling social, political, and cultural changes, intimating the decay and blight that lay in store for these pristine visions.

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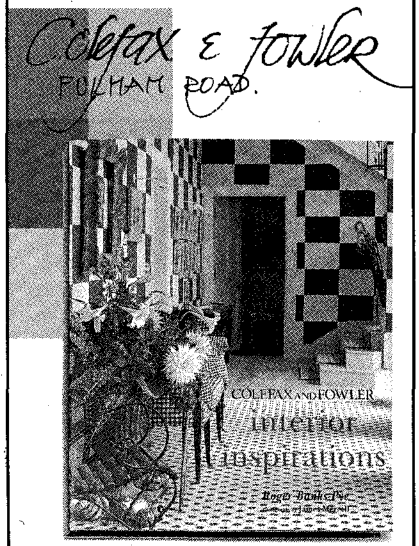

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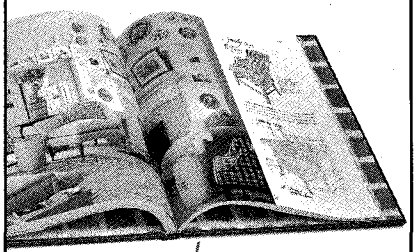

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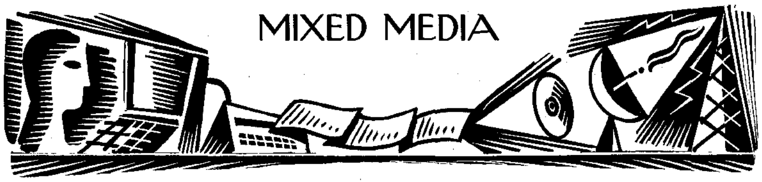

SEX AND THE SINGLE GIRL

The latest TV version of Manhattan mating habits in the nineties.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

EVERY Wednesday morning a few years ago, several thousand people in New York followed a tribal ritual: turning the salmon-pink pages of the New York *Observer* to find the column written by Candace Bushnell called "Sex and the City." In it she aired, at some length, the social and sexual habits—the dirty laundry, that is—of a small subset of high-profile New Yorkers. Fashion people, media honchos, money people, famous-for-fifteen-minutes artists—these were the creatures Bushnell tirelessly tracked through nighttime New York, through clubs, restaurants, galleries, and the occasional bedroom. In some cases, names were named outright; in others, insiders could clearly make out the name tags on the laundry. Everyone on the spokes of the city's media wheel knew the real identity of Mr. Big, a magazine publisher, and a lot of people were wise to Mr. New Yorker, who was (and no longer is) one of the highly visible perennial bachelors flitting among the city's social sandboxes. Bushnell was both voyeur and participant; writing about herself as "Carrie," who just happened to be a writer, she breezily invaded her own privacy as well as others', unstintingly sharing the details not only of who did what with whom but of who said what to whom afterward. Reporting conversations was Bushnell's forte—she combed through the dirt she was dishing and found pungent, telling, and often damning quotes. Her voice was winning, and—oddly, for someone engaged in the art of exposé—relatively uncynical. Sometimes, a line would fall flat ("Welcome to the Age of Uninnocence"), but she was often witty. Her friends, she wrote, were "transfixed by the idea of a man like Tom Peri, but not Tom Peri." She let dialogue speak for itself, offering up, without comment, many lines as good as the following one, in which a guy she knows tries to explain to her why some men, including him, want to go to bed with two women at once: "'It's the whole idea of more,' said Tad. 'It's four breasts, not two.'"

Bushnell employed a formula that always keeps people coming back: making readers feel both superior (Don't any of these people ever read a book? Don't these people do anything besides go to parties? Don't these people have a *life*?) and horribly left out (How come I'm never invited to any of those parties? What's wrong with me? How come *I* don't have a life?). And, if she did nothing else, Bushnell, in coining the term "toxic bachelor," made a contribution to the urban lexicon that is likely to last until Manhattan sinks into the sea.

Eventually, a lot of the columns were collected in a book, also called "Sex and the City," and then came the inevitable Hollywood deal. HBO is now showing the results of that deal: a twelve-part series of half-hour programs created, and in some cases written, by Darren Star, the boy wonder who created "Beverly Hills 90210" and "Melrose Place."

The challenge in turning the columns into TV fare was to present what is essentially local news—neighborhood news, really—in a way that would get its ultra-specific flavor across to a national audience. Bushnell's world is one in which fine distinctions matter, where people don't just notice but also care whether someone's shoes are "so last year." In the four episodes that have been shown so far, the solution has been to focus on the lives of the writer, Carrie Bradshaw (Sarah Jessica Parker), and three of her women friends: Samantha (Kim Cattrall), a publicist and something of a slut; Charlotte (Kristin Davis), an art dealer and the designated "good girl"; and Miranda (Cynthia Nixon), a sardonic corporate lawyer. Having followed Bushnell's column for a year or so, I was taken aback when, reading the book, I noticed something in the whole that I hadn't seen in the individual pieces. It's about one thing and one thing only: the horror of being a single woman in her late thirties in New York and trying to land a suitable—that is, a rich, powerful, and important—husband. And that pursuit is basically what the HBO series is about. While Carrie's three friends are much more sharply drawn than their counterparts in the book, Carrie, the main character and the narrator, has been ditzed down. At the beginning of each show, we see Sarah Jessica Parker walking down a busy street in Manhattan to the accompaniment of an "edgy" salsa-ish beat. She looks vaguely happy—her mouth is open in that touristy, "Wow, look at all those tall buildings!" way—and suddenly she's splashed by a city bus. (It's as if Mary Tyler Moore, while throwing her beret in the air, had got splattered with bird droppings.) Shocked, she looks down at herself to assess the damage. There's a quick cut to the bus as it pulls away—and, lo and behold, there's an ad for Carrie's book, "Sex and the City," on the side. (The other day, while going about my early-forties, single-woman-in-New York business, I saw a very similar ad for the HBO series on a real city bus.) This clever visual joke barely registers, though, because we're in shock at the sight of Carrie, too—she's wearing what looks like a white tutu. A *tutu*. On the *street*. In *New York*. In my book, that's pretty much the definition of an unreliable narrator.

Somehow you sense that this character wants it both ways: to be treated like an adorable child while getting all the perks of an adult. That wish is an interesting one to ponder, but there doesn't seem to be any recognition on the part of the writers or the directors that this little-girl quality is even present. Many of Parker's outfits make her look half-dressed or incapable of dressing herself; she seems to be wearing underwear on top of her clothes. I know, I know: it's a look. My brothers' putting underpants on their heads when they were little boys—that was a look, too. In some ways, the TV version of "Sex and the City" is below some of its predecessors on the evolutionary scale; as camp as stories like "The Group" and "The Best of Everything" may seem now, they were genuinely about becoming an adult.

It's a jungle out there: Candace Bushnell's bachelorettes in no man's land.

FILIP PAGOWSKI

On the page, Bushnell comes across like a Scotch on the rocks; in the shows, Carrie is a white-wine spritzer. The first episode, directed by Susan Seidelman, begins with Carrie saying, in a sing-song voice-over, "Once upon a time, an English journalist came to New York. . . ." Simultaneously, we see the words snaking across her computer screen. She's telling a story about a woman who goes out with a guy who in a very short time is showing her a town house he's planning to buy, talking about having children, wanting her to meet his parents, and then—nothing. He stops calling, and that's that. (He's a textbook toxic bachelor.) The way Bushnell begins the same story, which opens her collection, makes you snap to attention: "Here's a Valentine's Day tale. Prepare yourself."

Parker seems like a generic, Hollywood-built woman of the nineties (or, when she's wearing a mangy fake-fur jacket, of the seventies), but some of her friends are believably contemporary, especially Cynthia Nixon's Miranda, who is wry and smart and plain-speaking. I was happy whenever she turned up in a scene, and I suspect that she's the character whom women, at least in New York, will most enjoy following as the series develops—an assertion based on my hypothesis that women always like the character who's most like Eve Arden. A little way into the first episode, there's a kind of documentary segment, with quick takes of people commenting on why they think it is that women in their thirties

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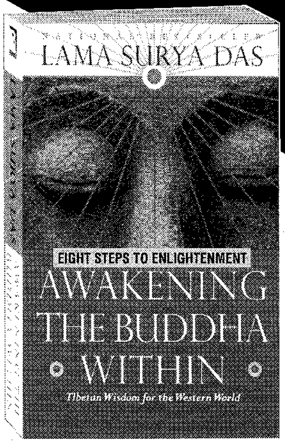
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VITA NOVA

You saved me, you should remember me.

The spring of the year; young men buying tickets for the ferry boats.
Laughter, because the air is full of apple blossoms.

When I woke up, I realized I was capable of the same feeling.

I remember sounds like that from my childhood,
laughter for no cause, simply because the world is beautiful,
something like that.

Lugano. Tables under the apple trees.
Deckhands raising and lowering the colored flags.
And by the lake's edge, a young man throws his hat into the water;
perhaps his sweetheart has accepted him.

Crucial
sounds or gestures like
a track laid down before the larger themes

and then unused, buried.

Islands in the distance. My mother
holding out a plate of little cakes—

as far as I remember, changed
in no detail, the moment
vivid, intact, having never been
exposed to light, so that I woke elated, at my age
hungry for life, utterly confident—

By the tables, patches of new grass, the pale green
pierced into the dark existing ground.

Surely spring has been returned to me, this time
not as a lover but a messenger of death, yet
it is still spring, it is still meant tenderly.

—LOUISE GLÜCK

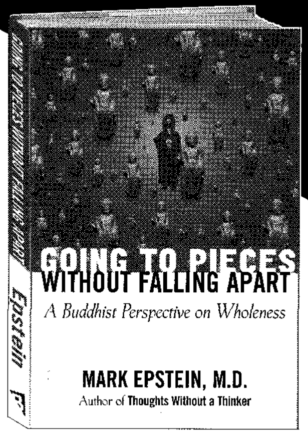
seem to have so much trouble finding a partner. One sweaty guy in a gym thinks that women are too picky and that they should just stop complaining and "marry a big fat tub of lard." Another says that you basically can't marry a woman over thirty-five, because you'd have to have children right away. (You may want to jump into the TV and sock him, but, alas, he has a point.) Miranda's in one of the shots, sitting on a park bench eating a salad-bar lunch. She says, "By the time you reach your mid-thirties, you think, Why should I settle?" She pauses for a bite of salad, and, with thoughtful, pinpoint timing, she looks at you and says, "Ya know?" I burst out laughing, in part at the unexpectedness of hearing the unspeakable being spoken. But my real pleasure was in the tone of the delivery: it was reasonable, straightforward, and conversational, with none of the overlay of bitterness or man-hating—or self-hating, for that matter—that is usually imposed on female characters who ask this sort of discomfiting question.

Self-hatred does rear its head, however, in the second episode, “Models and Mortals,” in which we meet a sports agent who’s obsessed with models—he’s a “modelizer.” I suppose this episode will have its fans, and, yes, New York is the modelling capital of the world, but you’d have to go out of your way to make models an issue in your life—or even to see one. Watching “Sex and the City,” though, you’d think they were as prevalent as cockroaches. During a girls’-night dinner at Carrie’s apartment, Carrie says, in voice-over, “There’s nothing like raising the subject of models among four single women to spice up an otherwise dull Tuesday night.” (I couldn’t even roll my eyes at that—my brain was too busy being stumped by the very concept of a conversation about models. Is it sort of like the sound of one hand clapping?) This episode does show the extent to which Bushnell’s world is circumscribed, although people who don’t live here will probably think that model mania is “so New York.” Mr. Big (Chris Noth), the magazine publisher (and, eventually, Carrie’s boyfriend), has been given a new occupation in order to make him “so New York,” too: in the first episode, when Samantha points him out to Carrie in a bar, she says, “See that guy? He’s the next Donald Trump.” *Could* there be a bigger turn-off? To use a phrase that Bushnell employs to droll effect, I don’t think so.

When the writers are able to channel Bushnell’s talent for the mordant reality check, the shows are richly entertaining. The fourth episode, “Valley of the Twenty-Something Guys,” written by Michael Patrick King and directed by Alison Maclean, has a very funny moment that comes the morning after Carrie has slept with a young stud. She looks around at his messy starter apartment (the “candles from Urban Outfitter”) and realizes that she’s just way beyond this. As the knowledge sinks in, the guy follows her around and tells her, with boyish enthusiasm, a hilariously boring dream in which he has big aluminum hands and lives in a missile silo. Here you can almost see Parker starting to take charge of her life, and you see more of this maturity in a transcendent scene involving the friendship among the four women. One evening, as Carrie is rushing out the door to a “drink thing,” Charlotte calls and says something—we don’t hear it—that makes her stop in her tracks. She shifts gear instantly. “Meet me in front of your apartment in ten minutes,” she says, like a drill sergeant. Sitting in the back of a cab, Charlotte and Carrie address the crisis: Charlotte’s new boyfriend wants to have anal sex with her. (This subject isn’t the only thing that makes “Sex and the City” a no-no for network TV; there’s also the frequent use of the “f” word and, even more heinous, the frequent use of Marlboro Lights. Both, however, are essential for an accurate picture of the city.) Carrie tells Charlotte they’re picking up Miranda and Samantha, too—she’s convened a summit meeting to help Charlotte figure out what to do. The four of them sit in the back of the cab, going on about the pros and cons and using casual, graphic shorthand. (Miranda makes it sound like a mountain-climbing expedition: “If he goes up there, there’s going to be a shift in power.”) It’s thrilling, because you finally feel as if you’re watching real people talking about their real lives.

This is, in fact, how friends talk to each other, and having this kind of intimate and instructive conversation—it could be on any subject, though sex does tend to be Topic A—with women friends is one of the great things about being a single woman in New York. It’s like being in a gigantic, ongoing postgraduate seminar. I wish there were more of this luminous intelligence in the series. The emphasis on rich men and physical beauty and on issues like whether women can have sex like men (that is, meaningless sex) has a dulling effect; you get tired of seeing these women go round and round on the same track. At one point, Carrie sees an old flame in a restaurant, and she says, “He was a mistake I made when I was twenty-six . . . and twenty-nine . . . and thirty-one.” She also says that the year she turned thirty was when she realized she “no longer had the energy to be completely superficial.” Sadly, between that year and her late thirties, in her panic to bag a big one, she seems to have got a great deal of that energy back. ♦

Sometimes the best way to pull yourself together is to let yourself go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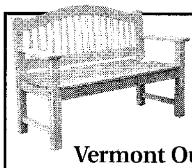

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5 END + EAR
6 DYED (anag.)
7 T.A. + RAN + TINO (*into* anag.)
11 SNATCH (anag.)
12 SCRAPS (2 defs.)
13 BAT + HE'D
15 SPAT (2 defs.)
16 S + CAN

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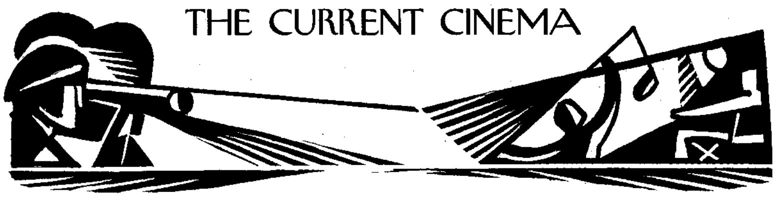
THE CURRENT CINEMA

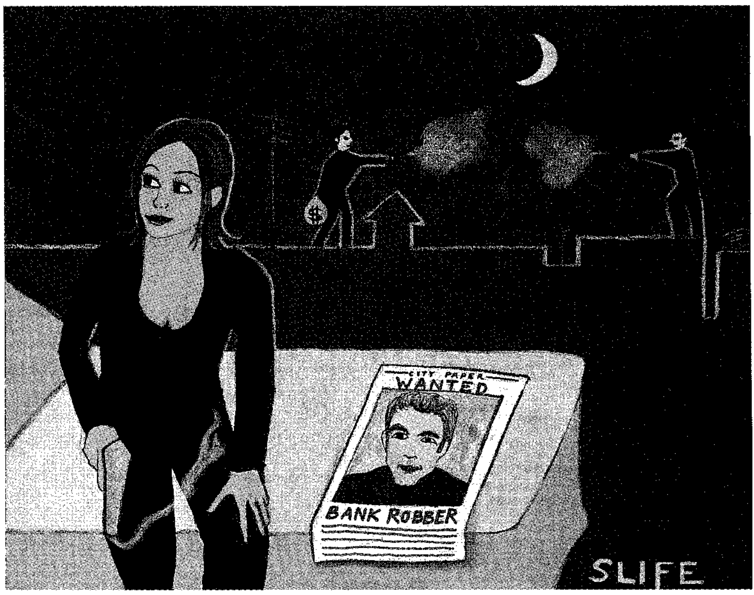


JACK BE QUICK

George Clooney and Elmore Leonard make a potent mix.

BY ANTHONY LANE

THE most gratifying thing about the new George Clooney movie, "Out of Sight," is that it turns out to be a good George Clooney movie. People were starting to talk. What with "One Fine Day" and "The Peacemaker"—not to mention "Batman and Robin," which was as much fun as chewing black rubber—it was beginning to look as if Clooney couldn't punch his weight in the big ring. But from the opening scene of "Out of Sight," when his character, Jack Foley, walks into a bank with no gun and walks out again with a brown envelope full of used bills, you can tell that everything's going to be all right. Who else could rob a bank with a fully loaded smile?



Jennifer Lopez stalks her man in "Out of Sight," a jazzy comedy of errors.

P. GIBB SLIFE

The film was adapted by Scott Frank from the Elmore Leonard novel, and he has done a beautiful job of it. That robbery sequence doesn't show up in the book for seventy pages, but it delivers such an obvious dramatic kick, and it's such a good chance to establish Jack as both amiable and culpable—to nudge him into the Leonard pantheon of good bad men—that Frank was right to promote it to the head of the picture. It also means that the director, Steven Soderbergh, gets to show his credentials: he's trying for an unpolished, raggedy look, and there are a couple of zooms inside the bank which bring back nervous memories of "Kojak." This is more than ironic pastiche; Quentin Tarantino gave a hearty seventies spin to his own Leonard movie, "Jackie Brown," and both directors seem to be using that awkwardness to thumb their noses at current Hollywood gloss, as if to say that the seamless fluency of a Joel Schumacher or a Ridley Scott would be shamed by the dialogue of Elmore Leonard. Listen to his cranky little solos for minor characters; how can a movie match up to all that jazz?

"Out of Sight" does better than most, because it refuses to be identified as either thriller or romance; I wound up tagging it as a comedy of errors. Jack Foley, for instance, is a successful thief, with more heists to his name than he can remember, but if he were a *real* success he wouldn't be on his third spell in prison.

Jack is hardly a patient con: when some fellow-inmates dig a tunnel under the boundary fence, he goes along for the crawl. Waiting on the other side is his buddy, Buddy (Ving Rhames), with a getaway car. Also there—and this was not part of the plan—is U.S. Marshal Karen Cisco (Jennifer Lopez). She pulls a shotgun, but they relieve her of that burden, and she and Jack climb into the trunk of the car. Karen is a hostage of sorts, but, to be honest, Jack could use the company, having been starved of intelligent conversation. So they lie as tight as sardines and discuss movies. Karen wonders about Robert Redford and Faye Dunaway in "Three Days of the Condor"—"They got together so quick." She should talk.

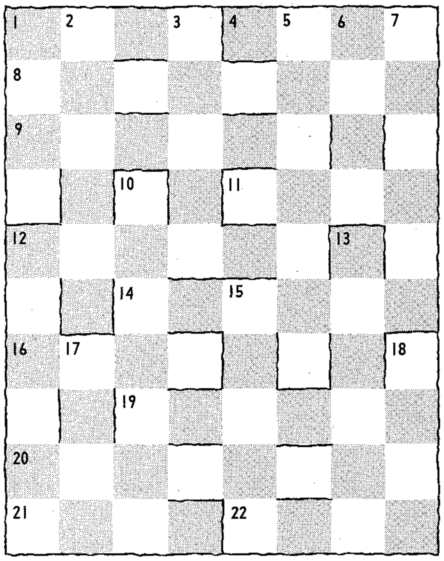
It's not long before Karen gets away, but Lopez and Clooney have already brewed up enough chemistry—or, given their proximity, enough physics—to convince us that Karen will want to come back and find her man. The rest of the film is a sly and arousing *pas de deux*, or, rather, it would be if the other characters didn't get their dirty great *pas* all over the place. The cast is so strong that it's almost embarrassing: in addition to Ving Rhames we have Don Cheadle, as Snoopy, a cheating boxer, whose appetite for violence is as keen as Jack's distaste for it; Catherine Keener, reliably smart and gaudy as Jack's ex; Steve Zahn, the nineties answer to Michael J. Pollard, as a small-time crook and an even smaller-time human being named Glenn; and Albert Brooks as Ripley, an alarming ringer for Sergeant Bilko both in the sheen of his pate and in the finesse of his business methods. Ripley was briefly in jail with Glenn, Jack, and Snoopy; Glenn, who would be impressed by anyone who remembered to wake up in the morning, can hardly get over the fact that Ripley paid a fifty-million-dollar fine by check. Now Ripley is out, and living with his uncut diamonds in a house that reminds Jack of a prison. All the main characters roll up there for the finale, as if they were part of a Jacobean tragedy, or a bedroom farce.

It's easy to pick holes in "Out of Sight." For one thing, there's a lot not to believe in. The movie confirms Jennifer Lopez's status as a qualified voluptuary, but she is not the *most* plausible U.S. marshal I have ever seen. The way she holds her shotgun during the jailbreak suggests someone trying to prod a spider with a broom handle. Still, in her belted leather coat she looks as lethal as Marlene Dietrich, and her beauty actually settles the rest of the picture. Without her help, Clooney would be stuck with the creaking myth of the tenderhearted felon; in the event, his partiality for nosing around high-risk areas in Miami and Detroit feels not just explicable but dutiful—how else can he be sure of seeing Karen again? They have one lovely scene together, when she sits with a bourbon by the dark window of a hotel bar, sees off a couple of suits who fancy their chances, and then catches the reflection of a third man in the glass. "This is not a game," Jack says, and Soderbergh comes closer than any previous director to gauging those barely visible lines, perfected by Elmore Leonard, where flirtation and foreplay—and this is a matter not just of sex but of life itself as something you toy with—are forced to stop.

The sex, of course, is a comedown. How can someone as sharp as Soderbergh sink back into the lumpen grammar of the traditional Hollywood lay? An alien watching modern movies would think that human intercourse consisted of nothing more than two faces approaching and docking in horizontal silhouette. Soderbergh throws in some jumpy freeze-frames to liven up the proceedings, but the same device works much better elsewhere in the movie—not least in the opening credits, where Jack rips off his necktie in a rage. It's the first time I have seen George Clooney in the grip of true anger, and "Out of Sight" is the first Elmore Leonard film that reaches to the difficult core of its hero: Jack grins with the criminal's disdain for what he perceives as regular life, but he also simmers with a suspicion that only regularity—a job, no jail, his own car—would have laid the groundwork for such luxuries as love. It is a terrible bind, and it leaves you with a prickly feeling that "Out of Sight," for all its talents as a funny and pleasurable jive, is itself in sight of a more radical disquiet than Hollywood would like to contemplate. Soderbergh has done Elmore Leonard proud, but then just think what a director like Abraham Polonsky, blacklisted into oblivion, would have made of this stuff. And how could Jean-Pierre Melville, or even Godard, have learned of Jack's world and not warmed to its recklessness, to its deceitful sunshine and forgetful snow? ♦

8 x 10 CRYPTIC

NO. 49 BY MIKE SHENK



ACROSS

1 Going back depressed a soldier who ran away (4)
4 Run into swarm heading the other direction (4)
8 Managing stocks from a kingdom (6,2)
9 Shift end of proton right away (6)
11 Walk dogs, perhaps the wrong way (4)
12 Dealer returned rare paintings (6)
14 Grin about one figure of speech (6)
16 Music maker edges away from tramps (4)
19 Bid for an auction lot (diamonds)—forget it (2,4)
20 Backing National League player in lower Egyptian city (4,4)
21 Underworld river branches, reportedly (4)
22 Ocean's flow bound by sound (4)

DOWN

1 A military cop's sound equipment (4)
2 Bow in the middle of droll rallying slogan (3,3)
3 Held command, keeping popular with rules (5)
5 Selfish act from end of movie got cut (3,4)
6 Changed gears, keeping advantage (4)
7 Heard couple settle bill for rug? (6)
10 Stonework Madonna holding son (7)
12 Ones involved in war game turned up carrying ball (6)
13 Quiet Celt originally wearing tartan (6)
15 Center field ultimately shrouded in fog (5)
17 Excessively upset after bit of beef Wellington (4)
18 Give up place in a tournament, reportedly (4)

• •

The solution to puzzle No. 48 appears on page 78. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

IN SEARCH OF THE WILY FILIPINO

BY STEVE MARTIN

"We've seen the slit-eyed dangerous Jap, we have seen the wily Filipino . . ."—*Marlon Brando discussing movies on "Larry King Live."*

THE wily Filipino. How often have I gone to bed at night with that phrase echoing through my head. And yet I only recently became aware that I had actually never seen one. I had driven through Filipino neighborhoods, and everyone and everything I saw appeared to be straightforward. Signs for this or that—the dry cleaner's, an auto-repair—all seemed innocuous but probably hid a true guile lurking beneath. I wondered under what circumstances the wiliness would come out.

I have worked with a Filipino for several years, and I decided upon a little test. I asked her what she would do if she saw a traffic accident and someone was wandering around looking dazed. "I would stop and help, I suppose," she said.

"Why?" I asked. "To get something?"

She looked at me. "What would you do—call for help and wait for it to show up?" I realized that she was invoking the stereotype of the benign and polite Wasp, and I recoiled. I was so upset that it almost made me want to be angry.

I decided to rent movies where I might examine the portrayal of the Filipino. I watched "The Godfather," "2001," and "Gone with the Wind." There wasn't a single depiction of a wily Filipino. Why? *Perhaps the movie industry is secretly run by Filipinos.* Perhaps it is they who have been the hidden hand behind such films as "The Logical Filipino" (1986), "The Straight-Up Guy from Manila" (1993), and the adventure classic "Deep in Wily Laos" (1995). And if that were true wouldn't it demonstrate unquestionable guile?

A friend of mine told me about a sensational Filipino acupuncturist. I called to make an appointment. "What seems to be the problem?" a deceptively pleasant voice asked on the other end of the line. "I . . . I . . . " I hadn't quite worked out this part of the plan. "I . . . I . . . " I hung up. Thirty seconds later the phone rang. There was no one there. I thought nothing of it, then recognized the craftiness at work: Caller ID! The wily Filipino had called me back using caller ID, and now had my number! Fearing reprisal, I phoned again and booked an appointment.

I ENTERED the office and sat in the waiting lounge. Waiting for what, I wondered. Probably waiting to be outfoxed, one way or another. The assistant asked me to fill out a form. She cleverly slid the sheet toward me and artfully offered me a pen. I filled it out as I listened to the coded dialogue going on in the office. Common inquiries about the weather were no longer empty pleasantries; they were complexly structured sentences in which the first letter of every word combined to spell out my mother's maiden name. Once inside the office, I started using words with the doctor and his nurse that were uniquely American—words like "cahoots." I wanted to see their reaction. I got none. Well, just one—a look so wily I shuddered.

Then this exchange happened:

"It says here you want treatment for parvo."

"Yes," I countered. This game was rough.

"Parvo is a dog disease."

The lakes of perspiration on my forehead instantly beaded into a map of Michigan.

"Yes," I replied. "I'm worried that my dog may have it."

"So you're here for anxiety? You want me to treat you for worry?"

This was not just idle sparring between worthy foes. This was a coded chess play of words, a dazzling display of cunning.

The needles went in. Four in my ears. Three in my scalp. Some were twisted by hand. Some had electric current sent through them. Ten minutes later, they were removed, and I felt a remarkable calm. The tables had been turned. The wily Filipino had allayed my anxiety, and now I was indebted to him. He had won. I had anticipated wiles of some form, but never suspected that they would be at this level of sophistication.

I returned home and turned on the television. "Larry King Live" was still on:

". . . the luckless Italian, the furtive Chilean, the horny Hawaiian, the pungent Norwegian, the strict Eskimo, the loud-talking Canadian—"

"We're running out of time," Larry said, and the show came to a close.

I needed to get away. I packed my bags, booked a ticket on WILY (the official Filipino airline), and flew to Hawaii. ♦

ANDERS WENNGREN

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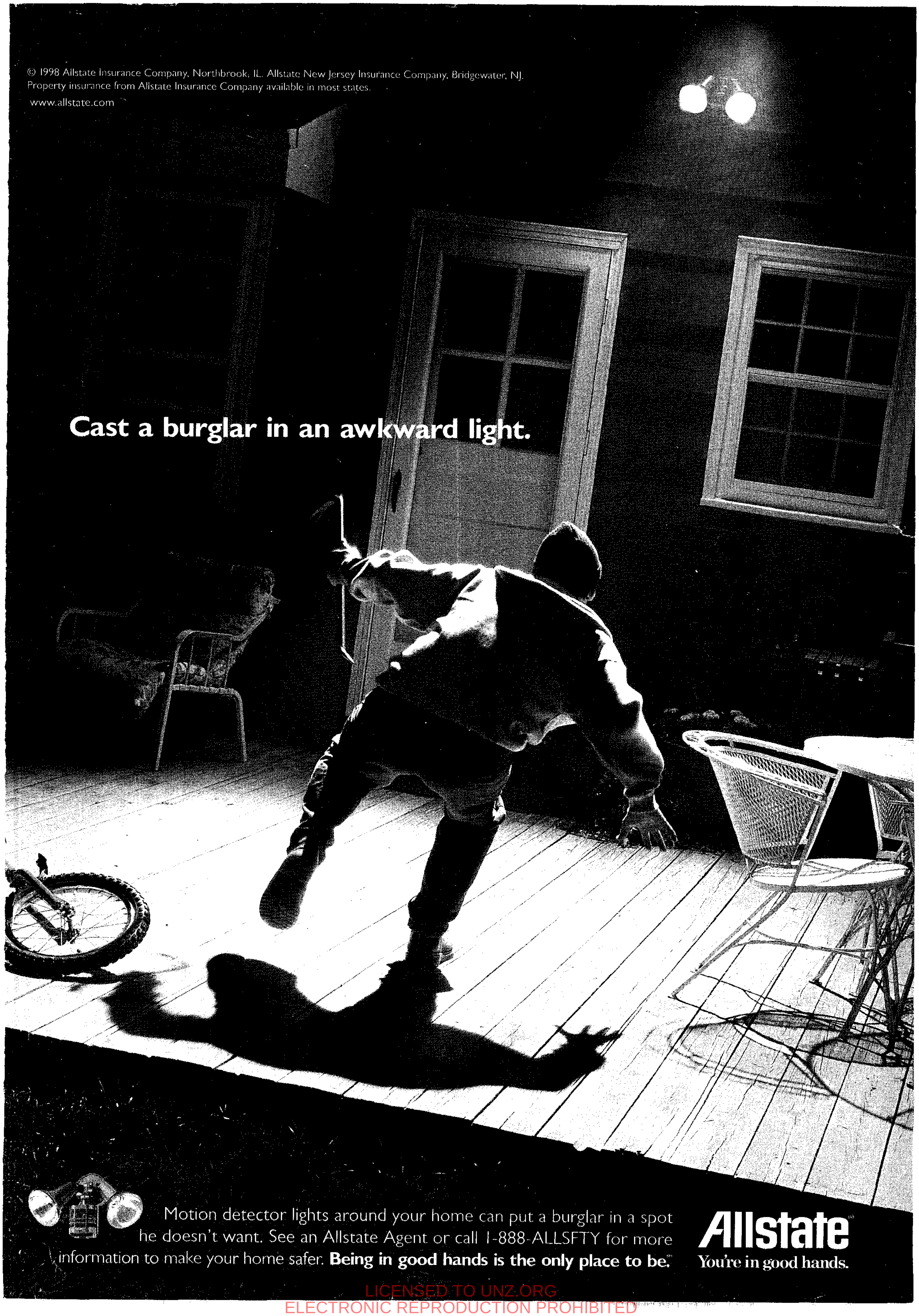
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